JUNE, 1900.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Owing to the fact that the season of the German theatre in New York has a distinct closing, we deem it advisable to postpone the article dealing with it until the July number, and therefore begin our series dealing with the foreign stage by a paper on the Yiddish Theatre.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose recent novel, *The Farringdons*, is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, intends to give herself a long period of rest before she begins work on another novel. She may, however, undertake literary work of another kind. Her sister, Miss Edith Fowler, is actively engaged upon a new story.

A gentleman in Sheffield has made a most important discovery of manuscripts connected with the late Lord Tennyson. We believe that the find includes much correspondence between Arthur Hallam and Tennyson, as well as drafts of some of Tennyson's early poems. The correspondence is perhaps too sacredly private for publication. In any case, no final decision has been reached.

Apropos of this year's boat race between the Varsity crews of Oxford and Cambridge, the London *Daily Mail* published the following table of "odds," showing what are the chances of the individual Blue's choice of a profession:

OXFORD.

11 to 8 on the Church.
5 to 2 against the Law.
10 to 1 against the Army.
20 to 1 against Medicine.

CAMBRIDGE.

5 to 4 on the Church.
11 to 8 against the Law.
33 to 1 against Medicine.
33 to 1 against the Army.

DAVID DWIGHT WELLS.

We present herewith a portrait of Mr. David Dwight Wells, whose new novel, *His Lordship's Leopard*, is one of the most important of the recent publications of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. Mr. Wells was born at Norwich, Conn., April 22, 1868, and was graduated from Harvard University in the class of 1893. For two years after graduation he devoted himself to the writing of short stories and special articles for various magazines and newspapers. Appointed by President Cleveland as second Secretary of Legation at London, in July, 1894, he held that

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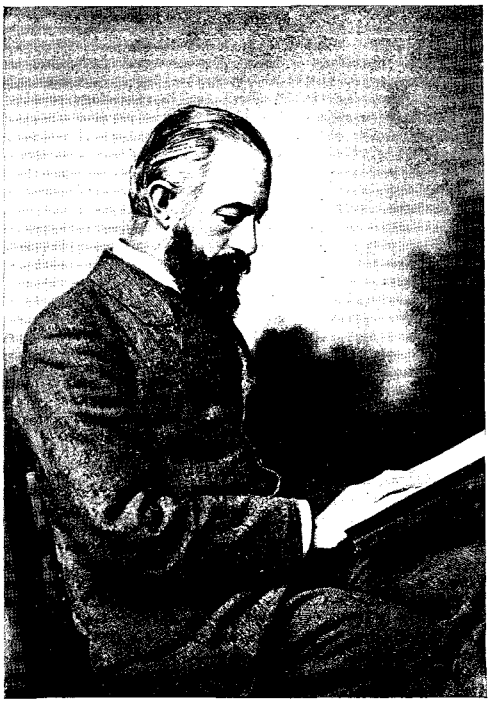
position until October, 1896, when he returned to America. Since then he has been devoting himself entirely to literary work. He is at present living abroad.

We had occasion not long ago to express our admiration for the very telling piece of controversial writing put forth by the Rev. Father Brosnahan in his pamphlet relating to President Eliot and the Jesuit colleges. We admired equally Father Brosnahan's dialectics and his urbanity; and, therefore, we now regret all the more keenly the absence of this latter quality from an address which he lately delivered before a conference of Roman Catholic educators held at Chicago. The subject of his address had to do with an alleged discrimination by Harvard University against certain Jesuit colleges, and with the merits of the question at issue we are not immediately concerned; but unless the newspaper reports of his address have done him great injustice, Father Brosnahan's remarks were characterised by a tartness and ill-temper quite antithetical to the suave tone and immensely effective courtesy of his published pamphlet. On the whole, we think that he has now succeeded only in estranging public sympathy from the cause which he has been so earnestly defending.



SPENSER WILKINSON.

We gave last month some general information with regard to Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, whose leaders in the London *Morning Post* on the subject of the Boer War showed such amazing insight and accuracy that there has been a serious demand on the part of a great many English newspapers that a place be made for him in the British Cabinet. An article on the war written by Mr. Wilkinson, whose portrait we herewith present, will be found elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Israel Zangwill alone among English authors opposes the much-discussed pension scheme of the Incorporated Society of Authors. His opposition to the scheme, he recently said, was based both on selfish and unselfish grounds. His argument was, in a nutshell, this: that great authors should be supported by the public at large, and that little authors should not be supported at all.

The London *Literary World,* commenting upon Mr. Zangwill's utterances, suggests that the force of the objection may be best seen by applying it to some other profession—the medical, for instance:

> Great doctors should be supported by the public at large, and little doctors not at all. Well, the matter is arguable, but if it is contrary to the views of the majority we imagine appeals will continue to be made to successful professionals to succour their distressed colleagues. In the theatrical profession, notoriously, the practice exists and has long existed. The objection, it seems to us, cuts at the root of a great many benevolent institutions. There is always the option left to the man who objects to withhold support, but is he justified in opposing those who wish to start a charity? He would answer, we presume, that the difficulty arises when inside pressure is brought to bear upon members of a profession, who then have no alternative but to contribute or to risk being gibbeted in the public estimation either as too poor or too stingy to join. But this equally

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applies to every appeal to the benevolence of individuals. And has Mr. Zangwill considered the point that even great authors have been reduced by misfortune and may be again? By "great," we presume he does not necessarily mean those who have attained the biggest circulation.

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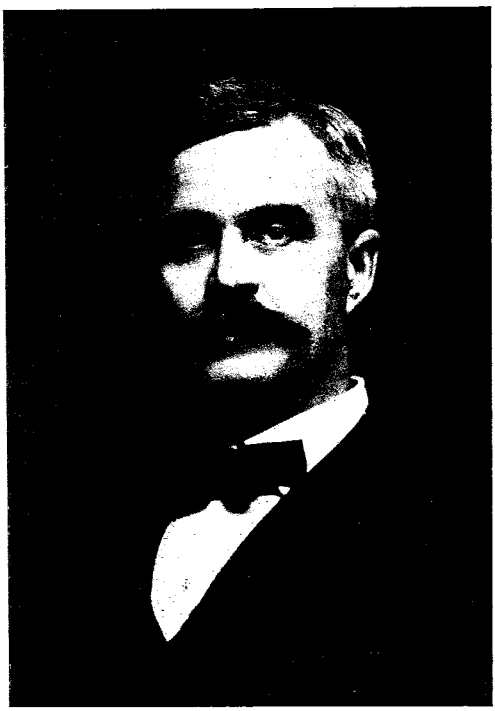
We reproduce herewith a photograph of the Rev. Charles Frederic Goss, whose novel, *The Redemption of David Corson,* seems destined to be one of the most striking successes of the next few months.



Charles Frederic Goss.

❧

However much Easterners may fleer at the pretensions of Chicago as a literary centre, the fact cannot be ignored that from that city is coming to-day the very best American humour. Mr. Dooley was distinctively a Chicago creation, and to Mr. Dooley we accord a very high rank, both as a philosopher and as a humourist. Another Chicago newspaper man who is following in the footsteps of Mr. Francis Peter Dunne is Mr. S. E. Kiser, whose *Georgie Stories,* which originally appeared in the columns of a Chicago newspaper, have just been issued from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, of Boston. Mr. Kiser has had a singularly eventful and interesting career. When he was sixteen years of age he went to work as a farm-hand, but after a short time found rural life uncongenial and learned to be a telegraph operator. About twelve years ago he became a reporter on a Cleveland newspaper, where at one time he was sporting editor, financial editor, religious editor, art critic and musical and dramatic man, devoting his leisure time to the writing of special stories. A few years ago he undertook to write a daily column of verses and sketches for the Cleveland *Leader.* His work with this newspaper was freely copied by the exchange editors not only throughout this country, but also in Canada and in England. His connection with the Chicago *Times-Herald,* in which newspaper the *Georgie Stories* originally appeared, dates from about a year ago.

S. E. KISER.

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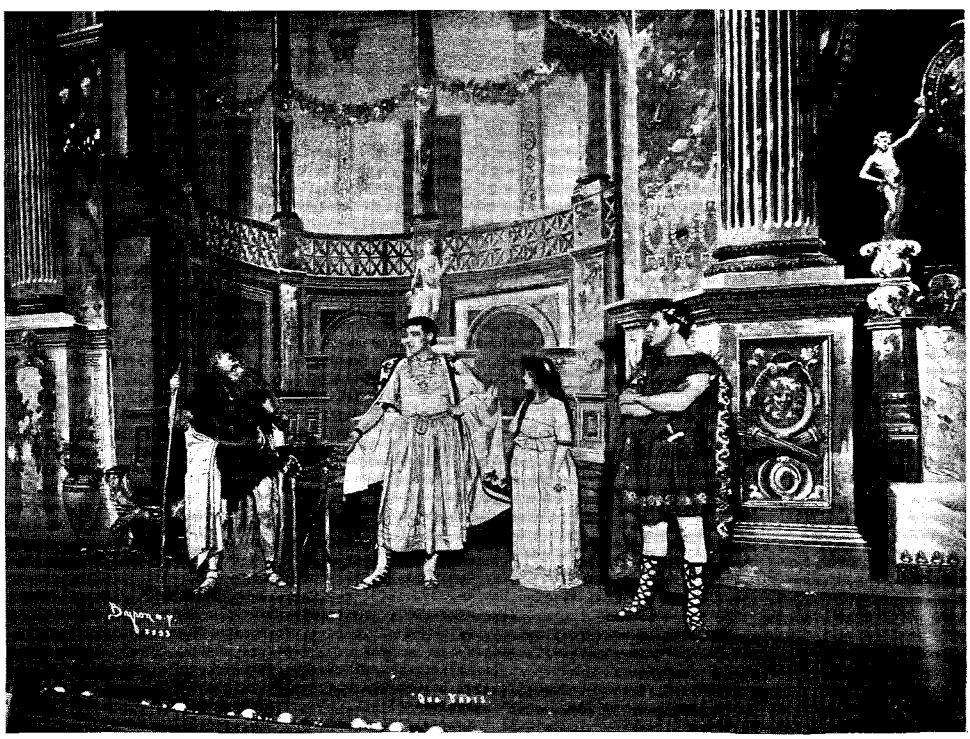
Quo Vadis at the Herald Square Theatre finished its New York run for the season with the performance of Saturday evening, May 5. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder's dramatisation of Sienkiewicz's novel was in many respects a very excellent piece of work. In the first place, it was one of the very few dramatisations of successful novels which did not utterly disappoint the admirer of the book. As a play it was well constructed, well staged and well acted. Had it been put on the stage in the early part of the season, it would probably have enjoyed a success beyond that of *Ben-Hur,* to which as a play it was undeniably superior in every respect.

It needed an amazing amount of dexterity so closely and faithfully to follow the spirit and text of the book, and at the same time to produce so logical and complete a play. Of Miss Gilder's *Quo Vadis* may be said what unfortunately can be said of very few dramatisations: that it was thoroughly intelligible to the play-goer who had never read a line by M. Sienkiewicz. We certainly could not have said as much of *Ben-Hur,* or of *Trilby,* or of any of the versions of *The Three Musketeers.* In but one act, the last, was the spectator in any way dependent upon his acquaintance with the book. Miss Gilder somehow managed to give the play that stamp of vastness which is the very essence of M. Sienkiewicz's work. On the stage, as in the book, we saw all imperial Rome—its legions, its luxury, its baseness—and yet were never for a moment allowed to forget the loves of Vinicius and Lygia and Petronius and Eunice.

Mr. John Glyde's recently published *Life of Edward FitzGerald* rouses the London *Academy* to some little indignation. It characterises the book as "a needless life," and points out that as FitzGerald left the world alone, the world ought to return the compliment. "We can do with biographies of soldiers and parliamentary hands, and we have recently had the biography of a successful coal merchant. That is all right; but when a man is so sublimely indifferent to the footlights and the gold-dust as was



SCENE FROM "QUO VADIS."

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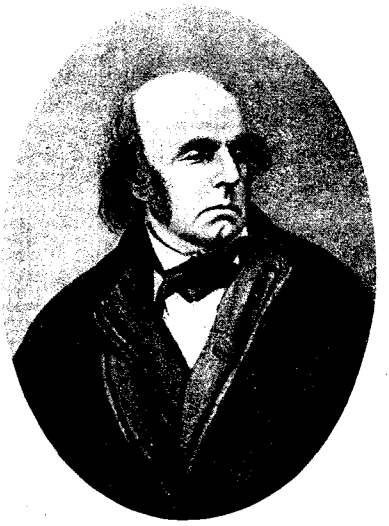
Edward FitzGerald we ought to cherish that instance of retiredness. We are all grimed and pushing and envious; here was a man who was not; for heaven's sake, let it be somewhat difficult to find him in libraries as it was in life."

"The much-talked-of appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a little playlet, called *Mrs. Jordan,*" says the London *Sketch,* "recalls the brilliant theatrical career and the pathetic ending of a lovely woman and an admirable and charming actress. Dorothea Bland was born at Waterford in 1762. Her first appearance was in Dublin, as Phebe in *As You Like It,* in which she made such a 'hit' that she was engaged for the 'York Circuit,' and she appeared in Leeds in 1782. She told her manager she wanted to be called Mrs. Somebody, and he (it was Tate Wilkinson) suggested Jordan, 'as she had just crossed the water.' In 1785, as Peggy in *The Country Girl,* she took London by storm, and for five years played a series of comedy parts with unvarying success."

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will be the publishers in America of Miss

MRS. JORDAN.
From an old print.



EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Marie Corelli's new novel, the title of which is just announced as *The Master-Christian.* This work was begun a short time before the novelist's almost fatal illness at the end of 1897, which incapacitated her from every kind of exertion till the close of 1898. She then resumed her writing, a little each day, under the advice of her physicians, till in April, 1899, when her health was quite restored, she was able to concentrate herself entirely upon it in the usual way. It would have been published in the February of this year, but owing to the depression in the publishing trade caused by the Boer war, it was considered advisable to withhold it in England till the summer. *The Master-Christian* will startle many by its daring yet highly poetic conception, and its fearless treatment of one of the most vital problems of the time.

Visitors to Nimes, says the London *Academy,* will soon be able to pay their respects to a statue of Alphonse Daudet which is about to be placed in the Square de la Couronne, with considerable pomp, though without any contributory recognition from the French Academy. The sculptor, M. Falguières, has evidently been a good deal inspired by M. Léon Daudet's fine book about his father, for he has represented the author in his latter years, with his fine head poised in

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meditation. It is, of course, as "l'homme du Midi," as the author of *Tartarin de Tarascon* and *Numa Roumestan,* and as the analyst and eulogist of southern character, that Daudet is to be acclaimed and enthroned at Nimes. Daudet had a keen sense of place and climate, and their influence on temperament and character. He used to say that every country had its "north" and "south," with their psychological differences; and he loved those authors who made much of their native air, and allowed it to invigorate and influence their work. He would talk like this to his son:

MAX O'RELL.

When a young man, be he boastful or timid, comes to see me with his little volume in his hand, I say to him: "What is your country?"—"It is so and so, Monsieur."—"Is it long since you left your home and the old people?"—"So long."—"Shall you go back?"—"I don't know."—"Why not at once, now that you have tasted Paris? Are they poor?"—"Oh, no, Monsieur, in easy circumstances."—"Then fly to them, unhappy youth. I see you undecided, young, impressionable. I don't believe you really have in you that Balzacian energy which boils and ferments under its attic roof. Listen to my advice; you'll thank me for it later. Go back to the fold. Make yourself a solitude in a corner of the mansion of the farm. Explore your memory. The recollections of childhood are the bright and unpoisoned spring of all masterly creative power that you possess. There is another reason you must see; you have time. Make all about you—the farmers, the sportsmen, the girls, the old men, the vagabonds—talk with you. Let all that focus again! And, if you have talent, you will write a personal book, with your mark on it, that will interest your own people first, and the public too, if you chance to get hold of a well-constructed plot."

Daudet's advice would surely fit the cases of a great many young writers who have come to New York to write novels on stock subjects, leaving their liveliest inspirations behind them. But Léon Daudet recognised the hopelessness of such advice, and so do we.

Max O'Rell's recent novel, *Woman and Artist,* recalls to our mind a little personal experience of our own. Some years ago we were thrown much into the society of a very charming but also very talkative lady, who amiably confessed that there had been a time when the consciousness of her own volubility was a little embarrassing, but that she had since learned to appreciate properly what it was to be a "fine conversationalist." We shared the appreciation. As she acknowledged herself to be a lady of strong literary tastes we once asked her opinion of Max O'Rell; to which she replied by professing her unqualified admiration for "his little Irish stories."

The one hundredth anniversary of the death of William Cowper was celebrated at Olney, England, Wednesday, April 25, with the following programme:

12.30. Luncheon at the Bull Hotel.

1.00. Visitors will be able to see Cowper's summer-house. (No charge.)

1.30. Children of Olney, wearing favours of buff and green (Cowper's colours), will assemble in front of Cowper's house—which has been presented to the town by W. H. Collingridge, Esq.—and sing, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." Every child will then receive a copy of the biography of Cowper, kindly presented by the Religious Tract Society.

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2.30. Museum publicly opened. Admission, 6d.

3.30. Public meeting. Admittance, 6d. Reserved seats, 1s. Chair to be taken by W. W. Carlile, Esq., M.P. Speeches by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Clement K. Shorter and others.

5.00. From five to seven Cowper's house at Weston-Underwood will be open to visitors. (No charge.)

7.30. Special service at the church. Sermon by the Very Rev. F. W. Farrar.

Cowper, whose poetry is read by very few people at the present time, was born on November 26, 1731. His father was chaplain to George II. William Cowper was a sensitive and delicate child, and boyhood brought with it only deeper melancholy and depression. After completing his studies he was articled at the age of eighteen to Mr. Chapman, a London attorney. He was called to the bar in 1754, but never practised. On the other hand, he scribbled a great deal of poetry, read Greek and translated part of Voltaire's *Henriade*. At one time about this period he meditated suicide, failing to carry out his intentions through sheer lack of courage. In December, 1763, he was removed to the house of Dr. Cotton, at St. Albans, a prey to the deepest remorse. After leaving St. Albans he went to reside in the town of Huntington, where for many years he enjoyed much tranquil happiness. His more important literary work dates from 1781, when he was fifty years of age. It was in this year that he produced in the course of a single night the poem of John Gilpin—that delightful bit of humour, which will probably outlive by many years all his more pretentious works.

We reproduce herewith a photograph of Miss Elizabeth Godfrey, whose novel, *The Harp of Life,* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN.

The widening of Fleet Street in London will force *Punch* out of the home it has occupied so long, and the famous periodical which has been, in its particular field, as much an institution of the British empire as the *Times* has been in its own, is going to have a new office in Bouverie Street. It is very appropriate that the change of quarters should take place at practically the same time with the appearance of Mr. W. H. Spielmann's *History of Punch,* a book which contains much of interest that bears directly upon the literature of the Victorian Era.

The first editor of *Punch* was Mark Lemon. The paper had a pretty hard struggle, and it is interesting to find that it was relieved by W. S. Orr and Company, of whom William Chambers wrote so severely. For a time the circulation stuck at five or six thousand, but it gradually grew to thirty thousand. When one looks at the first numbers he is surprised to find that it lived at all. Mark Lemon was no doubt a very clever man, but there was something about his humour peculiarly bitter and ungenial. He was a thorough Bohemian, and Mr. Spielmann, wisely enough, perhaps, does not tell us much about this. Bitter in his writing, he was genial on the whole in his manner, and he loved his work and was very proud of it; but as a contributor he did comparatively little. By far the most helpful of his allies in those early days was Douglas Jerrold, some of

MISS ELIZABETH GODFREY.

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whose contributions, like "The Story of a Feather," and especially "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," were amazingly popular. Jerrold, although now little read, was a man of real genius, far above Lemon in every respect, though not so successful as an editor. There was something about Jerrold that jarred. Like Lemon, he could be exceedingly bitter. Lemon is reported to have said to Jerrold that he "was doubtless considered caustic, because he blackened every character he touched." Lemon outlived Jerrold by thirteen years, and continued to the year of his death a faithful attendant at *Punch's* table. A more illustrious coadjutor still was Thackeray, who did a great deal of work on *Punch,* some of it very popular. Thackeray's relations with *Punch* were more or less disturbed, and Jerrold made him the victim of his most bitter witticisms. He resigned when he became a really popular novelist, after the triumph of *The Newcomes.* The resignation was sent to Mr. Evans, the publisher, in a somewhat haughty and querulous letter, in which he complained especially of the rate of remuneration. He remained, however, not unfriendly to the last.

THE "PUNCH" OFFICE.

The second editor of *Punch* was Shirley Brooks, one of the most delightful authors of the Victorian period. He was an extraordinarily rapid and brilliant writer, and a man of the kindest and most generous heart. It was under him that *Punch* became humorous. Hitherto it had been witty. Shirley Brooks may survive by his admirable novels, but most of them have gone out of print. They make capital reading, however, and may be cordially recommended to persons who wish to find jokes for after-dinner speeches, and who are unable to compose them. Brooks was also a real poet. His best poems were memorial verses, and the best memorial verses ever published in *Punch* were from his pen. To tell the truth, Brooks's contributions from *Punch* would far better bear republishing than some of Thackeray's that have been

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disinterred lately. He contributed also "The Essence of Parliament," and did it to admiration. But perhaps his chief work was to infuse a new spirit and tone into the paper. His son, Mr. Reginald Shirley Brooks, was the originator of the *Sketch*, not the *Sketch* of these days, but its precursor. We should have had a biography of Shirley Brooks, as we should have had one of Hepworth Dixon, of the *Athenæum*. Both of them exercised an immense influence in a quiet way on the literature of the Fifties and the early Sixties.

The third editor of *Punch* was Tom Taylor, who was engaged on the staff for a very long period. For thirty-six years he was a regular contributor, and for six years he was editor. Taylor must have been a very good fellow. He was a favourite with his staff, and George Meredith, it will be remembered, has a warm-hearted sonnet to his memory. But Mr. Spielmann admits that he was a bad editor. He does not mention how mercilessly Edmund Yates treated him in the *World*, just as he treated Thomas Chenery, the Arabic professor who was made editor of the *Times*. Neither of them was fitted for editorial duties. They were both keenly sensitive and were deeply affected by the attacks made upon them. Taylor, however, was an indefatigable worker. He was always writing, though scarcely anything that he has written is now alive.

Mr. Taylor, as all the world knows, was succeeded by the present editor, Mr. F. C. Burnand, a true humorist, who has well maintained the character of the paper. Mr. Burnand secured a genuine success in his "Happy Thoughts," and some of his burlesques are as good as they can be. He has also been successful in enlisting a strong staff of authors and artists, the best of them no doubt being Mr. F. Anstey. A very powerful contributor is Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. R. C. Lehmann was also enlisted by Mr. Burnand, and has written largely. The old humour has been represented in *Punch* by Mr. Andrew Lang and the new humour by Mr. Barry Pain, but neither of them has contributed very much. One of the most brilliant members of the staff is Mr. H. W. Lucy, whose "Toby's Diary" is wonderfully good, and is dictated with the utmost speed, and without any previous preparation. The Rev. A. C. Deane, a young clergyman, has also done fine work. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain sent a contribution some years ago, but it was declined. Mr. Burnand has no doubt made his mistakes. He might, if he had chosen, enrolled on his staff the most brilliant of living humorists. On the whole, however, he has done well, and the position of *Punch* is unshaken.

For the accompanying photograph of the *Punch* office we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Clement Shorter.

In our opinion one of the most delicious hits in recent numbers of *Punch* is that in which it manages to discover a poet by the name of "Rudyard Austin" who undertakes to rewrite "The Absent-Minded Beggar" in the classical style of the Poet Laureate. "Rudyard Austin's" version of the poem is as follows:

When "Rule Britannia" rings through hut and hall,
And men have sung "God Save the Queen" withal,

F. C. BURNAND.
The presenteditor of "Punch."

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When has been whet the keen invective's sword
Against meridian Afric's tyrant lord;
Spare not your largesse for his kin who plies
The legionary's task in tan-hued guise!
Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,
His best endeavours oft with frailty fraught,
Yet with a conscience facile to forego
The judgment of or us or yonder foe.
Southward to clear our 'scutcheon see him wind,
Leaving his loved impediments behind!

Scion of Atheling or of kitchen-drone,
Claimant perchance of Alfred's Alfred's throne—
Five tens of thousands in each other's train,
They press athwart the ship-encumbered plain;
With their domestic wants 'tis Alfred's hope
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope.

* * * * *

Wives he may have, our Thomas, one or more,
Whose nuptial knot the callous powers ignore,
From which unchartered wedlock—who shall say?—
Some offspring may have seen the light of day,
Who need the warmth Prometheus first conveyed,
With solvent heart and Ceres' homely aid.
Doubtless are left some damosels with whom
He held high converse in the devious gloom!
Wrong? Was it wrong? I only know they grieve
To miss the pressure of his ambient sleeve,
Who to our care with careless trust assigned
The loved impediments he left behind.

Heir of an Earldorman, or kitchen-thrall;
These crust distinctions shall we now recall?
What boots it though he left his licensed sire
'Twixt Wapping barmaids serving Bacchic fire?
With claims of wife or wench, 'tis Alfred's hope
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope.

Myriad the matrons who in utmost need,
Are nerved by pride to nor complain nor plead!
Their dear Penates would they rather doom
To lie as pledges with a local Oom.
Their brave bread-winner absent, serves but ill
The nation's pittance, practically nil!
Vague in his views, a man of errant thought,
He waited not in corners to be sought,
When summoned, much like sturdy Cincinnatus,
To leave across his toil a crude hiatus;
Nor lagged to haggle as to who should mind
The loved impediments he left behind.

Life-work of feudal lord or simple serf,
Toilers that race upon, or mow, the turf,
Ceasing their several labours forth they range
From écurie and mart and moated grange,
Come, with their kindred's wants 'tis Alfred's hope
To see your cornucopias cope, cope, cope.

* * * * *

We have received from Carshalton, Surrey, England, one of the quaintest and most artistic publications we remember having seen for some time. It is *The Page*, published by Edward Gordon Craig, and of the twenty-nine features advertised in the table of contents, the publisher signs himself as being responsible for twenty-four. We reproduce herewith three of Mr. Craig's most interesting and characteristic sketches.

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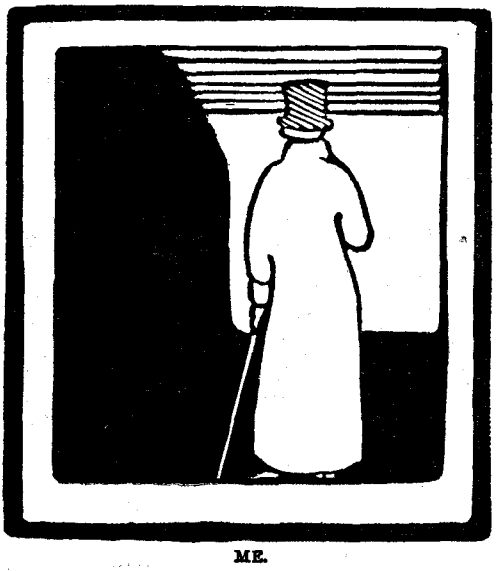
Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has written a book about Mr. Rudyard Kipling—a very harmless little book, printed on good thick paper, with nice wide margins. It is bound in an attractive blue cover, and at the end of the volume there is a bibliography of Rudyard Kipling by Mr. John Lane. Possibly something should be said about the contents of the book, but after having read it through pretty conscientiously, we lay it down with a rather humiliating sense of wonder as to what it is all about. Mr. Le Gallienne expresses some very ladylike political opinions, and is very much shocked at Mr. Kipling's "homicidal lust." When he begins to compare Mr. Kipling's books one with another he is quite orthodox. He prefers *Soldiers Three* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* to *Stalky & Co.* and *The Day's Work,* and finds in *Without Benefit of Clergy* or *The Man Who Would be King* or *Drums of the Fore and Aft* more real inspiration than in *007* or *The Ship that Found Herself.* But to us the most suggestive thing that Mr. Le Gallienne has to say is to be found at the very beginning of the book, where he calls attention to the fact that the history of Mr. Kipling's reputation lies between two phrases. "In 1890 we were saying to each other with a sense of freemasonry in a new cult: 'But that is another story.' To-day (the spring of 1899) we are exhorting each other to 'Take up the white man's burden.' The value of each phrase



ME.

OPHELIA.

is about the value of Mr. Kipling's reputation in 1890 and 1899 respectively." Now this is very significant, for it naturally leads to the question of what we are saying about Mr. Kipling in the spring of 1900. And the answer is still more significant, for we are saying practically nothing at all.

Some paragraphs about Mr. Kipling which we printed in the March number of THE BOOKMAN have aroused quite a little stir of adverse criticism. One English literary journal is particularly vehement in its wrath, and applies to our whole attitude the phrase "callous impudence and sheer amusing conceit," which means simply that the journal in question belongs to the unfortunately very large class who regard as downright heresy the suggestion that Mr. Kipling may write anything that is without the divine spark. For our part we yield to none in appreciation and admiration of what is best in Mr. Kipling's work. Some years ago, when "The Man from Nowhere" was popularly looked upon as merely a very clever and precocious young writer of Anglo-Indian stories, his right to the English laureateship was very strongly urged in an article written by the senior editor of this magazine. We have always regarded and we still regard the author of *The Drums of the Fore and Aft, Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Man Who Would be King, The Story of the Gadsbys,* and those other tales of the early years of his career as one of the great original literary forces of the Vic-

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torian era. He was not a Thackeray or a Dickens, but he was certainly the very best that England in the closing years of the century had to offer. As a poet, when placed beside a Tennyson, he lacked much, but he knew how to write verse that could stir not merely a nation, but an entire race. The fame that he won was honestly won; or better still, when that fame was achieved he had merely come into his own.

But that was a very different Mr. Kipling from the Mr. Kipling of to-day, the laborious but very uninspired Mr. Kipling of *Stalky & Co.*, of *The White Man's Burden*, and of the hysterical letters about the South African War; and somehow, very curiously, as we think over the whole matter, there rises before us the memory of two lines which he himself wrote in the old days:

> But all that is put behind me, long ago and far away,
> And there ain't no busses running from the Bank to Mandalay.

All that *has* been put behind him, and Mr. Kipling does seem to be too close to the Bank and too far from Mandalay. And the worst feature of it all is that, if we are to judge from his recent actions and utterances, he has come to take himself with fatal seriousness as a political force and a prophet, and that he has been coddled into the belief that what he wrote simply as good, spirited verse was in reality the inspired gospel of a new imperialism.

Literary history is full of cases of this kind. M. Eugene Sue wrote *Le Juif Errant* simply as a sensational novel. In the course of the narrative, however, he happened to describe an ideal colony of workingmen, and for the remainder of his life he took himself *au grand sérieux* as a social reformer. He and Béranger, who had written of the French people much as Robert Burns wrote of the Scotch, used to pay each other stately, pompous visits, and between them assumed a sort of protectorate over the hard-fisted son of toil. Of comparatively recent date were the cases of Edward Bellamy and Professor Markham, to which we have recently had occasion to refer. But Mr. Kipling in his way is much more dangerous than the other two, and in anything concerning him people seem to have lost all sense of proportion. To confine ourselves merely to the literary side of the question, Mr. Kipling has of course the right to write what he pleases and to sell what he writes for the best sum of money that he can get. But because the man who wrote *Stalky & Co.* once wrote *Soldiers Three* it does not follow that the reviewer or commentator who has to do with the later book should treat it with the respectful deference honestly due the author of the earlier work. But this most people will not see. To tell the simple, obvious truth, to say quite honestly and frankly that the Mr. Kipling of the past two or three years is not the marvel, the master, the genius, but a writer of the third rank, is no doubt something of a shock and a heresy. Whether this fizzling out is permanent, whether his usefulness—except on account of what he has already done—is at an end, we do not venture to say. Only we are waiting, with a great deal of curiosity, for his forthcoming novel.

When the list of the six best selling books in our May number was made up, and it was found that Mr. Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower* was included, it required only a glance through the earlier volumes of THE BOOKMAN to assure us that all records had been broken. At the time of writing we are unable to say what place *When Knighthood Was in Flower* will have in the lists at the end of our present issue, but whether or not the book holds its popularity through the summer months, to take a new leap into popular notice when the dramatisation of the story is presented in the autumn, Mr. Major has the satisfaction of knowing that the record of fourteen consecutive months among the six best selling books is unprecedented. The book first appeared in the list of April, 1899, in which month it occupied fifth place. In May of that year it was fourth; the following month it reached second place, which it held until last autumn. Although *When Knighthood Was in Flower* has never headed the list, it has been four times second, five times third, three times fourth, once fifth and once sixth. It occupied a higher position in May, 1900, than in April, 1899. And the period of its popularity has been

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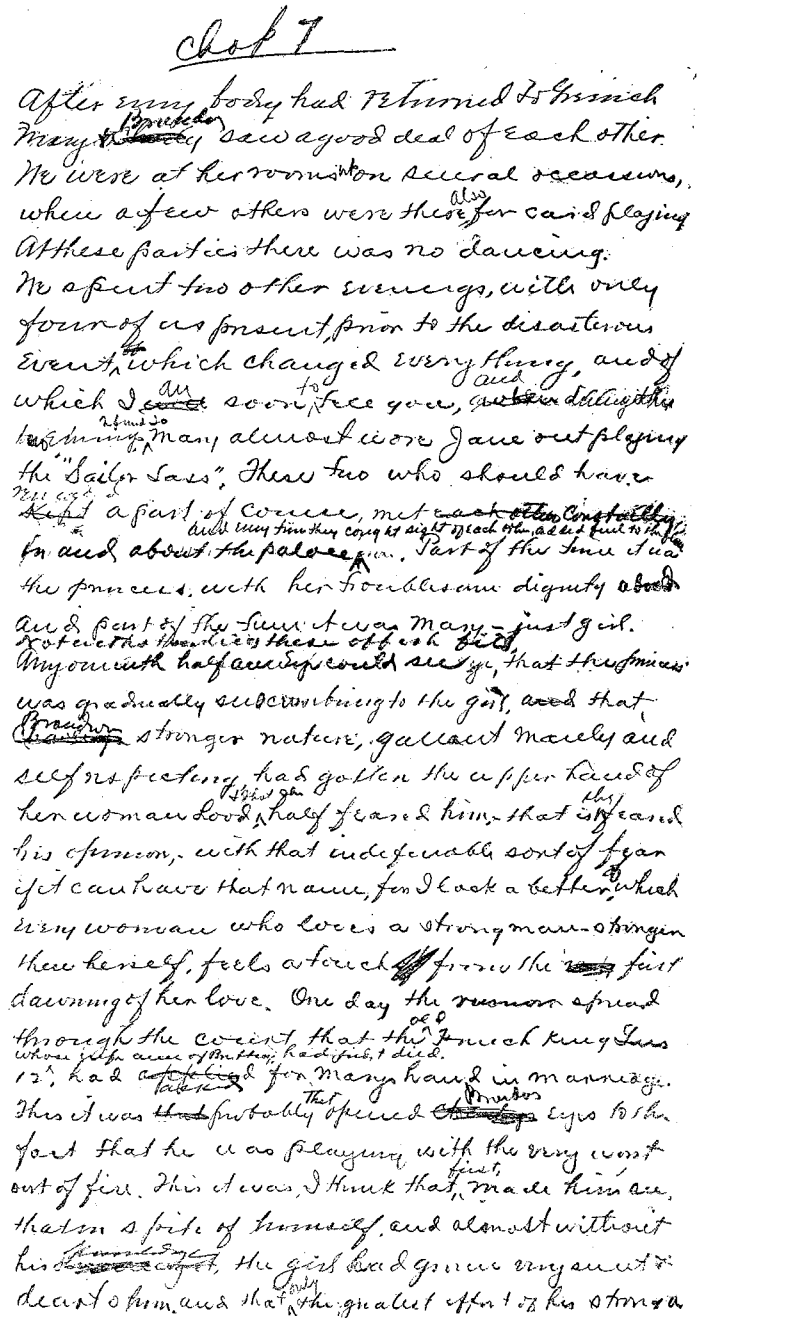
one noted for the number of very successful books.

The best record previous to that of *When Knighthood Was in Flower* was that of *David Harum,* which appearing for the first time in the list in March, 1899, remained there until March of this year. In some respects the record of *David Harum* was even more impressive. It held first place from last April until last November — seven consecutive months. It was once second, once third, three times fourth, and once, the last month of its career among the "six best," fifth. Mr. Churchill's *Richard Carvel* was in the list for the tenth time in our May number. It has been three times first, four times second, once third, once fourth, and once fifth. Of the other books to be found in the list of the May number, Mr. Ford's *Janice Meredith* appeared for the sixth consecutive time; Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage* for the third, and Miss Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* for the second.

In *The History of Pendennis, His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy,* our amiable friend, Major Arthur Pendennis, elated and yet almost angry at the success of the novel written by his nephew, wonders "who the doose reads this sort of thing?" and begins to speculate about the financial prosperity which the career selected by the young man seems to offer. "I should think he might write one of these in a month now—say a month, that's twelve in a year. Damme, he may go on spinning this nonsense for the next four or five years and make a fortune." There was a time when we roared over the Major's comments as the most delicious irony.



FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER."

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It was so very human; it summed up so admirably the old dandy's opinion upon a matter of this sort. But somehow, as we look about us now and ponder over some of the *Walter Lorraines* of the present day, the humour does not seem nearly so keen. We have under our notice at the present time what in our opinion is one of the neatest bits of potboiling we remember having seen. It is *Captain Dieppe,* by the versatile Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, the first of a series of short novels to be issued from the press of Messrs. Doubleday and McClure. It is not at all bad. Indeed, it is a story which may be recommended to one who wishes pleasantly to while away an idle hour. But to us it is chiefly interesting because it changes a long-cherished opinion and forces us to concede that Major Pendennis, after all, was not so very grotesque in his comments on the subject of literary production. Indeed, perhaps that estimate of one book a month was a little too moderate. When one is an old hand like Mr. Hawkins, and has all the little tricks of the craftsman at one's fingers' ends, the matter is purely one of industry. Mr. F. Marion Crawford is said to have turned out one of his shorter novels in five days. Equal application should enable Mr. Hawkins to sit down to the opening chapter of a story like *Captain Dieppe* of a Monday morning and write "Finis" in good time for a next Sunday's outing at Brighton or Margate.

✖

We must confess that a good deal of our interest in the South African War died out when Kimberley was relieved, and it became evident once for all that Mr. Cecil Rhodes would not be captured by the Boers. In the first place, it would have been only poetic justice had the man who buncoed unsuspecting England into the war been made prisoner by the enemy; and, in the second place, we should have liked to know that he was occupying the iron cage which the Boers had thoughtfully prepared for him in Pretoria. A good many persons to whom we have expressed our regret at the elimination of this iron cage have been rather shocked, and have said that such a thing was altogether too mediæval for this day and generation. But that is just the point. Cecil Rhodes himself is extremely mediæval. He ought to have been a robber baron along the Rhine in the latter part of the fourteenth century; and just as he would, no doubt, like to run an iron hook through Mr. Kruger's jaw and swing him over the battlements, so does Mr. Kruger think that confinement in an iron cage would be a rather mild form of punishment for Mr. Rhodes. We believe, indeed, that in his heart of hearts Mr. Rhodes must recognise it as quite the proper sort of thing for any enemy to do to him. The Colossus has the virtues as well as the defects of the robber baron. He plays for tremendously high stakes. If he wins, he gets everything, and he does with it precisely as he pleases. If he loses, he expects no mercy. So we are sorry that the iron cage will not be occupied—and we fancy that a good many Englishmen in England whose sons and kinsmen have yielded up their lives to further Mr. Rhodes's Juggernaut ambition—we believe that some of them are just a little sorry, too.

✖

When we expressed, some time ago, with a sort of timid confidence, our rising suspicion that General Buller was not precisely the great god of war that his admirers in England believed him to be, we soon received a swarm of vituperative letters from various parts of the British Empire, written with the obvious purpose of "calling us down," as the vernacular expresses it. We were told that we knew nothing about war, and that, in spite of the fact that Buller had been beaten out of his boots, he was still a great and good man and a heaven-born commander. When we gave some reasons for our belief, the reply was made that we were absolutely anti-English, and that were this not so we would never have uttered a word of criticism against the Ferryman of the Tugela. That was several months ago, and now Field Marshal Lord Roberts has been officially declaring that various disasters to the British arms were undoubtedly due to the indecision and the incompetency of this same Buller. We waited awhile for some one to begin the denunciation of Lord Roberts, and for our English and Canadian correspondents to call him a traitor; but although that was some time ago, we are waiting still.

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Here is a little comment on General Buller and his subordinates:

> Never in the history of armies did it happen that generals scribbled their confessions of failure and defeat, of useless deaths of men, and of discredit to the flag in a manner which suggests a careful selection from the forced jocularity of the funny man, the slangy chatter of the horsey woman and the gabble of the smoking-room late in the evening.

Now where did this sacrilegious fleer first see the light? Was it in a French Anglophobist journal of the boulevards? Was it in the *Freeman's Journal,* or was it in the uninstructed pages of THE BOOKMAN? Not at all; it was in the *St. James's Gazette,* a mouthpiece of the ruling classes of England. Why shouldn't our correspondents begin writing ten and twelve page letters to the editor of that disloyal sheet?

The fact is, that General Buller has had the misfortune to be looked at from the wrong point of view. There is no doubt that he is an original and ingenious person, only the great mistake was made in looking for his ingenuity and originality in the sphere of military operations; whereas Buller is not in reality a great military genius. He is rather, and beyond all question, a great military humourist; and we regret that no one has yet adequately recognised the merit of his performances in this particular line. He first displayed the mellowness of his humour in that report of his operations on the Tugela when he showed, and in fact proved, that he had nearly scared the Boers to death, for they abstained from cutting off his mule-train, and "permitted" him to scurry across the river more or less unharmed. That was a beautiful touch, and would never have occurred to any one but Buller. He was the only man in the whole English-speaking world who would have thought of such a convincing explanation for the reluctance of the Boers to capture all his mules; for everybody else believed that the Boers stayed their hand because they knew that Buller would be lonely if he were left without the society of his mules.

Then there was that second elaborate joke of his about the affair of Spion Kop. Buller sent his men up on the Kop and kept them there about a day and half because, as he said in a telegram, this Kop was the key to the whole situation. Later on, his men came back, and then Buller wrote a little piece about it. He explained why his soldiers didn't stay there. It wasn't because of the Boers—bless you, no! It was because he found that the Kop "had too extended a periphery." Now that was so like Buller! It showed him to be a real master of the humour of the unexpected. He is a brave man, but even the bravest man (according to Buller) could hardly be expected to tackle a periphery, especially when it was "extended." Maxim guns and Mauser rifles and pom-poms are pretty bad—but a periphery! So we think that while Buller will hardly go down to posterity with Marlborough and Wellington, he will not make a bad second to Mr. Dooley of Chicago; and at any rate he is certain to be remembered as the British general who was knocked out by a periphery.

A good many persons have begun to suspect that our sympathies in the war are not entirely with England; but this much we are free to say: if the English ever have the luck to capture those Irish-Americans who went out from Chicago professing to be an ambulance corps, and thus sneaked into the Transvaal under the protection of the Red Cross, we hope that a file of soldiers will stand them up against the nearest fence and fill them full of dum-dum bullets in just as short a time as the thing can be conveniently accomplished. Nothing has been done since the war began, so dastardly as the act of these Irish-Americans who have coincidently both discredited their race and done whatever in them lay to bring into disrepute one of the noblest and most beautiful of charities, which amid all the flame and fury of relentless battle has always stood above and beyond the slaughter like a white-robed angel, calling back men's minds to the thought of peace and mercy and compassion.

We are in receipt of the following letter:

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

I have just had the November number of your magazine sent me, as it contains a refer-

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ence to a picture which used to hang in my father's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomesbury. You quote from a letter sent by a correspondent in Sierra Madre, Los Angeles County, California, who described the drawing very graphically, but not quite correctly. Thirty years is a long time to carry every detail in one's mind.

The drawing by Thackeray of Becky Sharp belongs to my mother, and hangs in my house. I have it before me now, and the creator of "Becky" has certainly, as your correspondent says, depicted her with "sandy hair and the pale complexion that goes with it." The face, too, is in profile; but the eye is very much in evidence, the head is thrown back, showing the large bright eye under its heavy white lid, the eyebrow and eyelashes are strongly marked, the nose is long and sharp (not tip-tilted), the mouth is pouting and the chin and throat very full and round. The hair is dressed in the early Victorian fashion—parted in the middle, brought over the ears and down upon the neck, the ends being twisted round at the back, and a bow of ribbon the same colour as the hair placed over them. The sketch is very small, not more than four inches square, there being only the head. It is a very bright, smart sketch, and "Becky Sharp" is written beneath it in the author's well-known hand. In the same frame there are two other sketches by Thackeray—one the deck of a merchant vessel, underneath which is written by the artist, "The Main Deck of the *Mary Wood;*" the other is a man asleep on two barrels; "Hungarian Reposing" is written under this in Thackeray's hand.

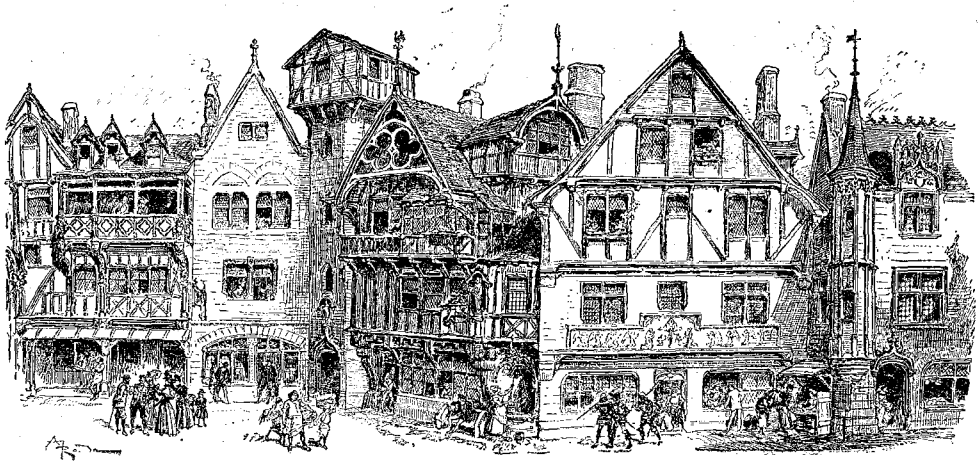
LAURA HAIN FRISWELL.

ABER-MAW, WIMBLEDON.

One feature of the Paris Exposition which is practically certain to arouse keen interest is the reproduction of old Paris. In connection with this we herewith present a picture of the Rue des Vieilles Écoles.

Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney, whose recent novel, *Folly Corner,* is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN, is undoubtedly one of the most subtle and admirable of English women novelists of late years. Her books have had a fair amount of success in England and in this country; she has received a good deal of discriminate praise; but, on the whole, the attention which has been given her has been almost absurdly inadequate. A very measured and discriminating critic has boldly compared her to Thomas Hardy, and we have no hesitation in saying that *The Maternity of Harriot Wicken* and *Folly Corner* will be read long after the more lurid sensations of the immediate hour have been consigned to complete oblivion.

Mrs. Dudeney's home is in the county of Surrey, about thirty miles from London. Littlewick Meadow, as the house is called, is in an ideally rural and secluded spot, some miles from a railway station. In reality, the house is barely three years old, but so artfully has the architect, by his skilful design and by the employment of old tiles for roofing, managed to simulate age, that the casual passerby is thoroughly convinced of its



OLD PARIS.

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THE HALL AT LITTLEWICK MEADOW, SURREY.

THE FIREPLACE, LITTLEWICK MEADOW.

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antiquity. An American interviewer who recently visited Mrs. Dudeney at Littlewick Meadow found her singularly reticent on the subject of her work. "People may look at my three or four books," she said, "and think that I have had a success out of proportion to my output in labour. But I have really been working for years. My short stories, some anonymous, but usually signed, have appeared in some of our leading magazines. I have also written serials, though I don't propose to rescue them from the oblivion they deserve. It was all in the way of practice. One must serve an apprenticeship."

DR. FREDERIC BANCROFT.

Mrs. Dudeney spends nearly all her time in work, and very honestly confesses that she reads the press notices of her books with great interest and pleasure. "But I am afraid they do not influence me," she says. "Critics are so charmingly diverse, that one is able to keep a calm balance between extreme praise, on the one hand, and sturdy reviling, on the other. For the most part, critics both here and in America have been singularly sympathetic—it is so cheering to find a really sympathetic critic, who thoroughly understands you, who fathoms your every motive. They are nearly all alive to the—to me—important fact that my books are never intended to have any purpose other than that of every work of art. When people talk of *Harriot Wicken* being a 'study in heredity' they miss the whole point of the book: it is merely a study in emotions. I never intend to write that treatise in masquerade—the novel with a high moral purpose. Again, if my characters are not exactly the sort of people with whom one could live comfortably, I can only say that I try very hard to make them true to themselves. It is not the affair of the novelist to whitewash humanity."

Although Mrs. Dudeney was born in London, and has spent most of her life in the very heart of the metropolis, she is never quite content, except when in the country with her husband, her little daughter and her gardening. In fact, of the two books which she now has in the press, one is largely garden. The other treats almost entirely of London life. At Littlewick Meadow she spends the greater part of the day out of doors, working among her flowers or else walking about, thinking of the emotions and actions of the characters of her books. To the actual writing she rarely devotes more than two hours a day. She does comparatively no work at all in the spring, when the garden demands her attention; nor in summer, when she enjoys the garden.

The biography of William H. Seward, reviewed in this number of THE BOOKMAN, will introduce to the general reading public an author, Dr. Frederic Bancroft, who has long been well known in the more esoteric circles of historical scholarship. Dr. Bancroft is an Illinoisian by birth, was graduated from Amherst in 1882, and took his Ph.D. in the School of Political Science of Columbia University three years later. He then spent three years abroad, studying history and political science at Göttingen, Berlin, Freiburg and Paris. His special interest from the outset was in American politics and diplomacy—more particularly during the Civil War and the Reconstruction. As his doctoral dissertation he

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wrote a monograph on *The Negro in Politics,* which remains to-day the best printed sketch of that extraordinary period of misrule which followed the war. In the preparation of this monograph Dr. Bancroft travelled extensively through the "black belt" in the South, and made the acquaintance of many of the participants, both black and white, in the events of the "carpet-bag" régime. If the notes which he took on this occasion should ever be published, they would throw an entertaining light on many as yet obscure places in the history of Reconstruction.

The very extensive researches involved in the preparation of the *Seward* have constituted the backbone of Dr. Bancroft's occupation for many years. His appointment as Librarian of the Department of State shortly after his return from abroad gave him exceptional facilities for the study of Seward's career from the official sources. As avocations he has filled many various engagements at the universities. For six years he held the prize-lectureship in political science at Columbia, and on several occasions he has given temporary courses at Johns Hopkins and Chicago. When recently Professor John Bassett Moore went on leave of absence to assist in directing the diplomacy of the war with Spain, Dr. Bancroft was called back to Columbia to lecture on the diplomatic history of Europe. He has also been a copious contributor to periodicals of the more scholarly class, the *Nation,* the *Political Science Quarterly,* etc.

Dr. Bancroft is a bachelor, and for many years has kept house in Washington, D. C., in the neighbourhood of the State and War Departments and the Metropolitan Club, by the free use of whose libraries he supplements the resources of his own. At present he is in Europe, investigating certain phases of French history. On his return he will resume work on a *History of the Confederacy,* already under way, to which he will apply the same thorough-going methods that he employed on the *Seward.*

Mr. W. L. Alden, who writes from London to the New York *Times,* a weekly letter on literary topics, gave expression last month to the following opinions:

> Trollope's books will not live, for the very good reason that they lack vitality. They belong to the school of novels in which nothing happens, and hence they seem tedious to readers of the present day. Reade's books, on the contrary, were full of incident, which was the very reason why they never received the appreciation which they deserved. Reade wrote at the wrong time. His contemporaries held that incident in a novel was synonymous with vulgarity. They said that Reade wrote only penny dreadfuls of a more than usually pretentious sort. But now that public taste has discarded the novel in which nothing happens, and asks only for novels of incident, Reade's books are certain to have a new hearing, and they will at no distant day become genuinely popular.

Now with what Mr. Alden says about Charles Reade we most cordially agree. It is, indeed, a mystery to us why so few persons, comparatively speaking, are at the present time familiar with those splendid novels which in their own day thrilled the whole English-speaking world. Reade, at his worst, was erratic in opinion and jerky in style, but at his best—and he was oftenest at his best—he was a wonderful teller of stories, one who had the rare power of *compelling,* so that if you began a book of his you could not possibly lay it down unfinished. *Hard Cash, Put Yourself in His Place, It is Never Too Late to Mend*—there is a trio of books for you which the present decade cannot match in breathlessness and nervous power and masculine vigour. *Griffith Gaunt* stands almost alone as a masterpiece of invention and intensity. The trial scene, toward the end of the story, would make the fortune of a novelist to-day. *The Cloister and the Hearth* makes George Eliot's *Romola* seem feeble and pedantic; for in Reade's book there are not only the historic sense and the minute knowledge, but a rich, warm glow of creative imagination which makes the whole work quiver and throb with life from beginning to end; so that after reading it, one finds it difficult to place Charles Reade in any but the first rank of his great contemporaries. And there is *A Terrible Temptation,* against which a more squeamish generation than our own set up a raucous bellowing, but

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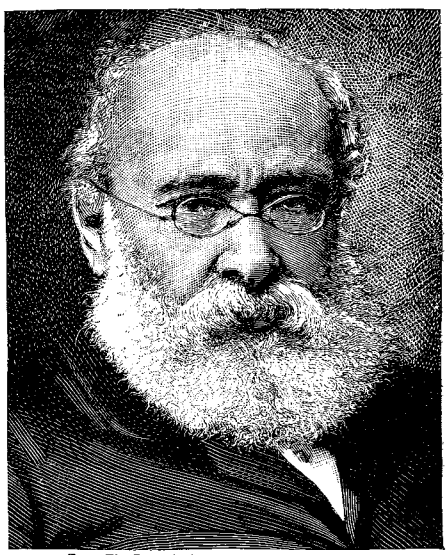
which to-day would hardly cause a single prude to squeak and gibber. The crucial point of the book is found in the disputed paternity of a child and in the question of whether a loving wife lapsed for a moment into unfaithfulness in order to safeguard the happiness and even the sanity of her husband. When *A Terrible Temptation* was appearing as a serial, the suspense in the mind of the reading public was something extraordinary. At Yale University (or College, as it was then) the entire student body became so "wrought up" over the question that the general interest expressed itself in betting, and finally some one was deputed to write to Mr. Reade and ask him if he would not definitely state whether or not Lady Bassett was immaculate—for even after the completion of the story, the question seemed to many still unsettled. Reade acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and replied with commendable gravity that he would have been most happy to oblige his correspondent, but that, unfortunately, he was possessed of no more exact information on this delicate subject than he had recorded in the book, which represented the extent of his knowledge of the facts. And so all bets were declared off!

When, however, Mr. Alden expresses an opinion about Trollope's books and their lack of vitality, he makes it sadly evident that he is either writing at random or that he has never read them. "They belong," he says, "to the school of novels in which nothing happens." Now this phrase about nothing happening is a sort of cheap commonplace criticism which writers have got into the habit of flinging about without any thought or any pertinence of application. It was George Moore who coined the phrase when he said, in speaking of the novels of Henry James, that "bang in front of the reader nothing ever happens." As applied to Henry James, this sentence was rather smart, and in a way it was not untrue; but to apply it to Anthony Trollope is utterly preposterous. Mr. Alden talks about "incident"; and, apparently to his mind, nothing is "incident" unless it comes under the head of battle, murder and sudden death, overlooking the fact that the most tragic and the most stirring occurrences of human life are not those which affect the body or the purse or the material side of man's existence. Yet even if we limit "incident" to the sort of thing that Mr. Alden has in mind, it would still be quite absurdly false to say that Trollope belongs to the school in which nothing ever happens. Has Mr. Alden never read *Orley Farm,* of which the whole plot turns upon the forgery of a will? Has he never read *The Eustace Diamonds,* with its curiously complex robbery, which turns out in the end to



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ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

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have been perpetrated by the person who was robbed? Does he not remember the mysterious murder upon which the development of *Phineas Redux* is made to turn? Can he possibly have forgotten the ghastly power of *He Knew He Was Right,* one of the most tragic and terrible studies in morbid emotion which our language holds? We might go on for half a page, enumerating the books of Trollope which utterly refute the careless gibe of Mr. Alden; but any reader of Trollope can recall them for himself, and those who have not read Trollope may turn to him and then thank us for bringing them into intellectual contact with one of the most vital, vigorous and masculine of modern novelists.

In the introduction to the *Letters of R. L. Stevenson* Mr. Sidney Colvin gives a bit of news that has been much commented upon. He says: "Two volumes of letters . . . to be preceded by a separate volume of narrative and critical memoir, or *étude*—such was to be the memorial of my friend which I had planned, and hoped by this time to have ready. Unfortunately, the needful leisure has hitherto failed me, and might fail me for some time yet, to complete the separate volumes of biography. That is now, at the wish of the family, to be undertaken by Stevenson's cousin and my friend, Mr. Graham Balfour."

The first suggestion of Mr. Stevenson's friends, when it became apparent that Mr. Colvin could not write the biography, through failing health and press of work, was that the task should be undertaken by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne. But Mr. Osbourne was afraid that his very devotion to his stepfather's memory, the closeness of the tie between them, and their affectionate intimacy, would hinder him from writing the kind of book the public wants. Writing truthfully, he argued, his book would be a eulogy. Stevenson's charm, like that of few men, grew greater on close acquaintance, so that the immediate members of his family regarded him with love and veneration. Mr. Osbourne, who had shared with the author not only his adventurous romantic life in the South Seas, but his earlier, sadder pilgrimages in search of health in Europe and America, feels for his stepfather's memory a devotion too deep for him to write at all impartially of the man or his books.

Next to Mr. Osbourne, the most intimate friend Mr. Stevenson had in the later years of his life was his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour. He is a much younger man than Mr. Colvin, being, in fact, a contemporary of Mr. Stevenson. He lived at Vailima several years, and he knew the author in the prime of life and fulness of his powers, when the balmy air of the South Seas had restored him to health. He was his cousin's confidant, adviser and friend. To him Mr. Stevenson talked

GRAHAM BALFOUR.

intimately of his literary work, his political struggles for the welfare of his adopted land, and in an emergency he counted on Balfour for support and encouragement. The choice of Mr. Balfour to write the biography—an Oxford man, a capable writer, a man of the same family and traditions, an intimate of the household at Vailima—was approved by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Colvin himself has more than once spoken very well of the choice, though of late he appears to have changed his mind.

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Mr. Maud. Mr. Steevens.

MR. W. T. MAUD ("GRAPHIC") AND THE LATE MR. G. W. STEEVENS ("DAILY MAIL") DIGGING A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER IN THE LADYSMITH CORRESPONDENTS' CAMP ON NOVEMBER 5.

Mr. Balfour's book may not have the high literary merit of Mr. Colvin's scholarly diction, but it will be true, unprejudiced, and give a more intimate picture of the man. Mr. Colvin knew the author in his youth. Later, ill-health and constant travelling separated them, and though their friendship remained steadfast to the end their interests were widely divergent. In the *Vailima Letters,* reading between the lines, one almost suspects that Mr. Stevenson is writing to an unsympathetic correspondent. The gossip of Samoa, the strange and romantic home life, the chocolate-coloured people, the wars and local politics, failed to interest Mr. Colvin. The author writes apologetically to his old friend: "Dear Colvin, please remember that my life passes among my 'blacks and chocolates.' If I were to do as you propose, in a bit of a tiff, it would cut you off entirely from my life." Mr. Colvin explains this paragraph in a footnote as being written "In reply to a petition, not meant to be so seriously taken, that his letters should not be so entirely taken up as some of the past winter had been with native affairs of relatively little meaning or interest to his correspondent." Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, was personally involved in all that interested Mr. Stevenson, helping and advising in his plans for bettering the Samoans, and joining enthusiastically in the native life, and can therefore give the public a better picture of Stevenson the man than any person living. He also has access to all the family records and traditions, letters and stories from the earliest date.

The book, when completed, will be of unusual interest and value, for Stevenson was certainly the most romantic figure of the modern literary world.

Mr. Nevison, in a recent number of the London *Daily Chronicle,* gave some pathetic details of the death and burial of the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, with whom he was shut up during the siege of Ladysmith. In an entry of January 18 (though his diary has only just been published), Mr. Nevison wrote:

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Everything that could possibly be done for him had been done. For five weeks Maud had nursed him with a devotion that no woman could surpass. Two days ago we thought him almost well. He talked of what it would be best to do when the siege was relieved, so as to complete his recovery. And now he is dead. He was only thirty. What is to most distinguished men the best part of life was still before him. In eight working years he had already made a name known to all the army and to thousands beyond its limits. Beyond question he had the touch of genius. The individuality of his power perhaps lay in a clear perception transfused with an imaginative wit that never failed him. The promise of that genius was not fulfilled, but it was felt in all he said and wrote. And beyond this power of mind he possessed the attractiveness of courtesy and straightforward dealing. No one ever knew him condescend to the tricks and dodges of the trade. There was not a touch of "smartness" in his disposition. On the field he was too reckless of his life. I saw him often during the fighting at Elandslaagte, Tinta Nyoni and Lombards Kop. He was usually walking about close to the firing line, leading his grey horse, a conspicuous mark for every bullet. Veteran officers used to marvel that he was not hit. In the midst of it all he would stand quite unconcerned, and speak in his usual voice—slow, trenchant, restrained by a cynicism that came partly from youth, and an English horror of fuss.

SHIPS OF WAR.

Ye Ships of War that ride the waves
  And strike with spurs of steel,
Your coursers quiver 'neath the curb,
  But heed the iron heel;
You bear our hearts and hopes abroad,
  Across a shoreless sea,
While, storm-defying, on your prows
  Stands thund'ring Victory!

What though the eastern sky be black
  With death for those that rove,
Though darkness of the damned engulfs
  Palm and palmetto grove,
Your fires flash along the shore,
  Your search-lights flood the bay,
And Liberty can enter where
  Your great guns blaze the way.

When your trackless paths prove lonely,
  And friends are far and few,
Or in all the waste of waters
  None but the Lord and you,
To Him who shields and saves us all
  Prayers rise from maid and man,
For you bear the nation's banner;
  You are the nation's van.

Advance, ye steel-clad Ships of War,
  Dispelling doubts and fears!
Your bosoms hold a precious freight,
  The fates of future years.
High o'er your conquering conning-towers
  The pennants fly unfurled;
The Stars and Stripes above you are
  The best hope of the world.

James Eugene Farmer.

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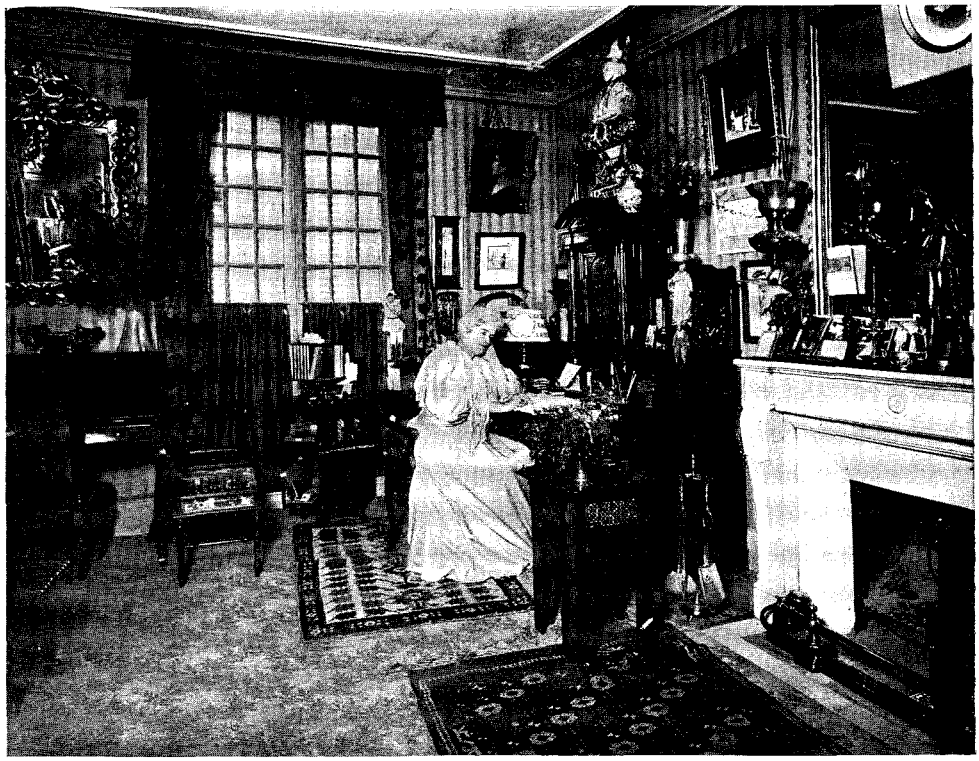
JEANNE MARNI

Paris is no longer the "Unique City" of times past. Without, London, Vienna, Berlin and New York dispute her monopoly of culture and urbanity. Within, the legendary boulevard, which, in the life of this enormous hive, held the place of the heart—the boulevard has been dethroned. In so far as it was a symbol, its day is past. Under the invading flux and reflux of that cosmopolitanism which overruns its promenades it is now nothing less than the hostelry of the world at large. But at least the great city has kept some of its most incontestable privileges —the grace of its women, the beauty of its artistic festivals, and the peculiar charm of that light literature which seems to be the ever-changing reflection of its customs, its pleasures, its tastes, its whims. One need only turn over the bright pages of Gyp, Lavedan, Maurice Donnay and Mme. Marni to be convinced that the sparkling nectar of Parisian wit has not lost its flavour.

During the past few years Madame Jeanne Marni seems to us to have won, in France, the first place in the new *genre* of the dialogue-picture of manners and customs. At any rate, none of her rivals has displayed to the same degree of excellence as Mme. Marni the art of putting a complete story into the closely woven thread of a single dialogue, and of laying bare at one stroke of the lancet the very depths of a soul.

She had early in youth given promise of a sensitive and passionate imagination. At the age of eight she saw herself in print, in the *Monde Illustré,* with a certain chronicle entitled *La Pluie.* Her ideas developed in an easy, rapid flight. Still, she did not at first turn to literature. Without having at heart any very imperative call, she had turned toward the stage. She went in turn to the Odéon, to the Gymnase, to the Vaudeville, and reaped the usual successes of a pretty woman and engaging *comédienne,* but



JEANNE MARNI IN HER STUDY.

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she never succeeded in ridding herself of a certain natural timidity, which caused her more than one painful emotion. In 1886 she left the stage, bearing with her the regrets of all those who recognised in her the rare case of an actress at once *spirituelle* and modest. She had such a graceful way (and one that was so pleasant for her comrades to hear) of saying: "Oh, I have no sort of talent!" She had, however, shown talent of more than one kind, as was proved by the estimates which the critics had given of her, and she was about to furnish still more convincing proofs of it in a new line—the difficult one of letters.

Her first book, *La Femme de Silva,* was a sort of romanesque autobiography, interspersed with keen remarks on the theatrical world, with its heterogeneous customs, its ambitions, its rivalries, its weaknesses. *Amour Coupable* followed very soon, announcing, by fag-ends of scenes and bits of dialogue of rare precision, the coming evolution of Mme. Marni's talent. Meanwhile she had composed some novels, and had scattered here and there some short articles. It was proposed to her to write for *La Vie Parisienne,* the best informed chronicler, so they say, of all that interests and flatters the present woman of ease. Under the transparent veil of a pseudonym she very promptly gave to this journal a tone peculiar to herself. She had abandoned the romanesque form so as to devote herself to conversation on light subjects; and quite light at that, if one takes as an example her first effort in this field, *Les Dialogues des Courtisanes,* written in collaboration with Maurice Donnay.

The mere title must have appeared daring. To begin anew Lucian, the Voltaire of Antiquity, to sign "Lucienne," as if for the very purpose of emphasising the audacity of the undertaking! One might easily consider this literary boldness as little short of literary temerity. It required nothing more nor less than plenty of fine, keen wit to make it pass muster. The reader knows with what adventures the famous Grecian lampooner busied himself in his dialogues, he whose irony seems to have been the forerunner of Parisian *blague.* Those dialogues are naïve conversations among his *hetæræ,* wherein one catches glimpses of their jealousies, their devices and their tricks, the whole seasoned with a delightful flavour of banter. Thus "Lucienne" in a bright, sparkling style, but one much less classic, makes our *marchandes de sourires* converse. These *boutiquières de la galanterie* chatter unrestrainedly about the secrets of their gentle trade; they expose their means of seduction and the tricks of their toilets; they lay bare, too, by amusing blunders, the gaps in their early education and the very feeble make-up of their narrow minds. Sometimes they bring together a series of complaints concerning the selfishness of their loves; they do not fail to say that men are perfect egotists, and agree in deciding that the best and most sensible thing to do would be always to pluck them alive. The *Dialogues of Lucienne* were not at the outset the success which they later proved to be. The two writers decided to seek fortune apart. Donnay turned to the stage and Mme. Marni began to write alone her clever farces.

The *Vie Parisienne* had decided that it would be of interest to show, in a series of methodical studies on the different parts of the feminine toilet, *Comment Elles S'Habillent.* Mme. Marni considered that it would be no less interesting to demonstrate *Comment Elles Se Donnent;* and with a hand adept at laying bare the heart, she set to work to disclose successively from what motives women (pretty or ugly, married or divorced, young girls or not) were moved to go to the sacrifice —that is to say, by charity, by want of employment, by sheer laziness, for the purpose of knowing, or for that of rehabilitating themselves; by politeness, by necessity, by moral collapse, and sometimes, too, though rarely, for love. Then comes the other side of the medal, the inevitable disillusioning. She starts in upon another series in order to show us, with the necessary documents in hand, *Comment Elles Nous Lâchent:* through virtue (!), through spite, through goodness, through prudence, in order to get a change, or through a spirit of contradiction, and most often for no reason at all.

We have now reached the exquisite period of her talent, the moment when, under the title of *Enfants Qu' Elles Ont,* Mme. Marni opens to us a new and very lifelike gallery, and brings before us typical examples of an education that is thoroughly modern: young worldlings,

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quickly corrupted in the doubtful atmosphere in which they live; insignificant little rakes, who pose also as sceptics and who are the *cercleux* and the *fêtards* of to-morrow; women predestined to a *vie galante* like that of their mothers; inquisitive little things in short dresses, dangerously warned by what they see and hear; little girls terribly inquiring and precocious; and then, in contrast, adorable children with sensible minds and tender hearts.

After this came the *Fiacres*, whose unity consists in the fact that all its incidents have as a starting-point the sad or happy lot of the people seen in that commonplace vehicle, the frail shelter of amorous desires, of hasty ambitions and of innermost feelings, of tragic or of laughable distress. The episodes of the book that are in dialogue-form have at one moment the tone of serious drama, at another that of high comedy, and at still another that of burlesque, yet always with that delicate colouring of philosophy which the slightest impression affects. The diversity of incidents is extreme. Here there are some charming scenes, the rosy hour of childlike and caressing lovers; there, nothing more nor less than the grotesque outing of a *bourgeois* with his family; at another point, laughter frank and free contrasts strangely with sadness and wretchedness of heart. And of course the cabman plays his rôle in this piece, and plays it with striking truth, this wandering philosopher who has no longer anything to learn of the mysteries of the so-called "Parisian life," and who has for it a sort of sceptical disdain. Mme. Marni has sketched excellent varieties of the type—the cabby of humble appearance or disquieting aspect; he who is cross, gallant, anxious to please, or sullen; of the go-ahead type, the jeering one and the good-natured fellow. Ironical observers that they are, they often accompany with their reflections the adventures which they carry behind them through the streets.

The *Fiacres* of Mme. Marni were very highly appreciated. She presented to the public but little later *Celles Qu'On Ignore*, the honest, simple women, humble creatures of devotion, always at work and rarely tasting the delights of success or of pleasure, and by a very different series of dialogues gave evidence anew of the marvellous suppleness of her imagination. The note of sympathetic humanity, which rings out with such peculiar charm in the works of Mme. Marni above the harsh, bitter tone of the satire, is therein discovered in scenes that quiver with emotion.

Thus, as we have seen, a rare diversity of character or of situation animates and colours the books of Mme. Marni, who, however, because of the literary *genre* that had been imposed upon her by the agreements that she had signed with the Parisian journals, had had to contain herself within the narrow circle of yearly series.

What a confusion of characters! Here they are, pell-mell, just as they present themselves at hazard in the recollection of our reading, and as they outline themselves in the reality about us—worldlings, pompously vacuous and idiotically witty; *petits jeunes*, cold as ice and dry as chips, alike incapable of laughter or of tears; women freed from the burden of ancestry, whom nothing interests except being in the current of the day and of the style or else seeming to be there; people who are very pious puritans concerning the conduct of others, but quite accommodating concerning their own consciences; emeritus *bibeloteuses* and go-betweens not clearly branded; ribald lovers; wild coquettes; bad actors and actresses of the middle class; *comédiennes* with a bold, extravagant air; and then, on the other hand, in mild contrast, the whole host of weak, tender-hearted beings, and all those sorrowing hearts which try to console others. Bending with loving interest over the petty cares of childhood, she displays to us delightful portraits of grandfathers. Under the resignation of those women whose husbands have betrayed them, we feel a long past full of tears, and by the very fact that they do not weep they make us weep.

And what a host of varied faces just in the gallery of the young girls! She has them of all sorts and styles—children malicious and vicious almost from the cradle; daring conversationists (brought up *à l'Américaine*, as they say, or rather *à la diable*), giving to people of riper years lessons on forbidden subjects; giddy young girls devoted by heredity to maternal neuroticism, whose education has singularly developed temperamental tendencies; precocious young

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girls with an inordinate interest in men and knowing entirely too much about their virginity; and then (to console us for these) exquisite, intuitive, loving little creatures who already understand and forgive. How different from the common ordinary type are these young girls with motherly hearts! Warned of the troubles of life, they foresee its painful results. They somehow divine the cruelties of fate. Tender and pitying toward the weaknesses and failings of the parents whom they still cherish without passing judgment on their errors, they are to them ineffably dear; they would like to be to them a haven of rest and repose. This last character is an entirely new creation in literature, at least in the literature of contemporary France.

In the garb of a style most alert and gay, Mme. Marni has striven to obtain first and foremost the greatest possible amount of truth; she has put forth her best efforts in this sort of work, farces and dialogues, short, light and of an amusing precision, and which seem made to pass from hand to hand; she will continue to seek these effects in her dramatic pieces, toward which she is naturally impelled by her peculiar ability to draw, from the mere shock of the words, the most unexpected comparisons, fit to excite either laughter or emotion. And it is because she has in great part accomplished this that she has seen born, developed and extended beyond the confines of her own country a reputation whose suddenness has been a surprise even to her. And really Mme. Marni has attained in her method of expression an astonishing fidelity to nature. She excels all others in these terse sketches which outline a peculiar characteristic of custom or a whole character, in a brief, striking formula. She possesses to a marked degree the gift of synthesis and concentration, a gift rarely open to the capabilities of woman. Let us add, too, that she has revealed an exceptional knowledge of the thoughts and feelings of those whom she puts before us, and a precision of diction so appropriate to the different types, temperaments and situations that one is forced to ask where and how she has been able to seize their secrets without ceasing to live the home-life that she loves. Let us remember, too, that she has often put into her style the *vis comica* of the great masters—that amusing expressions there abound, and then the success of her work, so far as the French public is concerned, will appear to be fully justified.

Let us hope that it will not stop there, but that it may continue to progress outside of France. As a matter of fact, the interest attaching to the books of Mme. Marni is not exclusively one of the petty passions that are agitating the surface of the Parisian soil. At the outset one might have believed, owing to the nature of the subjects that she had chosen, that her domain would remain very restricted, and that it would not go beyond the limits of a certain fictitious world. But she has known how to widen the field of her observations and to bring to them a more intense expression and a warmer and more vital element of humanity.

Frédéric Loliée.

THE TOUCHSTONE*

Mrs. Wharton's first book, *The Greater Inclination,* appeared last year at a time when the reading public was in the midst of a literary debauch which still unfortunately continues. Her artistic feeling, her deft, unerring touch, her profound and often startling insight into the deeper things of life, were revealed at the very moment when nose-rings and war-paint and barbaric gew-gaws were usurping the place which heretofore had been accorded to true literature. Hence, her book reminded us of an exquisite voice, trained to the most delicate and subtle modulations, but compelled to sing amidst the bray of horns and the frantic beating of a thousand tom-toms. Small wonder had the voice been drowned and had it never reached and charmed the ears that otherwise would have been opened to its

*The Touchstone. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

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harmonies. Yet, fortunately, *The Greater Inclination* was predestined to a happier fate. Discriminating persons felt at once its most unusual quality; and though its sales did not mount up into the hundreds of thousands, it won for its accomplished author a most enviable recognition, and it was not read merely to be cast aside and then forgotten like other "books of the day"; but it was treasured up as giving a sure and certain promise of still better and more fruitful effort in the future.

This promise has already been redeemed in the book before us, which marks, we think, a second stage in Mrs. Wharton's literary evolution. *The Touchstone* is not quite a novel, but represents that undefined and intermediate form of fiction which leads from the short story to the novel. It may be compared, in its extent and scope, with such of Henry James's works as are exemplified in *An International Episode, The Impressions of a Cousin,* and *Lady Barbarina;* and from a comparison with these it need in no way shrink.

Its theme may here be rather inadequately indicated. To give it with more fulness might rob the book of something of its interest by anticipating, and thus dulling, if ever so slightly, the expectant curiosity of the reader.

Glennard, the central figure of the story, is a man of the world, of no fortune, and in love with a young girl, one Alexa Trent, who, like himself, is poor. Could Glennard command a certain amount of ready money he could invest it in such a way as to secure a large return, and thus make possible to him a successful career. Without the money, he must not only let this opportunity go by, but he must give up his hope of marrying Alexa Trent; for she is about to be taken abroad by a wealthy aunt, who intends to remain in Europe for a number of years. Glennard, as he sits in his club one rainy evening, going over in mind the hardships and the humiliations of his position, and feeling to the last throb the pang of ambitious impotence, lets his eye wander over the columns of a London periodical, and finds there a published request for any letters written by the famous novelist, Margaret Aubyn, to be used by a gentleman engaged in writing her biography. The name of Margaret Aubyn stirs many sombre memories in Glennard's mind; for he had met her before she had become famous, and while he was on the threshold of early manhood. He had been, in a way, fascinated by her wonderful mental gifts; he had been proud that she had singled him out as her especial friend; and psychically, at least, he had almost loved her. In his love, however, or his liking, there was no element of the physical. She did not have within her the power to quicken his pulse, to stir ever so slightly the impulses of desire.

> It was in those earliest days, if ever, that he had come near loving her; though even then his sentiment had lived only in the intervals of its expression. Later, when to be loved by her had been a state to touch any man's imagination, the physical reluctance had, inexplicably, so overborne the intellectual attraction, that the last years had been to both of them an agony of conflicting impulses. Even now, if in turning over old papers, his hand lit on her letters, the touch filled him with inarticulate misery.

She on her side had, however, loved him deeply and passionately, and with a love that had endured throughout all the years of her lonely yet brilliant life. After she had made her home in England, and had learned that her love was given to a man who would never love her in return, she had found a curious comfort in making him the confidant of her inner life, and to him in her letters she had laid bare her very soul. These letters

> . . . had been to him at first simply the extension of her brilliant talk, later the dreaded vehicle of a tragic importunity. He knew, of course, that they were wonderful; that unlike the authors who give their essence to the public and keep only a dry rind for their friends, Mrs. Aubyn had stored of her rarest vintage for this hidden sacrament of tenderness.

To the very end she had written him so that sometimes it used to seem to him as though her letters came with every post. "He used to avoid looking in his letter-box when he came home to his rooms; but her writing seemed to spring out at him as be put his key in the door." It was the old tragic story of the love of a lifetime thrown at the feet of a man who did not care to take it up and cherish it.

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In the end, her marvellous self-surrender had even bored him. He had been

> . . . one who in the last years had requited her wonderful pages, her tragic outpourings of love, humility and pardon, with the scant phrases by which a man evades the vulgarest of sentimental importunities. He had been a brute in spite of himself; and sometimes, now that the remembrance of her face had faded, and only her voice and words remained with him, he chafed at his own inadequacy, his stupid inability to rise to the height of her passion. His egoism was not of a kind to mirror its complacency in the adventure. To have been loved by the most brilliant woman of her day, and to have been incapable of loving her, seemed to him, in looking back, derisive evidence of his limitations; and his remorseful tenderness for her memory was complicated with a sense of irritation against her for having given him once for all the measure of his emotional capacity.

In Glennard, as he sits in his club, the printed request for any letters of Mrs. Aubyn suddenly starts an entirely new train of thought; and, going home to his rooms, he examines the packets which contain the hundreds of letters in which this famous woman had exposed to him all the happenings of her external life and all the overflowing thought and tenderness and emotion of the life which no one knew. The literary significance and, secondarily, the commercial value of these letters flash upon him in an instant. Might not they give him the means of gaining the foothold that he sought, and of winning at last the woman whom he loved? The thought frightens and yet fascinates. He consults a friend, to whom he confides the fact that he is the possessor of a quantity of letters written by the famous Mrs. Aubyn; and he invents a story to the effect that the letters had been bequeathed to him by a friend now dead, to whom they had been originally written. The friend, a worldly dilettante, urges their publication, as Glennard indeed had hoped he would do. It is plausibly argued by him that the letters of so famous a woman as Margaret Aubyn are not like the letters of a private person; that the world has a claim upon them; that they are an essential part of the century's literary history, and that in the publication of them there can be no dishonour, especially as both the writer and the man to whom they were written are now dead. Glennard takes the advice, and through this friend, Flamel, the letters find a publisher, and when published produce an immense and lasting sensation in the world of literature.

Meanwhile, Glennard has married Alexa Trent, he has prospered, and he sees before him the promise of a successful life. Then occurs the publication of the letters, and with their first appearance his happiness becomes embittered. His punishment has begun. Although no one except Flamel could possibly suspect him, the thought of what he had done lay heavily on his mind.

> A dull anger gathered at his heart. Anger against whom? Against his wife for not knowing what he suffered? Against Flamel for being the unconscious instrument of his wrong-doing? Or against that mute memory to which his own act had suddenly given a voice of accusation?

He has to listen to innumerable comments upon the book, upon the woman who wrote the letters, upon the lack of fineness in the man who had allowed them to be published. He has to hear the whole theme made the subject of light jesting. He has to become profoundly conscious that his honour has been tainted and that the whole of his present life—its success, its prosperity, its outward happiness—is founded upon a betrayal and a lie. The last drop of bitterness is added when he finds that Barton Flamel is making love in a careless way to the woman for whose sake Glennard had sold himself to dishonour, and he becomes conscious that "he had sounded the depths of his humiliation, and that the lowest dregs of it, the very bottom slime, was the hateful necessity of having always, as long as the two men lived, to be civil to Barton Flamel." As the story proceeds further in its development, we find in Glennard's mind remorse becoming wholly morbid. His wife suspects at last. The two, with the consciousness of an unacknowledged secret blighting all their confidence in one another and keeping them apart, become estranged. Flamel grows serious in his love for Alexa Glennard. The situation is one of a strange psychological intensity. How Mrs. Wharton deals with it and what the

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outcome is must be discovered from the reading of her book.

That part of *The Touchstone* which seems to us the most irresistibly fascinating is the half-told, half-hinted story of the romance of Glennard and Margaret Aubyn—a second "Muse's Tragedy"—and its fascination largely comes from the fact that it *is* half hinted and half told. It is here that Mrs. Wharton shows her possession—for it is not an imitation—of the consummate art of which Henry James is such a master, and which is the art of not telling you too much, but of relieving the high lights by suggestive shadows, and by employing with effectiveness the piquancy and the poetry of the impalpable. There are a thousand little hints that stir the curiosity of the reader, that make him want to know, that compel him to guess, but that leave him after all his guessing still in doubt, precisely as he is left in doubt over so many of the mysteries which surround him in the walks of life itself, and from which the veil is never wholly drawn. How much did Glennard's interest in Mrs. Aubyn really mean in the days when they were together? Did he always feel the same physical recoil? What were the letters? And, above all, what were his answers to them? We feel as though we would give all the rest of the book for just a single one of her later missives, with one of his replies. The fancy plays about the subject and builds hypotheses with infinite and tantalising ingenuity, and still one is not gratified, but goes over the entire ground again and again, eternally inquiring and eternally disappointed.

The latter portion of the book is, on the whole, less satisfactory. The theme is really a very large one, and we somehow feel that the writer has not kept her subject well in hand, that it has escaped her now and then, and that she is herself conscious of the effort that she makes to grasp it and to keep it under her control. Especially unsatisfactory to us is the delineation of Alexa Glennard. She was a woman whose chief grace in Glennard's eyes was an inscrutable composure, an intelligent reserve, a serene inaction. She was of a "passionate justice." Her candour was the candour that is rare in woman. Her sense of honour was so keen that when she comes to know of what her husband has done—that he has sold the letters of another woman in order to win herself—she feels a most intense repulsion, and she becomes estranged from him, the man who has loved her so deeply, and whom she loves. She cannot bear to think that there should rest upon his life and hers the taint that comes from such an act as his. Yet it none the less appears that she accepts Flamel's devotion and makes him think at least that she returns it; and she gives as her excuse her wish to please and thus propitiate the only man who knows her husband's secret and who might use it to discredit him. Somehow, this does not quite convince; and among the unsolved mysteries of the book is that which centres in the question whether she did not really entertain a certain *tendresse* for Flamel, not only after she had guessed the truth, but long before her mind had been even stirred by a suspicion of it. Again, the later pages of the book push introspection to the verge of pure morbidity. There is even a touch of the hysterical suggested here and there; and, to be quite frank, we think that the Glennard of the last three chapters is too obviously the product of a feminine imagination. The conclusion is artistically telling, but perhaps a little too artistic to be quite harmonious with the realities of daily life.

No one can read a dozen pages of what Mrs. Wharton writes without being struck by her positive genius for finished phrase and telling epigram. In epigram, indeed, she is much superior to Mr. James; and some of her crisp and brilliant sentences deserve to become classic. We cannot refrain from quoting just a few of them.

There are times when the constancy of the woman one cannot marry is almost as trying as that of the woman one does not want to.

The young woman . . . combined with a kind of personal shyness an intellectual audacity that was like a deflected impulse of coquetry; one felt that if she had been prettier she would have had emotions instead of ideas.

Husbands who are notoriously inopportune may even die inopportunely.

No woman who does not dress well intuitively will ever do so by the light of reason.

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. . . Genius is of small use to a woman who does not know how to do her hair.

Cleverness was useful in business; but in society it seemed to him as futile as the sham cascades formed by a stream that might have been used to drive a mill. He liked the collective point of view that goes with the civilised uniformity of dress-clothes.

Extremely subtle is the description of Glennard's nebulous "friendship" with Mrs. Aubyn as having "dragged on with halting renewals of sentiment, becoming more and more a banquet of empty dishes from which the covers were never removed." And this: "In the dissolution of sentimental partnerships it is seldom that both associates are able to withdraw their funds at the same time." But we must not rob the book of all its gems. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Wharton's novel is certain to give to the discriminating reader that rare delight which comes from the combination of remarkable intelligence, an extraordinary power of analysis, and a style that exemplifies precision, grace, lucidity, and above all, distinction.

Harry Thurston Peck.

GREAT NEWSPAPERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE

VI Italian Newspapers

In journalism, as in the other liberal arts, Italy was a pioneer among continental nations. As any good dictionary will remind us, the very word "gazette," which is the commonest title among the Italian newspapers of to-day, reverts to the time, somewhere midway in the sixteenth century, when the government of Venice decided that its occasional bulletins of information, known as *Fogli di Avvisi,* and previously issued for the benefits of its agents, might be converted into a source of revenue and be given to the public for the consideration of a *gazzetta,* a small coin worth perhaps a fraction over a cent and a quarter. Beginning in 1554, various manuscript newspapers were started at intervals in Rome, Venice, Milan and other cities, but it was not until upward of eighty years later that the first Italian printed weekly appeared in Florence, while the first journal which received the distinction of a special title was the *Sincero,* of Genoa, founded in 1648. But beyond the interest which they may possess as mere dry statistical facts, neither these early publications, nor the long line of periodicals which followed them, down to the time of the French Revolution, and indeed well into the present century, are of special import in the history of the development of modern journalism. During the long sway of absolutism and strict censorship, religious as well as governmental, there could naturally be no question of a political press, and the journals which enjoyed the most credit were the privileged gazettes of Milan, Venice, Turin and the other principal cities, which never opened their columns to anything in the nature of a political discussion. Even as late as 1828 the attempts of Italian patriots to found a liberal organ failed, and even the most famous of these experiments, the *Indicatore Genovese,* in which Mazzini made his début, and the *Indicatore Livornese,* founded a year later by Guerrazzi, succumbed within a few months. It was this impossibility of attaining anything like fair and open discussion which led to the formation of a clandestine press; and a considerable number of revolutionary journals were published abroad and afterward smuggled across the frontier and circulated secretly. The most influential of these was doubtless Mazzini's organ, *Giovine Italia,* first issued at Marseilles, and published at more or less regular intervals until 1834; but the *Italiano* and the *Apostolato,* published respectively in Paris and London, also had much to do in determining the trend of public opinion toward Italian unity.

But aside from these clandestine sheets

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Anno XXXXVIII - TORINO 1900 — Domenica 15 Aprile - N. 105

L'ITALIANO

Gazzetta del Popolo

Per l'inaugurazione dell'Esposizione di Parigi

L'INAUGURAZIONE DELLA ESPOSIZIONE DI PARIGI

La cerimonia - Il padiglione Italiano

AGLI ABBONATI

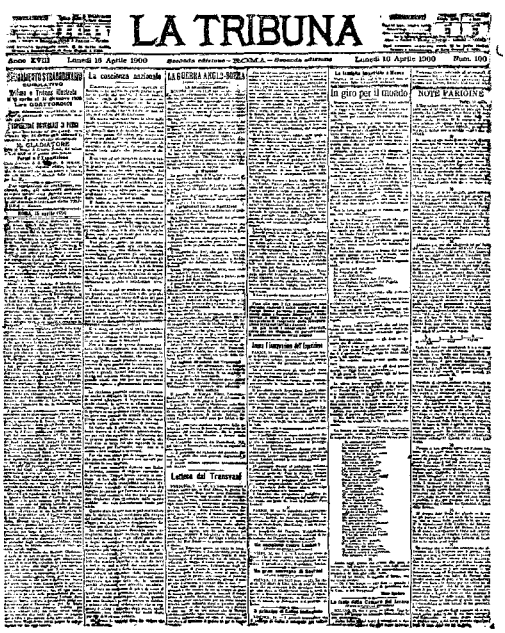
Gazzetta del Popolo

Per il 3° trimestre 1900

SERVIZIO TELEGRAFICO

the political press of Italy really dates from the advent of Pius IX. The reform movement which this pontiff provoked throughout Italy, and which soon gained a momentum which took it beyond his control and his desire, had much to do with modifying legislation regarding the press; and in 1846 there appeared in Rome, with his authorisation, the first of the truly political Italian journals, the *Bilancia* and the *Contemporaneo,* the latter of which became under Sterbini the organ of the radicals. In the Revolution of 1848 the last restraints were swept away, the famous "statute" of Charles Albert specifically providing that "the press will be free, but the law will be empowered to punish any abuse of its liberty." In Turin they were quick to avail themselves of their new-found liberty, although how much power was embodied in the modifying clause, and how effectively subsequent legislation has retained it, was well illustrated two years ago, when, as a result of the Milan bread riots, no less than nineteen Milanese editors were arrested and sentenced to terms of imprisonment of varying lengths. The year 1848 witnessed the founding of a host of journals, many of which, such as Cavour's organ, the *Risorgimento,* Guerrazzi's *Corriere Livornese* or Mazzini's *Italia del Popolo,* are of considerable historic interest; but, unfortunately, they do not come within the scope of the present discussion, since with two notable exceptions the liberal journals of 1848 have none of them survived to within even recent years.

It is interesting to note that, old as its traditions are, the really influential part of the Italian press is of recent development. The leading papers, such as the *Secolo* of Milan, the *Tribuna* of Rome, and the *Stampa* of Turin, are all the product of united Italy. Within the last ten or twelve years, too, Italian journalism has come to be modelled more or less upon English and American lines, as regards telegraphic intelligence, and it is noteworthy that these costly methods have been adopted in spite of the fact that the established price of an Italian daily is extremely low—not exceeding five *centesimi*—and that owing to the configuration of the country and the strong sectional feeling which still prevails, the circulation in the majority of cases is limited to their respective provinces. A natural consequence of this local pride is that, just as Italy has no one literary centre toward which the best



LA TRIBUNA

Anno XVIII — Lunedì 16 Aprile 1900 — Lunedì 16 Aprile 1900 — Num. 106

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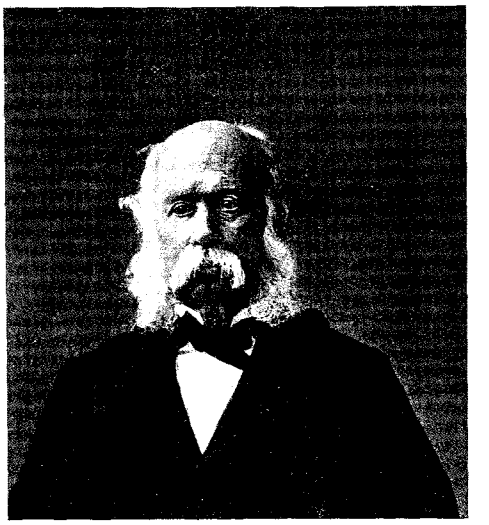
writers all gravitate, as toward London or Paris, in the same way she has no single city in which the press is as authoritative as the London or Parisian press. Milan, Turin, Rome, and Naples, each have several dailies of first importance, while many of the smaller cities have enterprising and well-edited papers, such as the *Resto del Carlino* of Bologna, and the *Gazzetta di Catania,* which are extensively quoted.

Of all the liberal sheets of 1848, only one has maintained itself until to-day without change of name or habitat: the *Gazzetta del Popolo.* It was founded by the publisher, Arnoldi, and edited first by Gorean and later by Giovanni Battista Bottero, a pronounced anti-clerical and staunch champion of the principles which bound together Victor Emmanuele, Cavour and Garibaldi. It was in the period preceding 1870 that the vigorous polemics of Dr. Bottero, in his hot contest with Don Margotti, the editor of the *Unità Cattolica,* and vigorous champion of the Papacy, that the paper reached its high water mark of popularity. To-day the *Gazzetta del Popolo* is a small-sized, eight-paged sheet, where the larger journals have but four, and its reputed circulation is in the neighbourhood of thirty thousand.



RUGGERO BONGHI.
Late President of the Press Association.

The only other surviving journal which started life as a contemporary of Cavour's *Rinascimento* is the *Opinione Liberale,* of Rome. This paper was originally founded in Turin as the *Opinione,* and after being edited for many years by Bianchi-Giovini, who is remembered not only as an editor, but also as the author of an exceedingly tedious life of the Popes in ten volumes, it passed into the hands of Giacomo Dina, who proved himself to be an able expositor of the tenets of the party of the "Right" when they came into power after the death of Cavour. In 1870 the paper was transferred to Rome, and its name changed, and in 1887 it passed into the hands of the veteran journalist, Michele Torraca, who had successively guided the fortunes of the *Pungolo* and the *Diritto,* founded the *Rassegna,* and was for many years the vice-president of the Italian Press Association. The *Opinione Liberale* is to-day the oldest of the liberal-conservative organs, and in spite of its small circulation is regarded as one of the most serious journals in Italy.

Of the other papers published in Rome, the most interesting and the one of most world-wide reputation is the *Tribuna,* which dates from 1883, and under the management of its owner, Attilio Luz-

MATILDE SERAO.

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IL SECOLO

GAZZETTA DI MILANO

zatto, has acquired a circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand, a figure exceeded by only one other Italian newspaper, the *Secolo* of Milan. In politics the *Tribuna* is a pronounced liberal; but its chief feature is the excellence of its telegraphic service, which includes special dispatches from London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and in fact all the larger cities of the Continent. In general appearance the *Tribuna* has little to recommend it to the American eye, the typography being poor, while the flimsy quality of the paper on which it is printed is notable even in a country where the best is nothing to boast of. Two papers which share to some degree the popularity of the *Tribuna* are the *Messagero* and the *Popolo Romano*. The former, edited by Luigi Cesana, is the favourite Roman newspaper for its local news, and has often been called the *Petit Journal* of Italy. The name of Cesana is one of the honoured names in Italian journalism. The elder Cesana, Giuseppe Augusto, the father of Luigi, was the founder, either alone or in association with Piacentini and De Renzis, of the *Espero* of Turin, *Il Pasquino*, the *Corriere Italiano*, and the *Fanfulla*, which he left in 1888 in order to take charge of *L'Italie*, a French daily paper still published in Rome. Sig. Cesana's favourite pseudonym, familiar to readers of the Roman dailies, is "Tommaso Canella," a name taken from the title of his earliest novel; while the son Luigi, who, until he became owner of the *Messagero*, was closely associated with his father in all the latter's journalistic ventures, somewhat whimsically formed his own pseudonym by converting that of his father into a diminutive, making "Tommaso Canellino." The *Popolo Romano* enjoyed its greatest popularity during the early seventies, when it served as organ of Depretis during the latter's ministry. It still retains a modicum of its former prestige. Two familiar sheets have recently disappeared from circulation in Rome, *Don Chisciotte*, a satirical opposition paper, illustrated with bizarre little *pupazzetti*, which gave it quite a vogue, and the *Fanfulla*, also a political and satirical sheet, which was regarded as an authority concerning court news from the Quirinal, and indeed everything which concerned the royal family. Both of these have recently been consolidated with the *Giorno*. The *Fanfulla* is one of those papers which are destined to be remembered on the strength of their past traditions, for a number of brilliant names are associated with it. Founded by the elder Cesana, it was for some time owned by Carlo Alfieri, Count of Magliano, whose name is honoured in Italy for his indefatigable

CARTOON FROM "LUNA."

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efforts to reform the Senate. Ferdinando Martini, the genial critic, journalist and playwright, and at present governor of the African colony of Eritrea, is another name closely connected with the fortunes of this paper, for he not only had a share in founding it, but for many years contributed to its columns many of his most characteristic writings over the pseudonyms of "Fantasio" and "Fox."

The list of Roman papers may be closed by cursory mention of the *Gazzetta Ufficiale,* which was founded at Turin by royal decree, and is published by the Minister of the Interior, and the *Osservatore Romano,* which is the especial organ of the Vatican, and in which are published the Pope's encyclicals and all official acts of the Church.

The principal newspapers of Milan are the *Secolo* and the *Corriere della Sera.* The former is owned by Edouardo Sanzogno, the wealthy manager of the great La Scala opera house, who is best known, at least outside of Italy, as a sort of Mæcenas of Italian opera, and the discoverer of Mascagni, Leoncavallo and a number of lesser lights. Although so closely identified with the musical world, Signor Sanzogno is a man of many interests and unbounded energy—an energy which those who know him declare quite belies his grave, scrupulously neat and rather apathetic appearance. At all events, he has found time to establish not only the *Secolo,* but half a dozen other

CARTOON FROM "IL FISCHIETTI."

Il Messaggero

papers, and is known as one of the chief popularisers of French literature in Italy, the originator of books and booklets "for the million," the patron of the democratic and popular lyric theatre, and in a host of ways a man to whom literary and artistic Italy is much in debt. It is thirty-five years since Signor Sanzogno, with nine other young men to assist him, founded the *Secolo.* To-day he is said to employ over eight hundred persons in his various departments, while the circulation of the paper, exclusive of the illustrated weekly supplement, has risen to upward of two hundred thousand.

The *Corriere della Sera* was founded in 1876 by its present owner, Eugenio Torelli-Viollier, whose able management has made it the third paper in the kingdom, with a reputed circulation of eighty-five thousand. It also enjoys quite a reputation for its literary department; yet its literary editor, Domenico Oliva, who is also favourably known as a playwright, openly deprecates the policy of the journal which does not permit him to review such books as Zuccoli's *Lussoriosi,* Butti's *Anima* or d'Annunzio's *Trionfo della Morte.* Like the *Tribuna* and the *Secolo,* the *Corriere* issues an illustrated Sunday supplement. Other Milan-

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ese dailies which enjoy considerable popularity are the *Perseveranza,* a moderate clerical organ, which has many adherents among the aristocracy; *Il Commercio,* a political and financial paper of considerable local importance; *La Lombardia* and *Il Sole.* The latter is a purely financial journal, and as the organ of the Chamber of Commerce enjoys a wide circulation throughout the kingdom.

The three noteworthy papers published at Naples are the *Don Marzio,* the *Corriere di Napoli* and the *Mattino.* The *Don Marzio* is known mainly as the chief organ of Crispi in Southern Italy, and in that capacity ranks as a paper of considerable influence. The *Corriere* and the *Mattino* possess, in addition to their own journalistic worth, the interest of having associated with them the name of Matilde Serao, who is admittedly the most brilliant, versatile and altogether most gifted woman writer that Italy now possesses. Although partly Greek in origin, having been born forty odd years ago at Patras, on the Gulf of Corinth, Signora Serao is to-day a Neapolitan of Neapolitans, as any one will testify who has once read her *Ventre di Napoli* or *Paese di Cuccagna.* As a novelist, she is closely identified with the Sicilian school of realists, or "verists," as they prefer to style themselves—a school which includes Giovanni Verga, of *Cavalleria Rusticana* fame; his fellow-townsman, Luigi Capuana, better known to-day as a critic, and Federigo de Roberto, the youngest of the trio, whose reputation rests mainly upon a single novel, *I Vicere,* yet who is regarded by many as one of the very few men of promise in the younger generation. In her more recent novels, Serao has drawn away from the naturalists and has shown more the influence of the French psychological writers, like Bourget and Marcel Prévost. "Naturalism,"

CARTOON FROM "L'ASINO."

she said recently, "was born of materialism, and is the artistic form of it. Science, or rather the abuse of science, has so prostrated fantasy and art that she has made them her handmaids. Now after many years we feel that science is not enough; at least, it is not enough for us."

Within the last year or two Signora Serao's principal novels have been translated into French, and have met with warm appreciation; and it seems a trifle odd that when d'Annunzio, and even Verga to some extent, have won a public hearing in our own country, such vigorous works as *Riccardo Joanna, La Conquista di Roma,* and last but not least her admitted masterpiece, *Il Paese di Cuccagna,* should still be awaiting a translator. In private life Matilde Serao

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3ª Edizione: della sera Firenze, Lunedì-Martedì 9-10 Aprile 1900 Anno XLII - N. 99-100

LA NAZIONE

Il Re Galantuomo

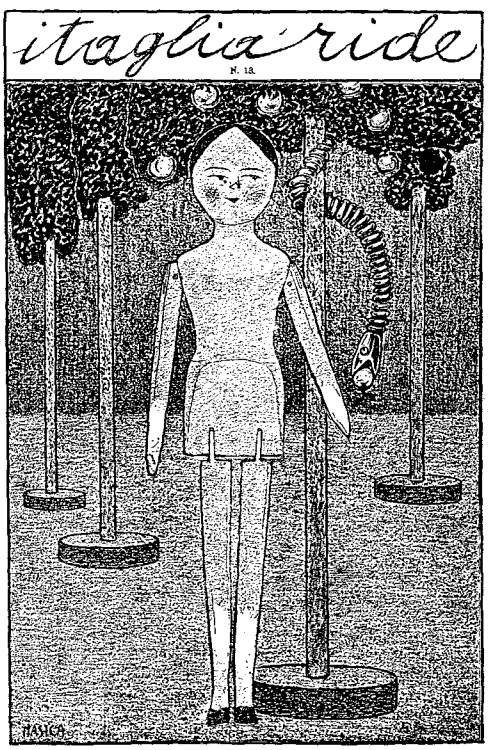
TELEGRAMMI DEL MATTINO

Dimostrazioni e tumulti

Per la Lega navale italiana

is known as the wife of Edouardo Scarfoglio, a well-known Neapolitan editor, with whose journalistic ventures she has been closely identified. After having for several years worked upon the staff of the *Capitan Fracassa* and the *Fanfulla della Domenica,* they founded at Rome the *Corriere di Roma,* which three years later was transferred to Naples, and by fusion with the *Corriere del Mattino* became the *Corriere di Napoli.* The latter paper is to-day regarded as the most serious journal south of Rome, and is much affected by the aristocracy and the upper classes in general. In 1891 Scarfoglio and his wife founded the *Mattino,* which owes its chief interest to the sincere literary criticisms and other sprightly articles which she contributes to its columns under the pen-name of "Gibus." The only other Neapolitan papers which it is necessary even to name are *La Discussione,* important for its close relations with the Vatican; *Il Paese,* which is an evening paper, and two democratic sheets, somewhat widely read, *Roma* and *Il Pungolo.*

The only other city at all important as a literary centre which remains to be discussed is Turin. Aside from the veteran *Gazzetta del Popolo,* which has already been considered at some length, the only noteworthy dailies are the *Stampa,* the *Gazzetta di Torino* and the *Corriere Nazionale.* Of these, the *Stampa* is the only one which can be said to have more than local importance. Under its original title of *Gazzetta Piemontese* it was established in 1867 by Ruggero Bonghi, the aged president of the *Associazione di Stampa,* who for more than half a century was a prominent figure both as a statesman and a man of letters, and whose death, somewhat more than a year ago, was a serious loss to the intellectual world of Italy. At present the *Stampa* is controlled by Signor Luigi Roux, who is known not only as deputy to the Italian parliament, but also as head of the firm of Roux, Frassati and Company, which, next to that of Bocca, is the largest publishing house in Turin. The *Stampa* is a liberal monarchical organ, but contains in addition to its able discussion of current political questions excellent articles on history, political economy and other topics of current interest. Like the *Tribuna* and the *Secolo,* it is distinguished for the excellence of its foreign news, and has an able staff of correspondents in all the leading cities of Europe. It claims a circulation of more than forty thousand. The *Corriere Nazionale,* which in its present form dates only from 1887, but as the *Corriere di Torino,* and still earlier, the *Emporio Popolare,* goes back to 1873, is a staunch Catholic organ, having for its



"ITALIA RIDE."

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EDOUARDO SANZOGNO, PROPRIETOR OF "IL SECOLO."

programme a reconciliation between state and Church and the restoration of the former powers of the Holy See. In point of circulation it is the third paper in Piedmont. The *Gazzetta di Torino* comes next, being widely read in Turin for the sake of its local news.

The Florentine papers, curiously enough, are of little weight, and of small circulation, with the single exception of the *Nazione,* a thoroughly serious and conservative journal, which boasts upward of ten thousand readers. It is owned at present by a prominent Florentine lawyer, Signor Barrazuoli, and edited by Giuseppe Mariotti, a novelist of repute and a trained journalist as well, who first made his mark as war correspondent to the *Fanfulla* during the Turco-Russian War.

The only Venetian papers of any account whatever are the *Adriatico,* the organ of the constitutional "Left," widely read throughout the province of Venice, and the *Gazzetta di Venezia,* the oldest Italian paper now in circulation. In its present form it dates from 1805, but tradition says that it originally sprang from the *Gazzetta Veneta* of Gasparo Gozzi, in which some enthusiasts have been pleased to trace a resemblance to Addison's *Spectator.*

Illustrated weeklies of a high class, such as may be compared to the *Illustrated London News* or the Paris *Illustration,* do not seem to flourish in Italy. Practically there is only one publication which is worthy of being placed in this category—*L'Illustrazione Italiana,* of Milan, which is directed by Edouardo Treves, of the firm of Fratelli Treves. the leading publishing house in the kingdom, while the art editor is Edouardo Ximines, the son of one famous sculptor of that name, and brother of another. In typography and in its literary and artistic standards the *Illustrazione* compares favourably with any other similar publication on the continent.

It would not do to dismiss the subject of Italian periodicals without saying a word in regard to the humorous and satirical weeklies, of which there are quite a number. The only one of these which has reached a respectable old age is the *Fischietti,* of Turin, which was founded in 1848, and which still caricatures with considerable freedom the political events of the week throughout Europe. Another Turin publication given over to political satire is *Il Pasquino,* a staunch supporter of the House of Savoy, which is now under the control of Teja, a caricaturist of some celebrity. Other comic sheets are: *L'Asino,* "The Ass," which, as the heading explains, desig-

LA STAMPA

GAZZETTA PIEMONTESE

L'Albania e i diritti dell'Italia

All'Esposizione di Parigi

CRONVE

nates "the populace—patient, meek and well beaten;" the *Rana,* of Bologna, a four-page sheet, of which the two central pages are usually occupied by one enormous political cartoon in flaring colours; the *Papagallo,* also of Bologna, and the *Motto per Ridere,* a somewhat vulgar little sheet on the order of the French *Petit Journal pour Rire.* A new humorous weekly, of a somewhat higher class than any of these, was started in Bologna last January under the title of *Italia Ride,* "Italy Laughs." It is devoted to literature, art and social satire, the illustrations are admirably executed, many of them in odd combinations of colour, after the poster style of art, and there is a special and often highly effective title-page designed for each issue.

Anno XIV — Genova — Sabato-Domenica 4-5 Novembre 1899 — Num. 307

CAFFARO

Il Governo e i premi alla marina mercantile - L'avanzata dei boeri: ottocento inglesi prigionieri

LA GUERRA fra Inghilterra e Transvaal.

Lettere Parigine.

La Famiglia Polanieski

Per i premi alla marina mercantile.

Il rapido ufficiale sulla battaglia di Ladysmith.

LOGICA NEMICA.

Notizie politiche.

IL SECOLO XIX

La riforma del regolamento approvata dalla Camera

L'uscita in massa dell'opposizione - La proroga al 15 Maggio

Note e Macchiette

PARLAMENTO ITALIANO

A Montecitorio

Sinistri marittimi

The subject of reviews and magazines hardly comes within the province of the present article, but as there is really only one literary review of such recognised high standing as to place it in the same class as the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* it may be well for the sake of completeness to say a few words concerning it. This is the *Nuova Antologia,* which was founded in Florence in 1866, but is now published at Rome under the direction of Maggiorino Ferraris, and of which up to the time of his death Ruggero Bonghi was one of the most faithful collaborators. At present it has, practically speaking, a monopoly of new works of such writers as Rovetta, Serao, Verga, while Mario Rapisardi, Arturo Graf, d'Annunzio, Panzacchi, Ugo Fleres, Ugo Ojetti and a host of others are frequent contributors. Like the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* it sometimes has been criticised for its extreme conservatism, but it is doing inestimable service in helping to maintain a standard in a country where contemporary literature has long been and to a large extent still is in a highly unstable equilibrium.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Strong rower, great thy quest was, greater thou,
The all or nothing thy sole creed could be,
Unflinching when you turned your Grecian prow
Against the harsh waves of an English sea.

Alexander Jessup.

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THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON

Literature is often called the highest of the fine arts. It has this praise because it deals with universal truths, and clothes these truths in beautiful form. But if literature is the greatest of the fine arts, just now the novel is the most popular form of literature. Passing by those forms of writing named the essay, the poem, the history and the review, men and women who have the art of putting things are using fiction as the vehicle of instruction and inspiration. Some critics, misunderstanding the place of the novel in modern life, explain the new tendency by saying that our authors have become mercenary, and have been influenced by the thought of large royalties. The fact that three-fourths of the books taken from libraries are novels is said to have decided many authors to exchange the drama and the essay for that form of literature named the story. But the philosophy of the novel goes far deeper than is indicated by these superficial considerations. The popularity of fiction grows out of the fact that the novel photographs the human soul and deals with life at first hand. It is not a philosophy upon life. It is not an analysis of life. It is life itself—eager, tremulous, clothed with mystery and sweet allurement. The great novel tells the story of the human soul, as it goes laughing, loving, weeping, hating, stumbling, falling, cursing, praying, through the years. The study of a clod or a stone or a single emotion will always be passed by for the story of a man or woman carrying two eternities in the heart.

Mention any one of the twenty great novels that lend enrichment to our libraries. When some beautiful Romola, or some Tito, crowned with his glorious strength, enters the arena, what fascination attaches to their unknown future! Sweet Romola is a bough of unblossomed buds. Is there a worm at the heart of the sweet flower? Will the flowers that to-day lie upon the bride's brow to-morrow lie upon her bier? Will the dust fall upon the soul's wings, and grow thick thereon? Will Tito's craft, now setting forth upon the long voyage, strike an unseen rock, and sink while still within sight of the shore? These and ten thousand considerations like them arise, and the reader's thought runs eagerly after the hero or heroine as they journey along the great highway of ambition and purpose. What the poem, the history, the philosophy can never do, the novel easily accomplishes. To the end of time the parable and the story will be among the noblest forms of instruction.

The machinery of the novel is very simple. It asks a youth and a maiden to enter the scene. Having clothed the one with certain qualities of strength and manliness, it clothes the other with beauty and purity, and then makes the two pathways to converge at some point near or remote, where love awaits the pilgrims. Then a new motive is introduced—ambition, or wealth, jealousy, hatred, passion, selfishness, self-sacrifice. When the new motive unites with the original temperament, unexpected qualities and unlooked-for crises appear. When the chemist in his laboratory unites two gases they produce a new substance, and if sometimes their union is quiet, and the new *tertium quid* is beautiful, sometimes their union is accompanied by explosion, and the destruction of life itself. Not otherwise does this unexpected element lend fascination to the unfolding events of a great novel. Ofttimes, in the collision of motives, the shock is like the shock of battle. Perhaps Tito will be carried off with only a dent in his armour. Perhaps he will be left lying upon the battle-field, covered with bloody gashes, and lose life itself. That novel, therefore, is the greatest that deals with the universal elements, appealing to men high and low, rich and poor, that strikes those universal chords named love, hate, passion, purity, selfishness and self-sacrifice; that clothes its truth in the most beautiful form, with the inevitable result, though not as a purpose, that the reader borrows hope and inspiration for to-morrow's combats. And that novel is bad which robs the arm of its strength, robs the future of its hope, and robs the heart of its victory.

The historical novels, like *To Have and to Hold* and *Richard Carvel*, have their limitations, clear and sharp, and are easily placed. But it is not easy to classify such a story as *The Redemption of David Corson*. Perhaps we shall understand the scope, strength and charm of

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this book the better if we contrast it with *David Grieve* or *Tess of the D'Urbevilles,* or *The Damnation of Theron Ware.* Mrs. Humphry Ward portrays David Grieve as the child of artless beauty, clothed with fascination. Like David, that other shepherd boy, he marches forward with his flute, singing as he leads his flocks. Then, like David of old, he leaves the sheepcote, and enters that stage named the city. But passion and sin come in to mar his life. Soon, like the singers in Haydn's symphony, one by one the joys go out, until the last singer drops his harp—the stage is empty, and darkness and desolation reign supreme. *Tess of D'Urbevilles* represents life as a comedy with which Zeus and Company amuse themselves. Tess, the child of a great family, represents an apple-tree, that strangely enough is found growing in a forest of tangled thorns and briars; Thomas Hardy breaks off one bough of apple blossoms, thrusts it into an oven, and when the bough is baked and parched exhibits the result. Therefore, we expect the last word of the book to be the picture of Tess hanging on the scaffold, "The President of the Immortals having brought to an end his sport with Tess." Harold Frederic's *Theron Ware* is a youth carrying a flaming torch, representing the noblest ideals of life and service. But the torch is unfed and uncared for, and burns lower until it seems like a feeble taper, and at length the flame flickers, trembles a moment, then dies out in the socket forever.

Now, our age has grown weary of these studies in pessimism and degeneration. Our people want to see the clusters on the tree of life, but our generation wants a David Corson with the clusters ripening, instead of a Jude the Obscure with the clusters rotting upon life's bough. At the psychological moment comes the *Redemption of David Corson.* It strikes a strong, healthy, buoyant note. If there are stormy elements in the scene, there is also a bow of promise in the black cloud. If there is the lifelong story of human frailty and trouble, there is also victory over trouble. If this youth and maiden finally eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and are driven out of the paradise to wander amidst thorns and thickets, they soon revolt from the thorny path, and, leaving the desert, they turn eagerly back toward the lost Eden, and in the cool of the evening they find again the old paths that lead to happiness and peace. This Quaker boy enters the scene clothed with the fascination that only the strong possess. He dreams, he sings, he sees visions of the future, he is tempted, he loves, he hesitates, he sins, he falls, he wakes with a shock of horror, he climbs slowly upward upon the rounds down which he descended. At last he conquers our admiration and our love.

The plot is very simple—and that itself is high praise. All complex work is poor and all good work is simple. The sweetest song represents a single chord embroidered with a few notes, high and low. The Venus de Milo is simple; a single substance, marble, for the wide brow, shaped by a single line, named the curve. The perfect gown for the bride is the Greek gown; one color, white; one flower at the throat, a red rose. And *David Corson* deals with but two or three universal elements. A Quaker boy, at once strong and fine, but undisciplined; a gipsy girl, whose native beauty and goodness are ancestral, whose sweet waywardness comes through environment and association; a quack doctor, familiar fifty years ago to every American town and city; then, the play of a few simple motives, doubt, love, jealousy, sin, reaction, forgiveness of one's enemies, and at length the youth, no longer prostrate in the mire, but David Corson, who has recovered his native simplicity.

Mr. Charles Frederick Goss is well known in the West for his studies of municipal life, and for that charming little volume, *The Optimist.* This is his first attempt in fiction, and *The Redemption of David Corson* has its place among the strong books of the year. Fortunately the field is new. Other novelists have worked the old Jesuit régime, the Puritan life of New England, while more recently the story of old Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky has been freshly told. There remains only the old Dutch life at Albany, with its somewhat sombre tints, the rich tropic atmosphere of early Florida and South Carolina, to which must be added that fresh field named the interior and West. In the Ohio Reserve there met a strange, strong, motley company, and in these pages we taste that early life with the crisp pungency that belongs to the wild strawberry. Mr. Goss has a

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great field, and if his first novel has charmed and delighted his readers, it is the pledge and prophecy of a second novel already in preparation—a book that we hope is soon to come.

Newell Dwight Hillis.

THE NEW LEADERS IN AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

V The Humorous Men: Newell, Kemble, Sullivant, Zimmerman and Hamilton

Humour in art, always pungent, established its popularity through its sting. To Thomas Nast, so long a power from the vantage ground of *Harper's Weekly,* its primacy in American political literature is responsible, and in him it was essentially bitter, satirical and probing. His shafts of raillery, of wit and of ridicule were venomed, and their poison of merciless fitness and accuracy dealt annihilation to more careers than the public has taken account of. To mention the downfall of Tweed, however, is sufficient to recall the caustic art of those days and the power it wielded. But we are either grown apathetic to corrupt public men or conservative to the mood of the caricaturist, for the popular humourists of to-day are those in whom art is jocund rather than scathing, merry in its ridicule and genial in its jest. Even in political cartoons the fang has been so taken from it in the general regard that the politician now thrives through its informing publicity, finding

THE VILLAGE "SCHOOL BOARD" BEFORE THE CAMERA.

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the tree in the midst of the garden through its agency. And he eats thereof and is not ashamed.

But the mirth-givers in art find other subjects as attractive as politics; in fact, where politics used to be the sum and substance of their art, they are now but an incident of it, engaging the attention and labours of a limited few, while the wearers of motley are many. That of Mr. Peter Newell, it may be said, is worn for very humour's self, and for art's self, but for humour's chiefly, for Mr. Newell cannot help being an optimist in expression and his art is constantly proclaiming: "It is to laugh." The way he handles his line is irresistibly funny, and the oddity of his fancies is as incongruous as the imagination can admit. Take the drawing "Wild Flowers," with its inevitable lines (for Mr. Newell is also a rhymster), which has been published and republished with never-tiring enjoyment:

"Of what are you afraid, my child?" inquired the kindly teacher;
"O, sir, the flowers; they are wild," replied the timid creature.

If that does not bring the laugh and the recurring laugh, there is a hopeless misanthrope abroad in the world.

Mr. Newell is a native of Illinois, and was born during the Civil War. When a mere child he found that he had an inclination toward drawing, and he jotted down sketches and made notes upon the every-day life about him. After a time he began submitting them to current publications. They were quaint and met with ready appreciation, such substantial appreciation that Mr. Newell came to New York, entering the Art Students' League, where he remained as a pupil for three months. His spirit rebelled, however, at academic training, and he had the good judgment to recognise the fact that he could not adapt it to the usual methods of training. He has, therefore, evolved his own technique—a technique, by the way, that suffers nothing by comparison in its adroitness and direct charm with the illustrations of the day. Perhaps his unique positivism is indebted to this self-searching for art an expression; for with a positivism that is almost *bizarre* he unites the naïvest and quaintest delicacy of feeling—a frankness that is as demure as a Quaker smile and as guileless. While Mr. Newell's art is so distinctive and individual as to make it conspicuously personal, he has not found the interpretation of another's text a difficult task. He has been a fellow-traveller with Mr. John Kendrick Bangs on *The House Boat on the Styx* and in *The Pursuit of the House Boat,* and he has assisted the same delightful author to put *The Enchanted Typewriter* between attractive book covers. *Fables for the Frivolous,* by Guy

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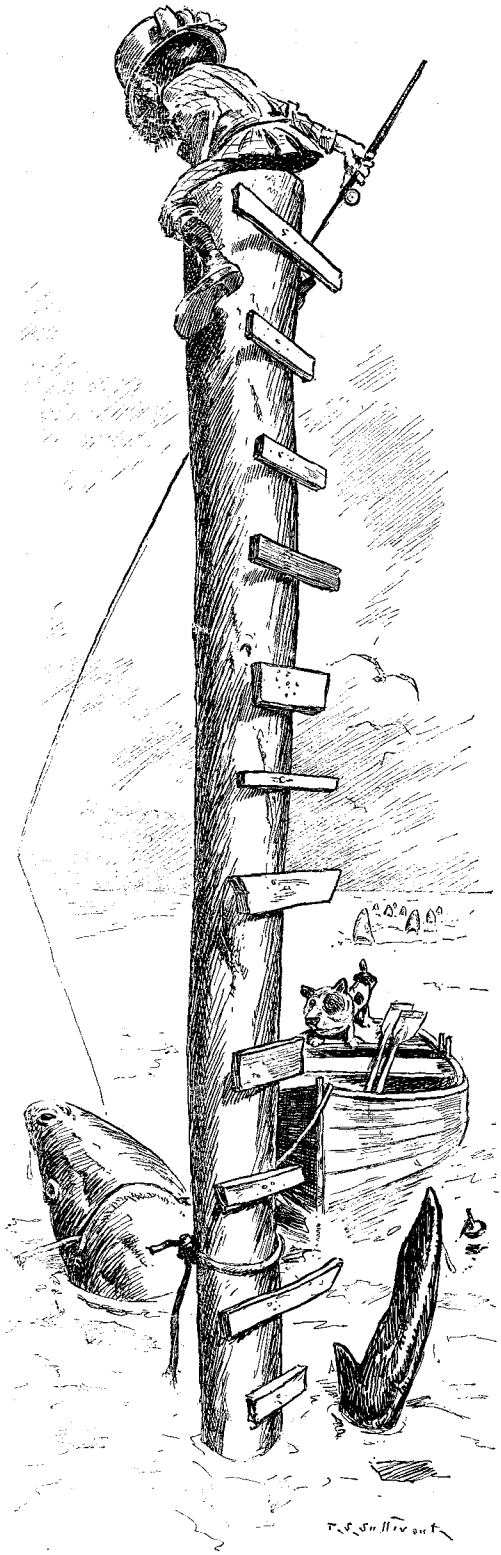

SKETCH BY T. S. SULLIVANT.

Wetmore Carryl, *The Great Stone of Sardis,* by Frank Stockton, and *Tommy Toddles,* by Albert Lee, have also been pictured by him and made visual certainties. All of these books, with the notable addition of *Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes,* have issued from the press of the Harpers. A book of similar character to the last named which the Century Company got out last year by the same rhyming artist should also be mentioned. More recently, his delicious interpretation of child humour has been unfolding itself in the characteristic series of illustrations he has furnished to the "Whilomville Stories," now appearing in *Harper's Monthly.*

Mr. Newell is a painter as well as an illustrator, and he cares most for the qualities of tone in his studies and compositions. His aim is to devote all his time ultimately to serious work in colour.

Mr. E. W. Kemble is in the unenviable position of suffering from a specific fame. "Kemble's Coons" is one of the bywords of latter-day art, and divides the popularity of designation with the "Gibson Girl," a distinction which Mr. Kemble does not in the least enjoy, for he prefers being identified with legitimate illustrations and especially in the portrayal of various types of character.

Mr. Kemble began to illustrate when a boy, the New York *Daily Graphic* engaging his first services. For a while he attended the Art Students' League, working in the sketch class without an instructor. The *Century Magazine* took some of his earliest drawings, his negro and character types especially commending the young draughtsman to the consideration of this periodical. A decade ago he was reducing the Hoosier types of James Whitcomb Riley to inimitable pictorial reality. Through visits to different sections of the South he has equipped himself as an authority on the negro type, making studies of the negro in his characteristic environment, although he contends that the pickaninny type, as well as the older type of negro, can be found anywhere. In his own neighbourhood in New Rochelle he says there are negro families who have lived on plantations and who retain all the characteristics of their race. He uses white models for his "coons," as a usual thing, however, and refers to his sketches for accuracy of type.

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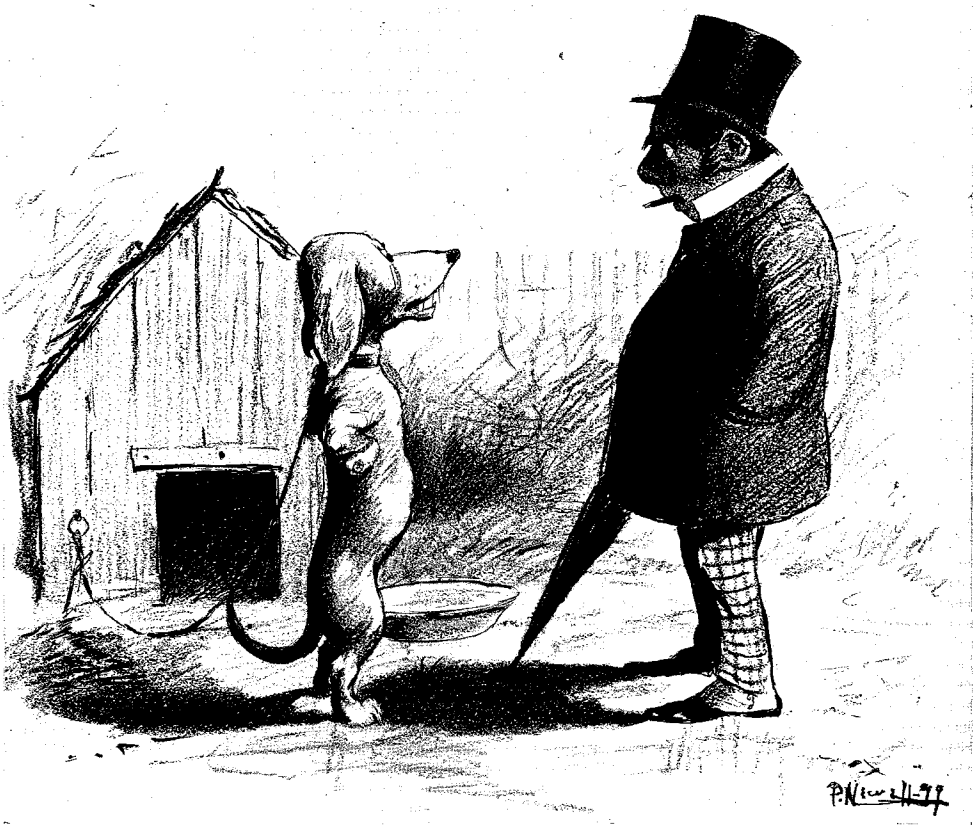
Among the books that Mr. Kemble has illustrated are *The Knickerbocker History of New York,* for the Putnams; *Pudd'n Head Wilson* and *Huckleberry Finn,* by Mark Twain, and a book of Dunbar's for Dodd, Mead and Company. There has also been published a book of "Kemble's Coons," the popularity of which has been unique in books of drawings by one man. Mr. Kemble is verging toward a painter's career, like most of the illustrators; he expects to identify himself with pictures representing something thoroughly American in character.

Mr. T. S. Sullivant, whose work is familiar mainly through the pages of *Life,* is an invader of the jungle and an exponent of cannibals and heathens and all sorts of untamed creatures. His proclivity toward this kind of nature leads him toward the hazardous when he essays to express civilised man; he puts him in railroad wrecks, on tempestuous waters or in some imminent danger; and yet Mr. Sullivant is the most dignified and philosophic of men. He is an intellectual analyst. He has discovered that there is humour in animals, and his spontaneity in depicting them shows that the quality of it is not strained.

Mr. Sullivant, being a Philadelphian, naturally became a pupil at the Philadelphia Academy of Design, and later, after the manner of art students in America, went abroad to study. He is not given over entirely to animals and frightened persons, for he likes to draw old people in peaceful vocations. He has peculiar sympathy of touch, and his characters always look as though they belong to the scene in which he has placed them. He says that the main thing in drawing a



A COMPLAINT.

"See here, landlord, if you don't repair the roof of my kennel, you're going to lose a tenant."

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PETER NEWELL. BY HIMSELF.

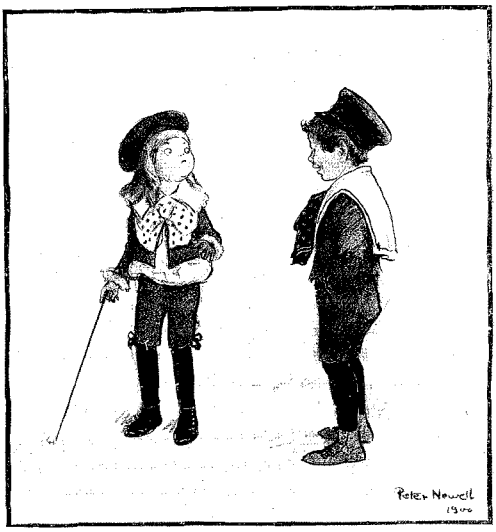
comic picture is to amuse one's self; if the artist really likes what he does, it nearly always finds an appreciative response from the public. He says, also, that the illustrator's mission is to tell a vivid story; the painter is to art what the essayist is to literature; he is abstract, while the illustrator is the story-teller. In this connection it may be said that Mr. Sullivant does not confine himself to the stories of art, doing an essay now and then in painting which he considers the truest and highest medium of art expression. The excellent likeness of Mr. Sullivant was drawn especially for this article by Alice Barber Stephens, whose work has placed her among the foremost illustrators of the day.

When one writes down the name of Eugene Zimmerman, he goes from the domain of comedy to the scene of broad farce; he goes from smiles to cachinations in a very excess of risibles. As his confrère in art said of him: "Everything 'Zim' does is funny; he can make anything funny, and he can't help making it so."

Mr. Zimmerman was born in Basel, Switzerland, in the sixties. Upon the death of his mother when he was several years of age, he was sent to an aunt in Thann, France, going there from his father's home in Mulhaus, France; this, by the way, was the home of Captain Dreyfus. When he was seven years old he was sent to America to escape the uncertain fortunes and hazards of the Franco-Prussian War, then in progress, his father and brother having preceded him some months previously. With them he took up his residence in Paterson, New Jersey.

Mr. Zimmerman says that his first newspaper experience dates back to the time of the Greeley campaign, when he helped to make the night hideous with the cry of "Extra! Extra!" As his home was near the Paterson *Daily Guardian* office, he was in close touch with the political situation and ever on the alert for "scareheads."

As he aged into the stage of the youth, his life was much the same as that of other boys, only that he had no particular place which he could call "home," being of an adventurous and enterprising disposition. At one time he unceremoniously joined his fortunes with a fish peddler, and remained with him two years, helping him in his piscatorial profession during the spring and summer, and attending school during the fall and winter, but he feels



A DISTINCTION.

The Plebeian: "What are you going to be when you are big—a dude?"
The Aristocrat: "Yeth; what are you going to be?"
The Plebeian: "Oh, I'm going to be a man."

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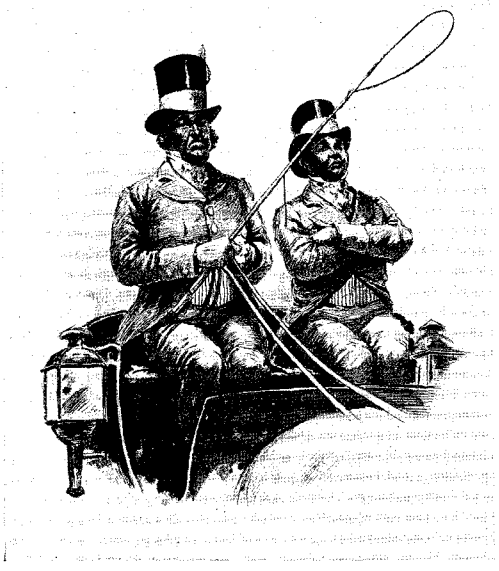
that his education suffered severely on account of his fondness for drawing. He was wont to ornament the fences in the neighbourhood with coloured crayons. During his school-days it was considered a crime to be able to draw, and every inducement was held out to him to reform, but caricature was his ambition, and when he secured a position with a sign-painter he felt that he had moved a step forward. He learned every branch of the sign-painter's art, serving an apprenticeship of three years. Some of his sketches in the meanwhile had gained recognition at the office of *Puck,* and he was eventually offered a position on that periodical, remaining with them for a few years, when he and the late Bernard Gillam joined the staff of *Judge,* with which latter paper Mr. Zimmerman has ever since been connected. He prefers comic art to serious cartoon work, but since the death of Mr. Gillam he has been obliged to do both. He likes the comedy of art, character work, and especially the portrayal of country types and the types of different nationalities. His own career has made him see the human kinship of the world, and perhaps his distortions of physiognomy in his characters are compatible with every one because he himself feels that nothing is incongruous. He says that types cannot be exaggerated; one can always find in actual life more extravagant peculiarities than are pictured through the imagination. The confrère of Mr. Zimmerman in the art destinies of *Judge* is Mr. Grant E. Hamilton, the art editor of that periodical and its political cartoonist. One very cleverly and pithily complements the other.

E. W. KEMBLE.



"COONS." BY E. W. KEMBLE.

Mr. Hamilton was born in Youngstown, Ohio, near the birthplace of President McKinley, whom he has known from boyhood. He never studied art, but always took naturally to drawing, and as a youth sold ideas to *Harpers, Puck,* and the *New York Daily Graphic.* His original sketches were so often used by this latter paper that it eventually became cheaper for its editors to engage his services than to buy his separate sketches, and they sent for him to join their staff. He has been on the highroad of success ever since. Mr. Hamilton's reminiscences of the *Graphic's* palmy days are full of informing interest. He says that it was the greatest of schools for artists, and mentions as some of its graduates: B. Gillam, De Thulstrup, E. Kemble, C. S. Reinhart, E. A. Abbey, A. B. Frost, and C. J. Taylor. These men were his art

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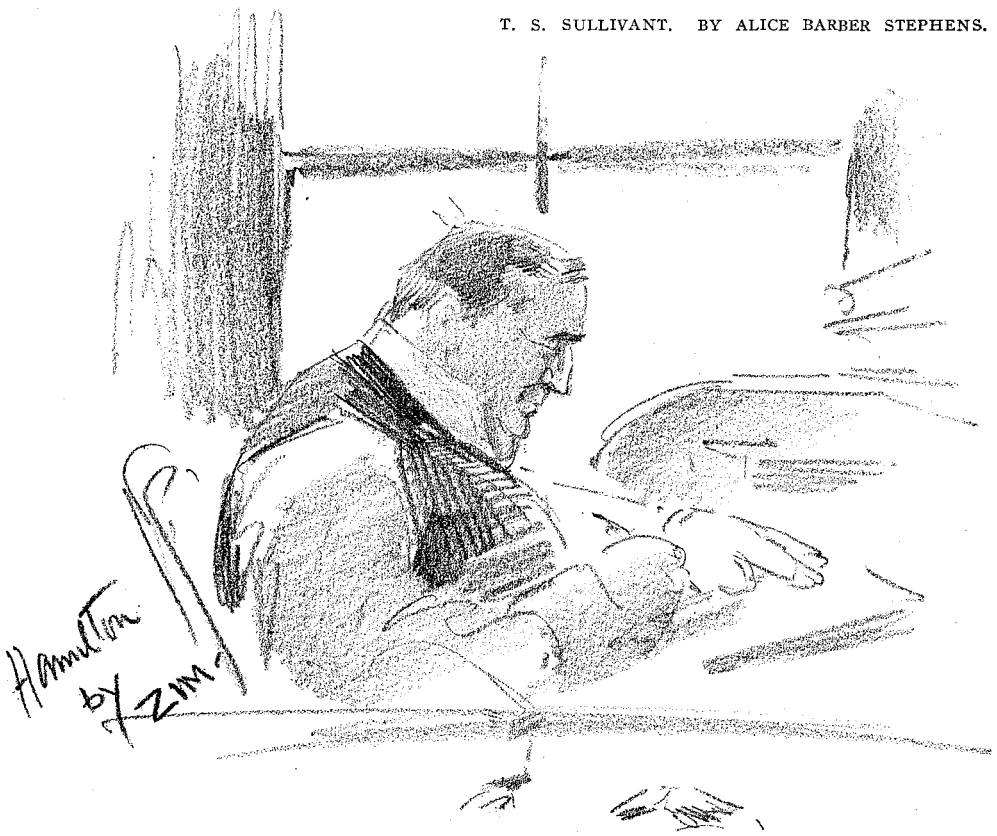
associates on that paper, which had eight pages of illustrations.

Mr. Hamilton went from the *Graphic* to *Judge,* where he has become a fixture on that comic journal. He does not consider that he is a specialist in art, being a draughtsman equally at home in cartoon, book-cover or comic art. He has the keenest powers of observation, remembering the construction of all kinds of implements and machinery. As the cartoonists seldom use models or have the opportunity of drawing from life, his resources in this respect cannot be overestimated. But it is not alone the equipments that a good memory can supply that the political cartoonist uses as his stock in trade. He must have such acumen and insight into public affairs that he can reasonably anticipate events, or so fit events as to make his cartoon a compromise in case the unexpected happens. Mr. Hamilton, it will be remembered, did valiant service for Mr. McKinley during the last Presidential campaign, his friendship for the candidate happily falling in

T. S. SULLIVANT. BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.



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with the policy of his paper, and his cartoon the day after the election announced the result, although the cartoon had been in press a fortnight previous. The popularity of a cartoon, Mr. Hamilton says, cannot be foretold; no experience can teach one what will take the public's fancies. Some of the things least considered in the office have had to have extra editions to supply the demand for them, and others, with every assurance of success, have fallen flat. Mr. Hamilton carries a note-book with him and is constantly jotting down rough sketches and notes for future cartoons. The idea is the main thing; the humour is secondary and simply reflects the individuality of the draughtsman.

The making of a cartoon shows a divergence from the usual methods of artists, and it entails greater expense and more care than any other method of reproduction. The artist makes his drawing directly on the stone, which is an importation, by the way, from Germany. It is an unyielding but impressionable medium of contact, for when once the outline is made, it is unchanging. The drawing is first done with crayon and then touched up with pen and ink. It is then given to the printer, who makes a black impression of it for the artist, who goes over it with water-colours which are reproduced in fac-simile through several imprints. Mr. Hamilton says that while the cartoonist is restricted in his handling, the public does not look for technique or draughtsmanship in cartoons. They are but picture-editorials.

To take in the perspective of the humorous illustrators is to be impressed with the amity of their undertakings, and so far as the public is concerned in its regard, to rejoice that the day of the pictorial lampoon died simultaneously with the efficacy of newspaper invective. The lance is pointed with petals in these days. One is better and wholesomer to his fellows through the mirth of the fun-

TYPE. BY E. W. KEMBLE.

makers who now fill the publications with their moods of humour and wit and jest. The appeal is no longer made to the passions or to the prejudices. Mr. Newell makes naïveté and simplicity serve him, while Mr. Kemble brings human nature to a jovial account, and with the voudoo charm of his pencil Mr. Sullivant conjures the barbarian and his brother of the jungle; Mr. Zimmerman is not altogether hidden behind the mask of comedy; and the strangeness of politics has its prosperity in the jests of Mr. Hamilton. Motley is, of course, the wear, but under the cap and bells is the visage of an artist who is wise in his generation and in his art, and genial and human withal.

Regina Armstrong.

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THE LOVE THAT LOATHES

Perhaps the surest sign of mastery in any craft or art is found in the ability to produce unusual effects by means of the most commonplace materials. A woman of instinctive taste and a subtle sense of what is vaguely known as "style" will put together with apparent carelessness the very simplest and most inexpensive of costumes, and its elegant simplicity will make the most elaborate imported toilets seem by contrast crudely ostentatious and almost vulgar in their meretricious costliness. A genius like George Morland, in one of his nomadic, half-disreputable rambles, will call for a box of colours, and then rapidly paint in just a few figures on the signboard of a village tavern in payment for his stroller's breakfast of bread and cheese and beer; and presently the rich connoisseur will buy that signboard for a mighty price, and will jealously preserve it among the choicest art works that adorn his stately halls. I once was present when a heaven-born musician sat down before a wretched little melodeon in the parlour of a country boarding-house; and in an instant the shabby surroundings had vanished from the sight, and at the first touch of those magic fingers each listener was transported to the dim aisles of some Old-World cathedral, amid whose groined and dusky arches swept a strain of the most exquisitely modulated music, rising and falling in transcendent harmonies, and bearing with it a suggestion of the hidden choir, far off and faintly heard, now swelling into a chorus of exultant praise and now hushed to the diminuendo of heart-broken supplication. It was very wonderful; but true genius is always very wonderful—in its lightest moods as well as in the moments of its loftiest inspiration.

In literature the same thing has a thousand illustrations. Gustave Flaubert desires to give the world an unforgettable tragedy of human life, and he finds it—where? Not in the strenuous rush of cities, where the tide of feeling, energy and ambition flows fierce and full, where the clash of interest and the throb of intense emotion dominate existence, and where every nerve is sympathetically conscious of the mighty forces that are unceasingly at play. Not here; but in a sleepy, stupid country village that has no significance and no history. He finds there only the most usual provincials—a dull-witted, unsuccessful village doctor, a gentleman farmer of the Gallic type, a pragmatical apothecary, a commonplace young student of law, a hard-featured Norman trader, a vain, weak, sensual country beauty, and three or four still less important and less promising individuals. Only these; yet the eye of a genius like Flaubert could pierce through mere externals and read the truth that life is life wherever it is lived, and that wherever there are men and women their inner history must inevitably be the same—the same in its humour, the same in its pathos, the same in the sombre horror of its tragedy. And so not Agamemnon nor Odysseus, nor Hamlet nor Othello, no king or prince or hero of tradition, is more sure of immortality than the poor gull Bovary and Rodolphe and Monsieur Homais and Léon Dupuis and Lheureux and Emma Bovary.

What is true of the great artist is true of the lesser artist also. Each can display his powers and win success with whatever material comes readiest to hand; and of this we find a very striking instance in the latest novel by Mrs. Dudeney.* Of the novel as a whole, I am not going to speak at any length. It shows all the traits and all the conspicuous merits that made her other book, *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken,* quite unique. It has plenty of interesting incident, of genuine wholesome humour, and a certain breadth and power that are conventionally described as masculine. But to me the book is less a story than it is a study in emotional psychology; and Mrs. Dudeney has shown her exceptional gifts by working out her theme without going beyond the experience and the incidents of ordinary life. In confining herself so strictly to the usual, she has only emphasised more strikingly her own remarkable insight and acumen. When last year she selected as the subject of her analytical demonstration so unusual a type as the neurotic, morbid, complex Harriott Wicken, she had her-

*Folly Corner. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

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self less difficult work to do; for the type was so extraordinary as of itself to fasten the attention of the reader. It was all true, but it was something apart from ordinary life; and therefore the success of the novel, in spite of its unique literary quality, was in a way not quite legitimate; nor could it possibly appeal to those whose experience had never brought them into contact with such a strange, abnormal creature as was the heroine of that book.

In *Folly Corner* Mrs. Dudeney takes the simplest situations and the most usual types, and with them constructs for us a work of art which is not only permeated with an extraordinarily sympathetic understanding of the human heart, but displays also from beginning to end the sort of vigour and sanity that can employ the most delicate instruments and the subtlest methods without becoming intellectually nearsighted and without losing even for a moment a sense of true proportion. What I said of Mrs. Dudeney last year I must say again: that she is the equal of Thomas Hardy, as she is his literary congener; but that never, like Hardy, does she make you feel that she herself has been intellectually warped by the contemplation of her own imaginings. However gloomy the pictures that she has to draw, however poignant her penetration, however intense the anguish that she instills into her pages, one never feels that the horror of it pervades all human life. Her humour, too, is a humour that amuses and delights, and is not introduced merely to make by contrast the tragedy more dreadful. Mrs. Dudeney is not a pessimist, and human life to her is not a Golgotha; and therefore one is able to return again and again to what she writes, profoundly interested, at times intensely piqued, but never for a moment repelled and sickened by her pages.

Folly Corner is, for me, the study of a woman and two men. The woman is no Harriott Wicken, cursed with an hereditary taint and vainly struggling like some mythical creation of Hellenic legend against a doom from which there is no possible escape. Pamela Crisp is a young English woman of no exceptional traits. "She was a big fair girl; a handsome girl in the elementary way that satisfies most men. She looked well able to take care of herself; an up-to-date girl, accustomed to fight her way alone, to meet men on their own ground, to look jealously after her own interests." She was a product of London, a girl whose standards were those of one who had lived in cities, who was fond of luxury—the luxury that she had never had—and she was externally a little hard, a little pert, and more than a little selfish. Within her, as in almost every woman, were two natures—one the nature that lay uppermost, that was superficial, and yet that under ordinary circumstances seemed to be the only nature of which she was possessed. It represented the material side of her character. It made her long for the sheltered life, the sure protection, the pleasant ease, the warmth and comfort and plenty, that stand to most women as the best of all that life can give them. Like a cat, she loved the fireside, the petting of a kindly master, the nook where she could purr through life in absolute contentment. As she describes herself:

> I was never made for responsibility. I ought to live in a harem. A bon-bon, a pat on the head, would make me absolutely content.

And she had a fondness, too, for whatever is natural and simple and good. Plain rustic plenty, the flowers and fruits of the earth, the smell of growing things, the sight of great masses of greenery, the daily interests of country life—all these things interested her and appealed to her and gave to her a feeling of repose and of healthful rest. That was one side of her nature. But deeper down there was something different—hidden away and slumbering, yet far more vitally a part of the woman that she really was. In the depths lay feeling, emotion and a capacity for infinite self-abandonment. She might go through life and never know that these things lived within her. All her years might be given over to luxury and softness and the gratification of her feline instincts. Then she would be safe—clever, exacting, always cheerful, always having her own way and always, after a fashion, happy. Only, if the one note should be struck, the one irresistible appeal be made, the one inexpressibly thrilling touch be felt—only then could the stormy chords of passion be made to

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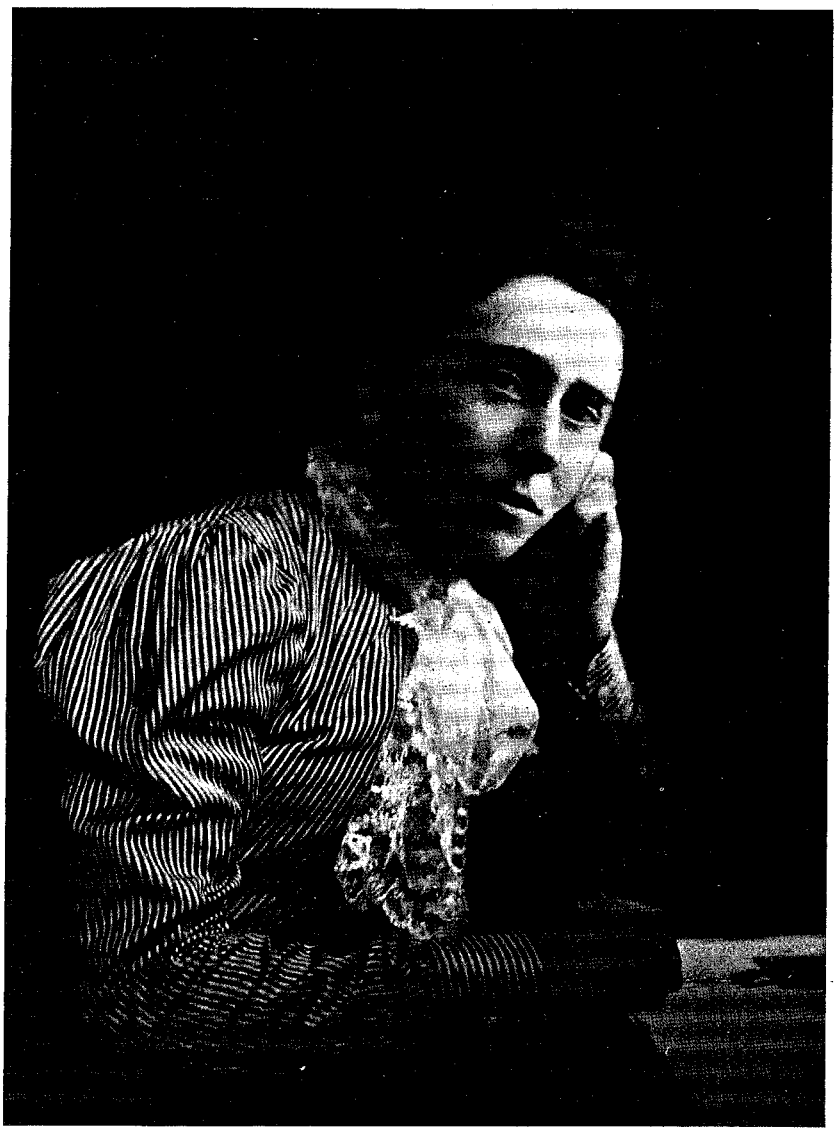

ALICE L. DUDENEY.

vibrate within her and to transform her as by a miracle into a new creature, all fire, all longing, all intensity, and capable of infinite self-sacrifice for the joy of her desire.

Such, then, is Pamela Crisp, the woman of the book. The two men whose lives touch hers are two contrasted types, representing each one side of her dual nature. The first, one Jethro Jayne (Mrs. Dudeney's taste in names is quite in keeping with her other suggestions of Mr. Hardy), is a splendidly simple being, half yeoman, half gentleman, "all Nature, a great, clean-living ox—slow, reflective, not a bit stupid, . . . like a Greek god, very calm, but not a bit indifferent." He seems a fitting part of his home and his surroundings, the ancient house, with its clean, ample, old-fashioned rooms, its window-sills bright with geraniums, its sunny garden full of flowers and fruit, and with the clustering grapes all purple on the southern wall. He is big and strong and sunburned. His mind is clean. His thoughts are all elemental, kindly, generous, sincere. He is an embodiment of all that the every-day Pa-

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mela can desire, since he stands for comfort, plenty, protection, and uneventful and unemotional respectability.

The other man, Edred Crisp so called, is Jayne's antithesis. Quick, subtle, elegant, unprincipled, disreputable, he is restlessness incarnate. His bold yet lazy eyes, his easy, mocking, disquieting laugh, his contempt of restraint, his dazzling audacity, all bewilder; and if they repel, they at the same time, in some curious way, attract. He meets a woman almost for the first time, and draws her to him with the easy insolence of a man who is sure of his woman—who had been sure of women all his life—and kisses her eyes and cheeks and mouth; and the eyes and the cheeks alike blaze as with fire; yet the fire is not the fire of resentment, but of suddenly awakened passion. For Edred is one of those men who appeal to all but the most unemotional women, and who have the power to make the will grow weak as water by their mere physical proximity. It is he who holds the key to the innermost recesses of Pamela's other self. She never thinks him good or true or kindly or sincere. She never believes in him; yet the very sound of his voice, the very touch of his hand, the very least of his wonderful caresses, can thrill her through and through and fill her with an ecstasy unspeakable. She loves him, not as she half loves Jethro Jayne—whom she respects as well—but with a wild, unreasonable, restless love, that is always near akin to pain, though a pain so exquisite as to be worth a lifetime of mere commonplace contentment. Edred to her means a whirl of feverish excitement, of intense emotion, of gayety, of delirium, of delicious misery. He is a semi-criminal; he has been in prison; but it makes no difference to her. The thought of him brings to her mind, no matter where she is, distracting thoughts of love, of London, of a lavish daintiness of living, of the tingling of the nerves and the fluttering of the pulses that come from the blending of psychical satisfaction and physical desire. And finally, she had met Edred first and his had been the first man's kiss in all her life.

And so with Edred absent—in prison—removed from her existence—she encounters Jethro, and for the time suppresses her intenser nature. She feels the attraction of the simple life he lives. The comfort and healthfulness and safety of it all content her. Yet Edred has but to appear again, and the passion in her leaps up into a fiercer flame than ever. She knew him to be unclean, unworthy of a woman's love, and yet—

> Hating herself all the time, because she knew he wasn't worthy, she adored this dark-haired, cynical ex-criminal. His prison-taint, marked elusively on his face, only made her yearn over him the more. Free! And yet chained like a slave. She cursed and despised herself for the contemptible, dog-like devotion which a true woman calls love. She couldn't send him away. She couldn't live without him. She wanted him to kiss her again, to call her "Pam" in that careless, caressing voice. . . . This man had been the first to stir in her some wonderful, untamable passion. She was insisting to her heart that a woman must love the *first*, return to him, cleave to him, however unworthy he may be.

Therefore, she turns her back on Jethro and the safe retreat that his strong love afforded her, and going up to London, she takes the plunge and lives her life with Edred. He marries her (he had another wife, but Pamela knew nothing of it), and the two begin the strange, adventurous career that she had already half divined. It was Bohemian to the last degree—though luxuriously so—and it had all the keen, emotional misery about it which the life of two such persons always must possess. Passion has its reactions—reactions that may be brutal or hysterical. With Edred they are brutal; with Pamela, hysterical. She reproaches and reviles him; he curses her and strikes her. They are at breakfast after one of these frightful scenes of the night before.

> She lifted her cup and the ruffles fell back, showing . . . bruises on the white flesh. She was sallow, blotchy, her eyes muddy and swollen. Edred kept looking up from his paper and staring savagely; the weary face, all quiver and traces of heavy tears infuriated him. . . . She buried her disfigured face in her hands. Every line of her shaking body was crouching, subjective; she was a human hound with a brute for a master, a brute on whom she fawned. . . . She ran back, tried to catch him round the neck with her pleading arms, murmured pet names, shivered, sobbed, shook, tried vainly in the wrong way to win back the old, transient adoration.

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But Edred flings her off and tells her that she is a burden, an irritant. He leaves the house.

She fell down on the settee, cuddling into the stuffed corners for comfort. . . . She was cold. She ached with misery. She told herself that she was a coward. She knew perfectly well, as well as he did, that her dramatic attitudes and much of palpable restraint were only pose. . . . He had told her to go; he didn't want her. But she hadn't the courage to take him at his word. She loved him. She was perfectly willing to crawl, to cringe to him—for the sake of an occasional rough caress. What a life it had been! . . . She recalled his first few ardent weeks, his gradual cynicism and disregard, the constant lash of his tongue, the frequent heavy blows.

Ardet et odit. She wonders whether his neglect of her comes from his loving elsewhere. She has a morbid longing that this might be so, and that she could find it out. Thus she thought she might shake off this horrible love that each day grew more and more a source of misery. She dogged him secretly at night to get the proof of his unfaithfulness that was to kill her love and set her free. Unless she became callous there was no hope for her.

She had read, in a girl's superficial way, of first love as a potent thing. She hadn't known then that it could be such a sweeping, crowning, involuntary thing—hadn't dreamed that it could hold you in such grim, iron grasp. She couldn't get away from the magnetism of—the first. She despised him; sometimes, for a clear moment, she loathed him. . . . And yet! He had only to call the old playful, indulgent light into his lazy eyes, only to flip at her some gesture or word of the past, to bring her under his heel—quivering body, small, subject soul. It was horrible to be in such bondage to a man—just because he had been first. Only because!

She finds at last that he was already married when he married her, and she leaves him, fleeing into the night. She returns to Folly Corner, the home of Jethro Jayne, returns to the quiet and the comfort and the rustic rest. She sinks into the peaceful life like a tired child into its mother's arms. Yet even now, after a little, the old spell comes again upon her.

She despaired of herself. She hadn't any shame, any self-respect, any modesty—any of those cold, praiseworthy qualities which romance has for centuries built up and labelled "feminine character."

She knows at last that so long as Edred is alive she never can be free, never can cease to watch and wait as for a sign, never can leave off hoping that in some way she can be once more with him for whom her love was such that neither his brutality nor his contempt nor even his infidelity could kill it, or even lessen its terrific power to strike a dagger through her heart whenever she recalls its ecstasies.

The study as a whole is most remarkable, for it is true to the very last detail—and its truth is made the more impressive because it is demonstrated with the simplest of materials and is a tragedy of daily life. One's personal opinions are always to be introduced with hesitancy; yet I cannot here refrain from saying that this book by Mrs. Dudeney, and the very different yet no less admirable book by Mrs. Wharton, are the only novels of the present year for which I really care.

H. T. P.

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PARADISE.

I saw the hills of Paradise; I heard
The music on its thousand slopes, and viewed
Its olive groves of peace. The city lay
All bathed in radiance, glimmering and vast.
Below, the river flowed, wound in and out
Like living ribbons. Far as eye could see
There shone upon its surface dots of gold
And flecks of crimson, ever changing as
The wondrous prism worn upon the hand
Of God. I saw the wall of Paradise,
And knew that just beyond the gates were woe
And pain, that sorrow grimly stalked abroad
And entered in the hearts of men unseen.
I knew that doubt and fear went hand in hand
And sowed unrest in bosoms born for love;
I knew disease in all his ugliness
Struck twice where'er he chose his blow to fall.
And knowing this, I turned to look, and pray,
And pity those who ne'er had seen so fair
A hill as I. And gazing at them there
Forgot my own fair state in grief for them.

Then, when I turned and prayed no more, behold!
The olive hills with all their wealth of green,
The wondrous city with its silver sheen,
The crimson light that held me with its spell,
Had vanished like a mirage on the sea;
And like a sailor, I, with straining eyes,
Scarce took my gaze from where it once had been.
But it had vanished quite, and in its place
Was darkness over undulating hills.
The moon sailed high; perchance she, too, had been
Entrancèd with the city that had fled.
The stars came slowly marching one by one
Adown the path where once the river lay,
And where the temples and the columns rose
Now nodded in the evening wind the pines,
And all was desolation. Some have said
That never on those hills a city lay,
No Paradise—my fancy did but dream.
But oh, I know the olive groves of peace,
The gleaming city high upon the hills.
Let others say I dreamed—it matters not,
And changes not, for I have seen—have seen!

Ruth Ward Kahn.

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THE FOREIGN STAGE IN NEW YORK

I The Yiddish Theatre

In the three Yiddish theatres on the Bowery is expressed the world of the Ghetto—that New York City of Russian Jews, large, complex, with a full life and civilisation. In the midst of the frivolous Bowery, devoted to tinsel variety shows, "dive" music-halls, fake museums, trivial amusement booths of all sorts, cheap lodging-houses, ten-cent shops and Irish-American tough saloons, the theatres of the chosen people alone present the serious as well as the trivial interests of an entire community. Into these three buildings crowd the Jews of all the Ghetto classes—the sweat-shop woman with her baby, the day-labourer, the small Hester Street shopkeeper, the Russian-Jewish anarchist and socialist, the Ghetto rabbi and scholar, the poet, the journalist. The poor and ignorant are in the great majority, but the learned, the intellectual and the progressive are also represented, and here as elsewhere exert a more than numerically proportionate influence on the character of the theatrical productions, which, nevertheless, remain essentially popular. The socialists and the literati create the demand that forces into the mass of vaudeville, light opera, historical and melodramatic plays a more serious art element, a simple transcript from life or the theatric presentation of a Ghetto problem. But this more serious element is so saturated with the simple manners, humour and pathos of the life of the poor Jew, that it is seldom above the heartfelt understanding of the crowd.

The audiences vary in character from night to night rather more than in an uptown theatre. On the evenings of the first four week-days the theatre is let to a guild or club, many hundred of which exist among the working people of the East Side. Many are labour organisations representing the different trades, many are purely social, and others are in the nature of secret societies. Some of these clubs are formed on the basis of a common home in Russia. The people, for instance, who came from Vilna, a city in the old country, have organised a Vilna Club in the Ghetto. Then, too, the anarchists have a society; there are many socialistic orders; the newspapers of the Ghetto have their constituency, which sometimes hires the theatre. Two or three hundred dollars is paid to the theatre by the guild, which then sells the tickets among the faithful for a good price. Every member of the society is forced to buy, whether he wants to see the play or not, and the money made over and above the expenses of hiring the theatre is for the benefit of the guild. These performances are therefore called "benefits." The widespread existence of such a custom is a striking indication of the growing sense of corporate interests among the labouring classes of the Jewish East Side. It is an expression of the socialistic spirit which is marked everywhere in the Ghetto.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights the theatre is not let, for these are the Jewish holidays, and the house is always completely sold out, although prices range from twenty-five cents to a dollar. Friday night is, properly speaking, the gala occasion of the week. That is the legitimate Jewish holiday, the night before the Sabbath. Orthodox Jews, as

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well as others, may then amuse themselves. Saturday, although the day of worship, is also of holiday character in the Ghetto. This is due to the Christian influences, to which the Jews are more and more sensitive. Through economic necessity Jewish workingmen are compelled to work on Friday, and, like other workingmen, look upon Saturday night as a holiday, in spite of the frown of the orthodox. Into Sunday, too, they extend their freedom, and so in the Ghetto there are now three popularly recognised nights on which to go with all the world to the theatre.

On those nights the theatre presents a peculiarly picturesque sight. Poor workingmen and women with their babies of all ages fill the theatre. Great enthusiasm is manifested, sincere laughter and tears accompany the sincere acting on the stage. Pedlars of soda-water, candy, of fantastic gewgaws of many kinds mix freely with the audience between the acts. Conversation during the play is received with strenuous hisses, but the falling of the curtain is the signal for groups of friends to get together and gossip about the play or the affairs of the week. Introductions are not necessary, and the Yiddish community can then be seen and approached with great freedom. On the stage curtain are advertisements of the wares of Hester Street or portraits of the "star" actors. On the programmes and circulars distributed in the audience are sometimes amusing announcements of coming attractions or lyric praise of the "stars." Poetry is not infrequent, an example of which, literally translated, is:

Labour, ye stars, as ye will,
Ye cannot equal the artist;
In the garden of art ye shall not flourish;
Ye can never achieve his fame.
Can you play *Hamlet* like him?
The *Wild King*, or the *Huguenots?*
Are you gifted with feeling
As much as to imitate him like a shadow?
Your fame rests on the pen;
On the show-cards your flight is high;
But on the stage every one can see
How your greatness turns to ashes,
Tomashevsky! Artist great!
No praise is good enough for you;
Every one remains your ardent friend.

IN THE GALLERY. DRAWN BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

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Of all the stars you remain the king.
You seek no tricks, no false quibbles;
One sees Truth itself playing.
Your appearance is godly to us;
Every movement is full of grace;
Pleasing is your every gesture;
Sugar-sweet your every turn;
You remain the King of the Stage;
Everything falls to your feet.

On the playboards outside the theatre, containing usually the portrait of a star, are also lyric and enthusiastic announcements. Thus, recently on the return of the great Adler, who had been ill, it was announced on the boards that "the splendid eagle has spread his wings again."

The Yiddish actors, as may be inferred from the verses quoted, take themselves with peculiar seriousness, justified by the enthusiasm, almost worship, with which they are regarded by the people. Many a poor Jew, man or girl, who makes no more than $10 a week in the sweat-shop, will spend $5 of it on the theatre, which is practically the only amusement of the Ghetto Jew. He has not the loafing and sporting instincts of the poor Christian, and spends his money for the theatre rather than for drink. It is not only to see the play that the poor Jew goes to the theatre. It is to see his friends and the actors. With these latter he, and more frequently she, try in every way to make acquaintance, but commonly are compelled to adore at a distance. They love the songs that are heard on the stage, and for these the demand is so great that a certain bookshop on the East Side makes a specialty of publishing them.

THE APPLE BOY. DRAWN BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

The actor responds to this popular enthusiasm with sovereign contempt. He struts about in the cafés on Canal and Grand Streets, conscious of his greatness. He refers to the crowd as "Moses" with superior condescension or humorous vituperation. Like thieves, the actors have a jargon of their own, which is esoteric and jealously guarded. Their pride has recently given rise to an amusing strike at the People's Theatre. The actors of the three Yiddish companies in New York are normally paid on the share rather than the salary system. In the case of the company now at the People's Theatre, this system has proved very profitable for the past two years. The star actors, Jacob Adler and Boris Thomashevsky, and their wives, who are actresses—Mrs. Adler being the heavy realistic tragedienne and Mrs. Thomashevsky the star soubrette—have probably received on an average during that time as much as $125 a week for each couple. But they, with Mr. Edelstein, the business man, are lessees of the theatre, run the risk and pay the expenses, which are not small. The rent of the theatre is $20,000 a year, and the weekly expenses, besides, amount to about $1100. The subordinate actors, who risk nothing, since they do not share the expenses, have made amounts during this favourable period ranging from $14 a week on the average for the poorest actors to $75 for those just beneath the "stars." But, in spite of what is exceedingly good pay in the Bowery, the actors of this theatre recently formed a union, and struck for wages instead of shares. This, however, was only an incidental feature. The real cause was that the management of the theatre, with the energetic Thomashevsky at the head, insisted that the actors should be prompt at rehearsals, and if they were not, indulged in unseemly epithets. The actors' pride was aroused, and the union was formed to insure their ease and dignity and to protect them from harsh words, particularly from those of Mr. Thomashevsky. The management imported actors from

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Chicago. Several of the actors here stood by them, notably Miss Weinblatt, a popular young ingénue, and Miss Gudinski, an actress of commanding presence. Miss Weinblatt forced her father, once an actor, now a farmer, into the service of the management. But the actors easily triumphed. Misses Gudinski and Weinblatt were forced to join the union, Mr. Weinblatt returned to his farm, the "scabs" were packed off to Philadelphia, and the wages system introduced. A delegation was sent to Philadelphia to throw cabbages at the new actors, who appeared in the Yiddish performances in that city. The triumphant actors now receive on the average probably $10 to $15 a week less than under the old system. Mr. Conrad, who began the disaffection, receives a salary of $29 a week, fully $10 less than he received for months before the strike. But the dignity of the Yiddish actor is now placed beyond assault. As one of them recently said: "We shall no longer be spat upon nor called 'dog.'"

The Yiddish actor is so supreme that until recently a regular system of hazing playwrights was in vogue. Joseph Latteiner and Professor M. Horowitz were long recognised as the only legitimate Ghetto playwrights. When a new writer came to the theatre with a manuscript, various were the pranks the actors would play. They would induce him to try, one after another, all the costumes in the house, in order to help him conceive the characters; or they would make him spout the play from the middle of the stage, they themselves retiring to the gallery, to see how it sounded. In the midst of his exertions they would slip away, and he would find himself shouting to the empty boards. Or, in the midst of a mock rehearsal, some actor would shout, "He is coming, the great Professor Horowitz, and he will eat you;" and they would rush from the theatre with the panic-stricken playwright following close at their heels.

The plays at these theatres vary in a general way with the varying audiences of which I have spoken above. The thinking socialists naturally select a less violent play than the comparatively illogical anarchists. Societies of relatively conservative Jews desire a historical play in which the religious Hebrew in relation to the persecuting Christian is put in pathetic and melodramatic situations. There are a very large number of "culture" pieces produced, which, roughly speaking, are plays in which the difference between the Jew of one generation and the next is dramatically portrayed. The pathos or tragedy involved in differences of faith and "point of view" between the old rabbi and his more enlightened children is expressed in many historical plays of the general character of *Uriel Acosta,* though in less lasting form. Such plays, however, are called "historical plunder" by that very up-to-date element of the intellectual Ghetto which is dominated by the Russian spirit of realism. It is the demand of these fierce realists that of late years has produced a supply of theatrical productions attempting to present a faithful picture of the

THE ENTHUSIASTS. DRAWN BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

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actual conditions of life. Permeating all these classes of plays is the amusement instinct pure and simple. For the benefit of the crowd of ignorant people grotesque humour, popular songs, vaudeville tricks, are inserted everywhere.

Of these plays the realistic are of the most value, for they often give the actual Ghetto life with surprising strength and fidelity. This year has been their great season, and has developed a large crop of new playwrights, mainly journalists who write miscellaneous articles for the East Side newspapers. Jacob Gordin, who has been writing plays for several years, and who was the first realistic playwright, remains the strongest and most prominent in this kind of play. Professor Horowitz, who is now the lessee of the Windsor Theatre, situated on the Bowery, between Grand and Canal Streets, represents, along with Joseph Latteiner, the conservative and traditional aspects of the stage. He is an interesting man, fifty-six years of age, and has been connected with the Yiddish stage practically since its origin. His father was a teacher in a Hebrew school, and he himself is a man of uncommon learning. He has made a great study of the stage, has written one hundred and sixty-seven plays, and claims to be an authority on *dramaturgie*. The professor naturally regards himself and Latteiner as the "real" Yiddish playwrights. For many years after the first bands of actors reached the New York Ghetto these two men held undisputed sway. Latteiner leaned to "romantic," Horowitz to "culture," plays, and both used material which was mainly historical. The professor regards that as the bright period of the Ghetto stage. Since then there has been, in his opinion, a decadence which began with the translation of the classics into Yiddish. *Hamlet, Othello, King Lear,* and plays of Schiller, were put upon the stage and are still being performed. Sometimes they are almost literally translated, sometimes adapted until they are realistic representations of Jewish life. Gordin's *Yiddish King Lear,* for instance, represents Shakespeare's idea only in the most general way, and weaves about it a sordid story of Jewish character and life. Of *Hamlet* there are two versions, one

A FAMILY PARTY. DRAWN BY JACOB EPSTEIN.

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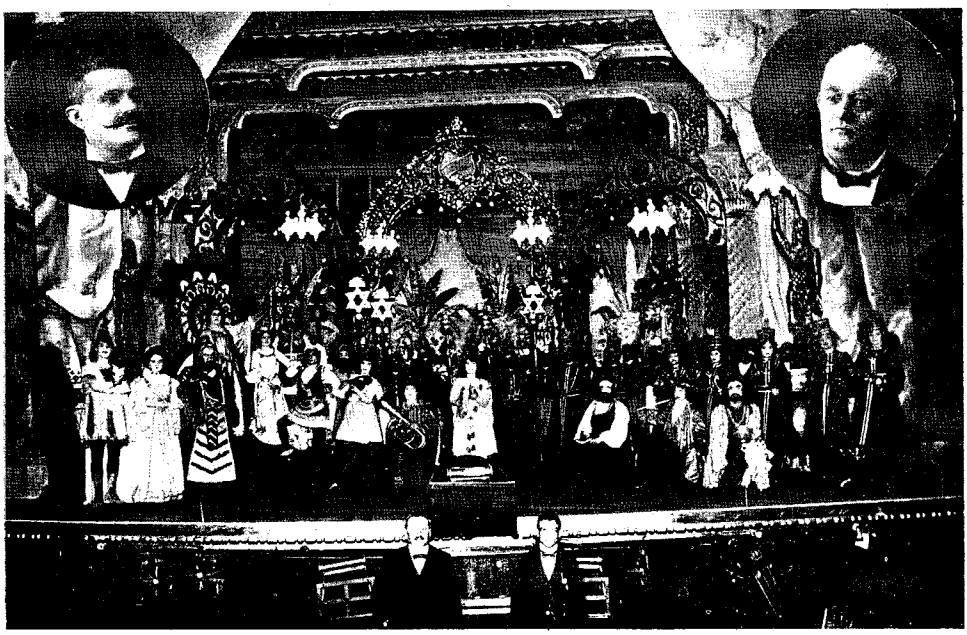

STAGE OF THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

STAGE OF THE THALIA.

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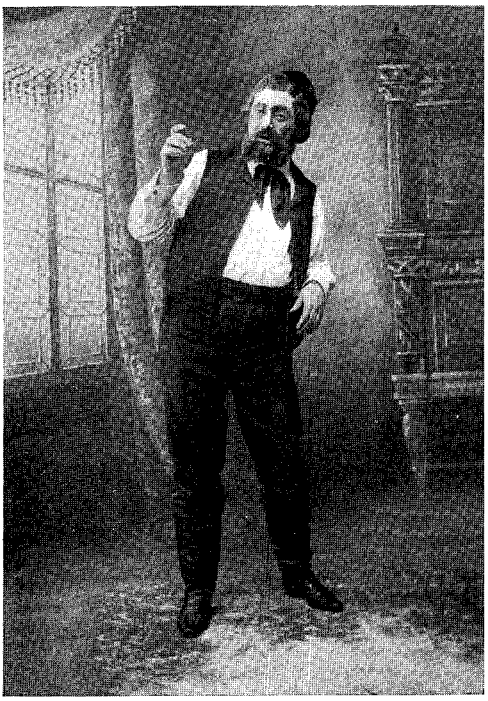

DAVID KESSLER. PHOTO BY SMITH.

MOGALESCO. PHOTO BY HATKIN.

adapted, in which Shakespeare's idea is reduced to a ludicrous shadow, the interest lying entirely in the presentation of Jewish customs; the other an almost literal translation. Professor Horowitz objects to the translation of the classics on the ground that the ignorant Yiddish public cannot understand them, because what learning they have is limited to distinctively Yiddish subjects and traditions.

Another important step in what the professor calls the degeneration of the stage was the introduction a few years ago of the American "pistol" play—meaning the fierce melodrama which has

THOMASHEVSKY IN "HAMLET."

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been for so long a characteristic of the English plays produced on the Bowery.

But what has contributed more than anything else to what the good man calls the present deplorable condition of the theatre was the advent of realism. "It was then," said the professor one day with calm indignation, "that the genuine Yiddish play was persecuted. Young writers came from Russia and swamped the Ghetto with scurrilous attacks on me and Latteiner. No number of the newspaper appeared that did not contain a scathing criticism. They did not object to the actors, who in reality were very bad, but it was the play they aimed at. These writers knew nothing about *dramaturgie*, but their heads were filled with senseless realism. Anything historical and distinctively Yiddish they thought bad. For a long time Latteiner and I were able to keep their realistic plays off the boards, but for the last few years there has been an open field for everybody. The result is that horrors under the mask of realism have been put upon the stage. This year is the worst of all—characters butchered on the stage, the coarsest language, the most revolting situations, without ideas, with no real material. It cannot last, however. Latteiner and I continue with

MR. ADLER IN "MINNA." PHOTO BY SMITH.

MRS. ADLER IN "THE RUSSIAN JEW."

PROFESSOR M. HOROWITZ. PHOTO BY SMITH.

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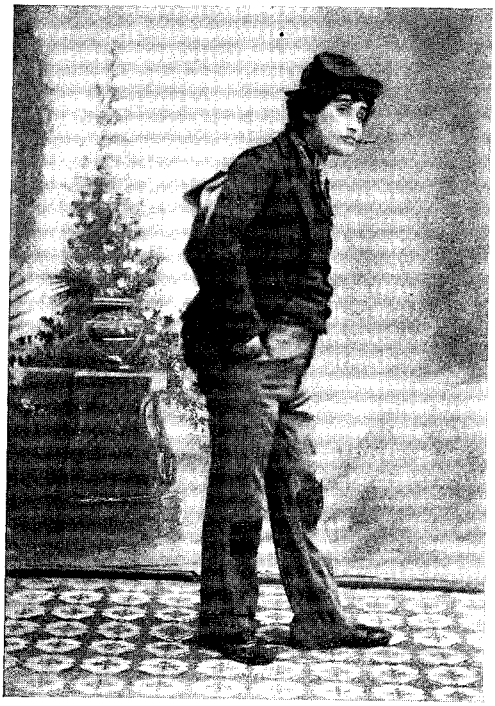

WILINSKI. PHOTO BY HATKIN.

MR. AND MRS. ADLER IN SOME PLAYS. PHOTO BY PALEY.

our real Yiddish plays, and we shall yet regain entire possession of the field."

At least this much may fairly be conceded to Professor Horowitz—that the realistic writers in what is in reality an excellent attempt often go to excess, and

MISS KALISCH AS OPHELIA. PHOTO BY HATKIN.

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are often unskilful as far as stage construction is concerned. They, however, have written a number of plays which are distinctively of the New York Ghetto, and which attempt an unsentimental presentation of truth. Professor Horowitz's plays, on the contrary, are largely based upon the sentimental representation of rather inexact Jewish history, which is loosely indicated by the titles, some of which are: *Bet-David* (The House of David), *King Solomon, Jephat-Toor* (The Handsome Woman), *Chackwas-Nushkim* (The Wise Woman), *Der Alseda* (The Sacrifice), *Bat-Kohn* (The Daughter of the Priest). Of "cultural" rather than primarily historical character, are *Schabsy-Zway* (The Hypocrite), *The Polish Youth, The Hebrew Teacher.* Another class of plays written by Professor Horowitz, and which have occasionally great but temporary prosperity, are what he calls *Zeitstücke.* Some American newspaper sensation is rapidly dramatised and put hot on the boards, such as *Marie Barberi, Dr. Buchanan* and *Dr. Harris.*

The three theatres—the People's, the Windsor and the Thalia (which is on the Bowery opposite the Windsor)—are in a general way very similar in the character of the plays produced, in the standard of acting and in the character of the audience. There are, however, some minor differences. The People's is the "swellest" and probably the least characteristic of the three. It panders to the "uptown" element of the Ghetto, to the downtown tradesman who is beginning to climb a little. The baleful influence in art of the *nouveaux riches* has at this house its Ghetto expression. There is a tendency there to imitate the showy qualities of the Broadway theatres—melodrama, farce, scenery, etc. No babies are allowed, and the house is exceedingly clean in comparison with the theatres farther down the Bowery. Last year this company were at the Windsor Theatre, and made so much money that they hired the People's, that old home of Irish-American melodrama, and this atmosphere seems slightly to have affected the Yiddish productions. The less desirable of the two conflicting elements of the company seems this year to have acquired a certain ascendancy, due partly to the illness of Jacob Gordin, who represents the realistic faction in this theatre. Adler is a strong actor and has, with Jacob Gordin and the newspaper critics to help him, battled long for what seems to him good art. Boris Thomashevsky, about whom the verses quoted were written, represents the historical and romantic tendencies of the company. Although he has no real talent he is immensely popular with the audiences, and is the matinée girl's idol. Professor Horowitz deems him the greatest actor in the Ghetto. This year he has been on the top wave of his fame and influence, and the theatre has somewhat suffered in consequence.

The strongest of the three companies at present is that of the Thalia Theatre. Here is by far the best comedian of the Ghetto, Zelig Mogalesco, who plays the servant in scores of plays, and is loved everywhere in the Ghetto. Whether he acts in melodrama, opera or realistic play, he strikes always the note of sincere and usually droll characterisation. He is also a good musician, and has written much of the sweetest music on the Ghetto stage. He is a cheerful little man, with few ideas, but with a genuine instinct for his art.

The lover is usually played by David Kessler, who, when well cast, plays sincerely and forcibly. Mrs. Kalisch, the wife of Mr. Spachner, the manager, the prettiest woman on the Ghetto stage and a sweet singer, was at one time the leading lady of the Imperial Theatre at Bucharest. She plays the part of the heroine, and with Kessler sings in heavy opera. They also play together straight emotional parts in plays like *Fedora, Magda, Captain Dreyfus,* and in realistic plays like *The Slaughter, The Jewish Ghetto, The Jewish Zaza,* and next year Mrs. Kalisch will be seen in *The Jewish Sapho,* now being written by Jacob Gordin.

Mrs. Liptzen is the great tragedienne, the Duse, of the Ghetto. She does not belong regularly to the company, but acts only on star occasions. Of late Jacob Gordin has been writing especially for this actress, who recently scored a deserved success in *The Slaughter,* one of Gordin's fiercest plays.

The actor of most prominence among the younger men is Mr. Moshkowitz, who hopes to be a "star" and one of the management. When the union was

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formed he was in a quandary. Should he join or should he not? He feared it might be a bad precedent, which the actors would use against him when he became a star. And yet he did not want to get them down on him. So before he joined he entered solemn protests at all the cafés on Canal Street. The strike, he maintained, was unnecessary. The actors were well paid and well treated. Discipline should be maintained. But he would join because of his universal sympathy with actors and with the poor—as a matter of sentiment merely, against his better judgment.

The company at the Windsor is this year the weakest, so far as acting is concerned, of the three. Very few "realistic" plays are given there, for Professor Horowitz is the lessee, and he prefers the historical Jewish opera and "culture" plays. Besides, the company is not strong enough to undertake successfully many new productions, although it includes some good actors. Rosenberg takes the part of the lover, corresponding roughly to Thomashevsky at the People's and to Kessler at the Thalia. Bernstein is, after Mogalesco, perhaps the most prominent of the Ghetto comedians. Mrs. Prager vies as a prima-donna with Mrs. Karb of the People's and Mrs. Kalisch of the Thalia. Professor Horowitz thinks she is far better than the other two. As he puts it, there are two and a half prima-donnas in the Ghetto—at the Windsor Theatre there is a complete one, leaving one and a half between the People's and the Thalia. Jacob Adler of the People's the professor thinks is no actor, only a remarkable caricaturist. As Adler is the most noteworthy representative of realistic actors of the Ghetto, the professor's opinion shows what the traditional Yiddish playwright thinks of realism. The strong realistic playwright, Jacob Gordin, the professor admits, has a "biting" dialogue, and "unconsciously writes good cultural plays which he calls realistic, but his realistic plays, properly speaking, are bad caricatures of life."

The managers and actors of the three theatres criticise one another indeed with charming directness, and they all have their followers in the Ghetto and their special cafés on Grand or Canal Streets, where their particular prejudices are sympathetically expressed. The actors and lessees of the People's are proud of their fine theatre, proud that no babies go there. There is a great dispute between the supporters of this theatre and those of the Thalia as to which is the stronger company and which produces the most realistic plays. The manager of the Thalia maintains that the People's is sensational, and that his theatre alone represents true realism; while the supporter of the People's points scornfully to the large number of operas produced at the Thalia. They both unite in condemning the Windsor, Professor Horowitz's theatre, as producing no new plays and as hopelessly behind the times, "full of historical plunder." An episode in *The Ragpicker of Paris,* played last year at the Windsor when the present People's company were there, amusingly illustrates the jealousy which exists between the companies. An old beggar is picking over a heap of moth-eaten, coverless books, some of which he keeps and some rejects. He comes across two versions of a play, *The Two Vagrants,* one of which was used at the Thalia and the other at the Windsor. The version used at the Windsor receives the beggar's commendation, and the other is thrown in a contumacious manner into a dust-heap.

Hutchins Hapgood.

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THE LATER WORK OF TOLSTOY

Tolstoy is never satisfied with himself or with what he has accomplished. He is always striving forward and aiming toward perfection. Whether you speak to him about his life, or your own, his novels, or his philosophical works, he will speak with equal clearness and sincerity of what is accomplished and of what is yet lacking. When his fifteen years' efforts to elucidate his view of the relation in which Art stands to Life were approaching completion, and he was finishing *What is Art?* he remarked to the present writer that he felt to blame for having spent so much time and effort on a work which would be read only by well-to-do and leisured people, on whom too much attention is already lavished. "It is not a book that can reach the people."

I replied that at least it gave me and others like me the clew to a perplexing question with reference to which we had been much at sea, and that that was a great service to us, and made it possible to feel and act as we could not have done without such assistance.

Yes, he quite agreed. It was just what he hoped to accomplish; but the fact remained that he had allowed himself to devote much labour to what was, at best, but a secondary, not a primary, service of those who most lack aid.

Tolstoy does not seem to be depressed by such reflections. He wishes to see and state things as they are. Another in his place might have emphasised the indirect benefit to the labouring classes that may result from an exposure of the worthless and harmful nature of much that is called "art," and on which, at present, an enormous amount of human labour is wasted. But Tolstoy always considers the *sequence*. What is the *first* and most direct duty? is an ever-present question with him.

With regard to his own life—living as he does with his own family, who are comparatively well off—he has, of course, a room, food and clothes, etc., provided for him. And he does not satisfy himself with the thought that his clothes are of the plainest and cheapest; that he is a strict vegetarian, avoiding butter, milk and eggs as well as all expensive food, all intoxicants, and even such stimulants as tea and coffee; that his room has only the plainest old furniture, and that he uses as little money as possible. No! he says plainly that he cannot justify this way of life. To allow things to be provided for one by the use of money is not right. Circumstances—family ties—have led him into a position which gives him leisure to write books, and he hopes these books do good. But to say, as he does, "I could not see my way to act otherwise—it came naturally to me to act so," is one thing—it is an explanation; but it does not pretend to be a justification. When all is said and done we are "unprofitable servants."

This, indeed, is the frame of mind to which Tolstoy's view of life inevitably tends to bring every sincere man who accepts it. Ways of life, occupations, customs and beliefs generally approved by society are analysed, and shown to be based on selfishness, credulity or stupidity. Arriving at these conclusions of the intellect, however, though they may modify our feelings and influence our life, does not abolish those defects or that nature in us which made the former occupations, customs, beliefs, etc., possible. What we shall do, or even what we *can* do in the future, depends very largely on what we have done in the past. Finite and imperfect beings cannot act perfectly, and if they could they would be out of place in a world in which not *perfection* but *progress* is man's normal condition.

All this follows inevitably from the belief that the human race has progressed, is progressing and should progress. We must not advance at random, or mechanically, but must just discern some aim ahead of our present practice. Self-satisfaction produces stagnation. The publican who feels himself to be a sinner is more capable of improvement than the contented pharisee.

To have discerned and to compel others to recognise defects in social, political, national and religious conventions which we are in danger of regarding as sacrosanct is one of the greatest services Tolstoy has performed for his generation. And nowhere has he done this more powerfully and effectively than in his last novel, *Resurrection*. It reminds one of Socrates, who told his judges that he was a gadfly stinging that lazy horse, the

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Athenian people, into action! Humanity must be up and doing—ever approaching a step nearer to the ideal of being "perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect."

The story of the production of *Resurrection* is marked all through with traces of the struggle between what could be done and what ideally should be done.

When his legal friend, Kóni, gave Tolstoy an outline of the story as it occurred in real life, Tolstoy at once perceived its value as framework for a novel; but he had much other work on hand that seemed more important. His artistic nature, long deprived of free and full scope, drew him on to write the novel, and he knew how many readers can be reached by a novel who can be touched by no other book-work; but there was the other work to do, and it seemed to him of more serious importance. *What is Art?* was not then written; *The Christian Teaching* was not finished (indeed, it never has been finished, and was eventually printed in England, in English and in Russian, in a somewhat incomplete condition). He has long wished to write on education, a subject on which prevailing opinions and customs seem to him terribly in need of sweeping reform. A clear, short work on philosophy: one which should put the best human thoughts on life, death, matter, spirit, goodness, destiny, faith and credulity so simply that they might be grasped by any intelligent cabman, was another of the many tasks he had in contemplation. A thousand and one projects teemed in his fertile brain, and the novel had to struggle for existence with many a project that his conscience more fully approved of.

The result was that the novel got itself written with difficulty, again and again being put aside for other work. We may be quite sure that this struggle was not without influence on the writer and on what he wrote. It was this desire to render the utmost service of which he was capable that made even the novel, of which he only partly approved, what it is—a most powerful piece of propaganda. As W. T. Stead says: "It is gravid with all Count Tolstoy's distinctive teaching. It is a kind of shrapnel-shell of a novel. The novel is but the containing case. The genius of the author is the explosive force, which scatters its doctrines like the closely packed bullets among the enemy." What subjects of vital interest to the forward movement of humanity does it not touch upon? and which of them does it fail to set in a fresh light, almost compelling the reader to share the author's feeling? Non-resistance and the employment of violence among men, government and legality, the sex question, militarism, capital punishment, prisons, luxury, class distinctions, officialism, church superstition, vegetarianism, socialism, the land question, anarchism, nihilism, and Christianity, real and spurious—all come under survey, and the author's feeling about each is passed on to the reader as only an artist of first-rate power could pass it on.

When the story had been written in the rough it was laid aside unfinished, and with little apparent chance of ever being finished. Tolstoy had resolved to spend no more time on it, and not to allow it to be published during his lifetime. But "there is a destiny that shapes our ends," and things occurred which altered this resolution.

In the Caucasus the persecution of the Doukhobórs for refusing military service broke out with fury in the year 1895. In one district of 4000 Doukhobórs as many as 1000 perished within three years, owing to want, exposure, anxiety and unhealthy conditions, caused by their being driven from their homes and placed in localities where it was impossible for them to find sufficient work, or means of livelihood. At last, in 1898, permission was granted them to emigrate. The conditions were, that those who had been called upon to serve in the army must remain, as well as the leaders and others (about one hundred and ten in all) who had been exiled to Siberia. The rest might go, at their own expense (after being in many cases completely ruined), and if any of them ever returned they were to be exiled to distant parts of the empire.

The conditions were rigorous enough, but at least they made it possible to save the lives of these people—men, women and children—who could not be kept alive in the conditions in which they were then living.

Once again Tolstoy was drawn by two different tendencies. He had long before considered the economic enigmas of our social system, and had made up his mind

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definitely that it is a gigantic delusion to suppose that we do good by sucking up money in rent, interest or profits, and then pouring it out again in charities. We are in such a case only "making pipes of ourselves"; we take the money from people who want it and who perhaps know how to use it better than we do; we hamper ourselves, and consume our own time and energy in first collecting and then disbursing it, and finally we often distribute it unwisely, and the results are never what we expect them to be. So that the wise course is to tread in the footsteps of Buddha, Socrates or Jesus—be as little absorbed by or encumbered with money as possible. A man's service to his fellows consists in what he himself does, not in what he bribes other people to do. Indeed, he serves others far better by offering them advice and good example, and then leaving them free to act, than he can ever do by seeking to control their activities by the inducement or the constraint of money.

This was no merely abstract theory—it was the line of life which he had definitely adopted. When people demanded money of him, he could usually reply with perfect truth, "I have no money." But now thousands of poor peasants were starving and dying because they were faithful to principles of non-resistance which he entirely shared. They were almost friendless, or at any rate they had no other friend so well able to help them as he was—and he all the time was eating his regular three meals a day while they were starving. An almost similar problem had faced him at the time of the famine in 1891 and 1892. Europe and America have rung with praises of the work he then did in organising relief in the famine districts. Contributions flowed to him from all sides. He worked indefatigably and admirably. And—it is entirely characteristic of the man—he does not approve of what he did, and is sure that the handling of money in order to make other people work as he wishes them to is not a worthy activity in which to spend his time. "I cannot get away from the conclusion. If I believed that money does good, I ought to alter my whole way of life and go back to money-making," says Tolstoy.

Now, however, as in 1891, his feelings were too strong for his intellectual conclusions.

He had, from 1895 onward, written in strong condemnation of the persecution, thus giving publicity to facts which the Russian government was most anxious to conceal, and no reference to which was permitted in the Russian press; and now, not without hesitation and some remorse, he resolved to allow the publication of *Resurrection,* in order that the profits might be used to assist the Doukhobórs.

The work was sold to Marx, the editor of an illustrated Petersburg weekly paper, for a sum of money to be paid in advance. But fresh perplexities awaited the author. He had for twenty years past refused to work for pay, and had announced that he wished to retain no copyright in anything he wrote—it was all, when once published, to be free to whoever liked to use it. He had, moreover, always strenuously avoided working against time—that is, being obliged to have a certain quantity of copy ready corrected by a certain date. Now everything that he disliked and wished to avoid befell him. There were many claimants for the privilege of producing the work, and to select between them without giving offence was no easy matter. Even after Marx had secured the prize there were vexatious problems to be faced. The work was not to be copyrighted in Russia, the freedom promised to any one to reproduce the Russian original of Tolstoy's works after they were once published was to be respected; but Marx was paying money, and wanted to know precisely what he was to have for his money. He would give Rs.30,000 if he might have the sole rights for even a few weeks after serial publication ended, or he would give Rs. 12,000 only, if he was merely to have the opportunity of first publication in serial form. Tolstoy, after hesitating, decided to take the smaller amount. But unforeseen troubles were in store. Other editors began to reprint the weekly instalments directly Marx published them. Marx protested that he had expected to remain in undisturbed possession of the work at least until it was completed. Tolstoy was persuaded to write an open letter appealing to the good feeling of the other editors to abstain from reprinting the story before its completion. They ac-

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ceded to his request, but the difficulties and complications were far from ending there. There were, of course, the usual troubles with the press censor in St. Petersburg. Whatever was likely to impair the authority of Church or State, and whatever else might seem objectionable to the official whose duty it was to revise the book, had to be omitted. Naturally, Part III., in which the treatment of the prisoners on their way to Siberia and in Siberia is described, suffered most. But all through the book whole chapters, as well as parts of chapters and many stray sentences here and there, fell under the strokes of the executioner with the blue pencil.

In Part I., of Chapters 39 and 40, only the words: "The church service began," were left, and the whole of Chapter 13, describing the effect of army life, disappeared. In Part II., Chapter 27, describing the visit to Toporóff, the head of the Holy Synod, had, of course, to be struck out; indeed, had the book been by almost any one but Tolstoy, such a life-like portrait of the arch-persecutor Pobedonóstseff would probably have caused the suppression of the book and the arrest of its author. Among the other chapters that suffered heavily in Part II. were Chapter 19, the general in charge of the prison in Petersburg; Chapter 30, the classification of criminals, and Chapter 38, the starting of the convict train from Moscow.

On the whole, Russian readers wonder that the book got through the censor's hands as well as it did. It surely deserved the honour of being burned at least as much as those previous works by the same author which received that mark of attention from a paternal government. But, though nothing better could have been expected, it can never be a pleasure to watch the gradual mutilation of the latest offspring of one's brain, especially when one knows that the same process will be repeated in other countries, not to please an autocratic government, but simply to suit the taste of a public who want the story the novelist has to tell, but do not want the message the prophet is bent on delivering.

M. Wysewa, for instance, who has an admirable command of the French language, not content with polishing Tolstoy's simple and direct style into exquisitely flowing book-language, omits the description of the church service in order to conciliate the Catholics, and leaves out what Tolstoy says about the army, lest it should alienate the sympathy of the anti-Dreyfusites.

Tolstoy's translators have, indeed, in the past been guilty of many things, both wilfully and involuntarily. As an instance of the latter class of delinquencies one recalls the German translation of *Anna Karénina,* which altered the motto of the book from: "Vengeance is mine—I will repay," into, "Revenge is sweet—I play the ace!" And an American version of one of Tolstoy's philosophical works repeatedly converts the Russian double negative into an English affirmative, thus making Tolstoy affirm precisely what he wished to deny!

But besides the Russian censor and the foreign translators, there are the editors and publishers to be reckoned with before those dangerous explosives—the thoughts of Tolstoy—can reach the public, who might be harmed by them.

As an instance of what publishers can do, take the following case: The *Echo de Paris,* in which *Resurrection* appeared, received letters from some of its readers complaining that Nekhlúdoff did not occupy himself sufficiently with Katúsha. There was, they said, not enough love story in the book. The editor thereupon —knowing that his business was to cater for his public and to supply what they wanted—omitted the next instalment and hurried on to a scene in which Nekhlúdoff again occupied himself with Katúsha, though, it is to be feared, not quite in the manner desired.

What happened in America with the serial publication of the work is too well known to need special mention. Tolstoy's point of view on the sex question, and the opinion which is dominant and blatant in many religious circles of the English-speaking world, are wide as the poles asunder. Both disapprove of and would discourage what is lewd and sensual, but the method too often followed among us is to seek to inflict penalties on those of whose actions we disapprove, and to fine, punish or imprison them, while we abandon all consideration and discussion of sex questions to those who approach the subject for pleasure or for gain. Tolstoy would leave penalties to be inflicted by "Him that hath no sin," but would ex-

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press his opinions and feelings as simply, freely and fully on this as on any other subject, hoping to convert or to influence those whom he would never consent to coerce.

When the publication of *Resurrection* was once decided on, Tolstoy set eagerly to work revising it. And the revision amounted to completely rewriting the book, and rewriting parts of it several times over. So greatly did he lengthen the work that (in spite of the damage done by the censor) Marx voluntarily added another Rs.10,000 to the payment of Rs. 12,000 which he had made in advance.

Tolstoy was never satisfied. Whenever proofs reached him, fresh and ever fresh, corrections and alterations had to be made; so that the translators abroad were unable to receive the final version of some chapters till they were already published in Petersburg. This increased the danger of unauthorised versions appearing, which would contribute nothing to the cause which had spurred Tolstoy on to allow the book to be produced.

So exacting was he to his work, and so prolific in corrections, that on several occasions even after the "final" version had come to hand, been translated, and even set up in type, a fresh and yet more finally final version of the chapter would arrive, and the translator's and type-setter's work had to be done over again.

A couple of years ago, Tolstoy mentioned in a private letter, that whereas in earlier life, when he still sold his works in the usual manner, the publication of each new work afforded him pleasure, now, when he wishes to do better and refuses to receive pay for his work, he finds that the publication of each new book involves him in much perplexity and trouble, many people are displeased with him, and instead of being a pleasure publication has become a pain.

His experience with *Resurrection* has been even more painful than usual. Tolstoy's great desire is to live at peace with all men, to do nothing that may create anger and ill-will, but, on the contrary, to serve others and to bring them into harmony with himself and with one another. But if merely abjuring the beaten track, and preferring to give rather than to sell his works involved him in trouble, the case has been far worse now that he has allowed his sympathy for the persecuted Doukhobórs to cause him to swerve from the direction he had taken—a direction to which those about him had begun to adapt themselves.

Busy with his work, and quite out of touch with commercial ways of thought and action, Tolstoy had to intrust the foreign (non-Russian) editions of his work to others, and if the difficulties in Russia were great, abroad they were greater. In Germany a quarrel broke out owing to the fact that Marx was supplying some newspapers while others were receiving copy from Tolstoy's representative in England. And each side urgently demanded that Tolstoy should support them and repudiate the other. In America the serial publication in the *Cosmopolitan* broke down, and at one time there was danger of legal proceedings between the editor of that paper and the agent employed by Tolstoy's English representative.

However, at last the work was published, and published in an unmutilated form. Nothing was omitted in the English translation. In Germany the work had a great success and quickly ran through a dozen editions. A second (and this time a complete) French translation, by Halperine Kanúnsky, was prepared. The complete Russian text was published both in England and in Germany.

The book has appeared even in the Swedish and Slovak languages, and whatever difficulties arose anywhere were smoothed over by the feeling that it would not do to go to law over a book of Tolstoy's. Everybody knew that Tolstoy was doing his best, and was acting unselfishly, and whether they agreed as to the expediency of his course or not, they put up with it.

As showing Tolstoy's own state of mind at different times, the following extracts from his letters may be of interest.

On the 24th of January, 1899, when the work had been sold to Marx and the question of allowing or not allowing any copyright in Russia or elsewhere was being discussed, he said in a letter to the present writer: "In this whole business there is something indefinite, confused and *seemingly* discordant with the principles we profess. Sometimes—in bad moments—this acts on me, too, and I wish

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to get rid of the affair as quickly as I can, but when I am in a good, serious frame of mind I am even glad of the unpleasantness bound up with it. I know that my motives were, if not good, at least quite innocent; and therefore if in men's eyes it makes me appear inconsistent, or even something still worse, it is all good for me, teaching me to act quite independently of men's judgment, and in accord only with conscience. One should prize such experiences. They are rare and very useful."

When the work was drawing toward its close, and he was fagged out with the distasteful task of having to correct the weekly instalment by a fixed date, and he was approaching the very severe illness that showed itself in an acute attack on the 24th of December last, he wrote to another friend: "I am much absorbed in my work. And, regularly, as soon as I see the proof-sheets from Marx I feel sick and have pain. . . . I am so occupied with writing the book that I spend my whole strength on it. Other movements of the soul go on within me; and, thank God, I see the light, and see it more and more. More and more often I feel myself not the master of my life, but a labourer. . . ."

When the work was at last finished, he wrote on the 27th December, 1899: "All that money business that I undertook, and of which I now repent, has been so tormentingly painful that now when it is over I have decided to have nothing more to do with the matter, but to return to my former attitude toward the publication of my writings—that is, while letting others do as they please with them, to stand quite aside from the business myself."

While quoting from Tolstoy's recent letters, I should like to mention the frequent and reckless misstatements that have appeared about him of late in the press. Tolstoy was very ill—at death's door, in fact—last December, and this was correctly reported in the papers, but they have frequently credited him with serious illnesses from which he never suffered, have made the Emperor consult him about his peace proposals and pay him a friendly visit which never took place. Then, after passing an imaginary sentence of banishment upon him, they proceeded to make him a pro-Boer, eager for Boer victories. When this was pointed out to Tolstoy he replied, on the 8th February, this year:

> Of course, I could not have said, and did not say, what is attributed to me. What really took place was this: A newspaper correspondent came to me as an author wishing to present me with a copy of his book. In answering a question of his as to my attitude toward the war, I mentioned that I had been shocked during my illness to catch myself wishing to find news of Boer successes, and that I was therefore glad to have an opportunity, in a letter to V., to express my real relation to the matter, which is that I cannot sympathise with any military achievements, not even with a David opposed to ten Goliaths; but that I sympathise only with those who destroy the cause, the prestige of gold, of wealth, of military glory, and, above all, the cause of all the evil, the prestige of patriotism, with its pseudo-justification of the murder of our brother men."

and added: "I do not think it is worth while replying to opinions falsely attributed to me in the papers. 'You can't salute every one that sneezes'" [a Russian proverb]. "For instance, I have lately received letters from America, in some of which I am reproached and in others praised for having repudiated all my convictions. Is it worth replying when to-morrow twenty more such items may be produced to fill up the columns of the newspapers and the pockets of the editors? However, do as you like about it."

But is Tolstoy satisfied with *Resurrection* now that it is completed?

Not altogether. In *What is Art?* he has shown us how necessary it is to view every work of art in two aspects: considering it in relation to (1) Form, and to (2) Subject-matter.

Resurrection deals undoubtedly with feelings deeply experienced by the author, and re-evoked by him in order to infect others and cause them to share these feelings with him and with each other. In reply to the question, Does it infect us?—is the form such as to produce the intended effect?—I feel no hesitation in replying for myself that it does. But its intention is to influence as many people as possible, and to influence them as much as possible; to what *extent* does it succeed in this attempt?

Granting that it has all the signs of genuine art—that it is sincere, and pos-

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sesses both individuality and clearness—how far does it reach? A dozen versions have appeared already, and more are coming; tens of thousands of copies have ben sold already, but will it reach the *people?* Will it, like that ancient Egyptian novel, the story of Joseph, pass from age to age, reaching rich and poor, young and old, learned and simple? No, we must admit that to a certain extent it is "exclusive" art. Art not confined to, but chiefly suited to, leisured and cultured people, to whom a novel of over five hundred pages is not a heavy burden. Compared with other novels, especially compared to Tolstoy's former novels, and allowing for the tremendous amount of matter in it, it is not lacking in compression. The indictment against it is one which well-nigh all novels must share, but to some extent it is no doubt weighted with superfluous details, and is lacking in that simplicity, brevity and compression essential to the form of any story that aims at becoming "universal art."

On the 29th of December Tolstoy wrote: ". . . the day before yesterday I sent off the last chapters of *Resurrection;* I am dissatisfied with them, but feel that that task is ended, and with joy and hope I waver in the choice of my next work."

Some readers complain that the hero, Nekhlúdoff, did not achieve tangible results—did not reform society, found a colony, influence the Tsar, or do something that the newspapers would take notice of. But Tolstoy is describing life as he has seen and known it. He perceives that the principles of Jesus condemn the Prince of this World, and that society as we know it is as certainly doomed to pass away as was imperial Rome and the slave-world of two thousand years ago. But he knows, too, by experience, that for men to be willing co-workers with Jesus in establishing a better order of society, the first condition must be a re-birth, a change of the inner man. We must learn to see things as they are; to discern good from evil; to distinguish the real from the apparent, and to know the true purpose of human life. External changes in the form and structure of society will (as they always have done) follow and depend upon the *character* of the men who form the society.

We live in a time of transition, when men hardly know in which direction they wish to advance. Some believe in imperialism and the reign of force, a few believe in non-resistance and the brotherhood of man. Some in the divine right of kings, others in the divine right of majorities and the infallibility of the odd voter; a few believe in "the inner voice" of reason and conscience.

It would be untrue to life—untrue to the experience of such a man even as Tolstoy himself—to represent the resurrection to a new purpose and meaning in life, as producing large and immediate external results other than that the individual when re-born seeks to leave the path of evil and choose the good. Those who want quick returns and visible advantages must deal with the surface of events and shun fundamental problems. The mills of God grind slowly. As well demand of a plant that has felt the approach of Spring and begun to bud that it should plant a garden as demand of a man who, touched by the spirit of truth and love, is turning his back upon an evil past, that he should reorganise society.

As to subject-matter, the book will stand any test that can be applied. It belongs both to "universal" and to "religious" art, especially to the latter and higher branch of art. That is to say, again and again Tolstoy evokes feelings in us which remind us that we are all of one spirit, sons of one Father, and again, even more frequently, he awakens sentiments which have slumbered in the depths of our nature, so that we hardly knew we possessed them, and impels us to take purer and less selfish views of our relation, one to another, and of the purpose of our life than we took before.

Aylmer Maude.

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THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

An army marching through an enemy's country very often finds it necessary to cross a river which is too deep to be forded at a place where there is no bridge. In that case it becomes necessary to build a bridge across the river. The first, and, in one sense, the most important duty of the engineer is to estimate accurately the width of the stream; for if it should turn out that he has prepared an insufficient number of pontoons or of trestles, the work will be interrupted at a critical moment and may have to be done all over again.

When a government is about to enter into a war, its most important duty, the function the correct performance of which is apt to govern the whole course of the subsequent events consists in rightly estimating the character and the magnitude of the conflict. This is not a mere matter of detail, which can be entrusted to a military intelligence department. A military department, if properly organised, will, no doubt, be able to furnish trustworthy figures, showing the numbers, the armament, the training and the distribution of the enemy's forces—matters with regard to which it is always desirable to be well informed. But the character of a war is not primarily a military question; it depends upon the quality of the two States engaged in the dispute and upon the nature of the quarrel. There have been many wars in which neither party was very deeply interested, and in which one side or the other was ready to make terms after moderate exertions and an almost homœopathic dose of defeat. In the eighteenth century, after the collapse of the aggressive policy of Louis the Fourteenth, most of the European wars had this modest character. Each government maintained a small army of professional soldiers, which absorbed a large part of a never extravagant revenue, and it would have been thought the height of rashness to use this carefully prepared military instrument with such violence as to risk breaking it. Frederick the Great, indeed, having to fight several enemies at once, found himself engaged in a struggle for existence, so that he had to use up an army which was larger in proportion than that of any of his neighbours; he was able to come out successful only because none of his neighbours were willing to run similar risks and to stake political existence upon the issue of the quarrel. The French, after their Revolution, thought, perhaps rightly, that their national existence was threatened by the monarchies around them, and when they were attacked by the old-fashioned professional armies of their neighbours, replied by calling their whole nation to arms. After a few years of practice had made them soldiers and their impatience of defeat had led them to cashier generals until a competent leader was found, they were able to destroy one after another all the Continental armies of the old style. The peril to their nation had brought them to look upon war under its elementary aspect of a struggle for national existence in which each side must crush or be crushed, but the desperate energy developed by them ultimately compelled the other nations to arm themselves on the same scale. Accordingly, the wars of the Empire appeared, in comparison to the wars of the eighteenth century, like a struggle between Titans.

After the peace of 1815 the European nations wanted peace, and the conditions of war were forgotten. Colonial expeditions, like those of the French in Algeria and like most of the British expeditions in India, were enterprises in which a great power incurred no very great risk, and even undertakings like Napoleon's campaign in 1859 in Italy and the Anglo-French expedition to the Crimea bore all the marks of wars undertaken on the principle of limited liability. The Franco-German War revived the elementary truth that war may upon occasion be a struggle for existence.

During the years of peace one professional soldier, Clausewitz, the favourite pupil of Prussia's great military teacher, Scharnhorst, gave his time almost wholly to working out the natural history of war. He came to the conclusion that the true measure of the violence of a war, of the energy which a nation will devote to it, is to be found in the degree to which a population is stirred by the cause of the

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quarrel; that where the deep feelings of a whole nation are excited by a dispute with another nation, the nation so stirred will throw its whole energies, its whole resources, the lives and the goods of its citizens, into the conflict, and will employ the best intelligence in the direction of the operations, so that plans commensurate with the greatness of the issues at stake will be devised and put into execution.

There can be no doubt that the diagnosis of Clausewitz was sound. He died in 1831, but the history of the wars which have taken place since then shows that he had plumbed the depths of his subject, and that for a truly national cause a population will make exertions and sacrifices which, in behalf of an accidental or a trivial purpose, no government could extract from it. Every community will fight to the death for its own conception of national life. I am inclined to think that an addition may be made to the doctrine of the Prussian analyst of war. The half-hearted, indecisive wars in which neither side is thoroughly beaten, and which usually end with a peace that settles nothing, are, as a rule, due to the bunglings and the misunderstandings of incompetent statesmen. But the great wars which are fought out, which end in the settlement of the disputes out of which they arise, and which mark the progress of the world, take their origin from conditions of slow growth, bringing about incompatibilities which cannot be reconciled by compromise or by concession, and which develop, in spite of the efforts of statesmen and governments, until a violent explosion is inevitable. Two societies grow up side by side in close and constant contact with one another, based upon principles the one incompatible with the other, cherishing antagonistic ideals of religion, of private, social and public life, and even of right and wrong. Every effort is made to smooth over the differences, to bring harmony out of dissonance; but the incompatibilities grow and the friction increases until each side finds the development of its own life hindered and embarrassed by that of the antagonistic life with which it is associated, and sooner or later the two communities are brought into conflict, from which the only issue is the destruction of the one or the other. During this struggle the sympathies of mankind are divided, and are often preponderatingly on the side of what is the doomed cause. But after it is all over, in the next generation or the next generation but one the historian explains to an assenting world that the victorious cause was, on the whole, that of which the success was bound to contribute to the general progress of mankind.

The view of the nature of war which I have attempted to suggest can hardly be better illustrated than by a comparison between the American Civil War and the struggle which is now in progress in South Africa. Each of these conflicts had its origin in conditions of long and gradual growth, rendering an ultimate explosion inevitable. Each of them deeply affected the whole existence of the communities which found themselves in antagonism. In each case, therefore, the energy and the duration of the fighting far exceeded the expectations of most of those who might have seemed to be in a position to judge.

The origin of the American conflict must be traced back to the epoch of the foundation of the United States. At the time of the Declaration of Independence and of the original confederation the thirteen States were divided into two groups, which, in spite of a similarity of political conditions, yet inherited distinct social and economical conditions and were, above all, distinguished by the fact that in the Southern group slavery was an established institution, while in the Northern group it had no legal existence. The distinction between North and South which was thus given at the beginning seemed at first but a little rift which could be patched up by compromises. The first of these was perhaps the arrangement made in 1787 under the Confederation that the Territories in the Northwest which were in the future to become States should not have slavery as an institution. A second was the condition adopted in the new Constitution that slaves should be counted at three-fifths of their numbers in the apportionment of representatives. This provision gave to the social and economical distinction a political importance destined to grow to gigantic proportions, when a few years later industrial changes in Europe gave an unforeseen stimulus to the growth of

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the cotton trade, for which slave labour was found eminently suitable. The export of cotton was so profitable that in two generations the economical existence of the South was identified with slavery, while at the same time that of the North depended upon the industry of free workmen. The two systems were necessarily antagonistic, and a complete rupture might well have come about much sooner than it did but for circumstances which, while they intensified the magnitude of the struggle, tended to postpone its outburst.

The Southern leaders inherited a sort of political primacy in the Federal Government, and when the nation began its course of westward expansion it soon became clear that the preservation of their influence depended upon such an extension of slavery into the newly created States as would secure for its adherents at least an equality of representation in both Houses. This implied a number of slave States equal to the number of free States and a growth of the slave population sufficient to carry a large representation. The possession of Territories, some of which were secured for freedom by the Ordinance of 1787, led to the acquisition of new Territories in the Southwest suitable for the creation of new slave States. Thus, the rivalry for many years took the form of a competition between the slaveholding class of the South and the people of the free industrial North in the propagation of their own institutions in the region between the Alleghanies and the Pacific. This competition, of which the chief events were the Mexican War, the acquisition of Texas and of California, the conflicts as to the status of the negro, first in California and afterward in Kansas, became embittered, so that on both sides extreme parties arose—in the North the Abolitionists, who aimed at introducing free institutions among the coloured population in the South, and in the South the partisans of the extension of slavery to every State in the Union. The Dred-Scott decision, the Fugitive Slave law and Brown's famous raid, and perhaps, too, the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* roused the feelings of the North, with the consequence that feeling on the opposite side became equally general and acute. Matters were brought to a head in 1860 by the election of President Lincoln, who had said: "This nation cannot remain half slave and half free; it must become all one or all the other."

But though slavery was the real issue, the nature of the quarrel was veiled and obscured by a quite different question of a constitutional nature. The makers of the Constitution had been by no means agreed as to the relation between the Federal Government and the several States, and the Constitution itself was something of a compromise on this point, so that there were always two parties, the one holding that the Federal Government was supreme and the Union indissoluble, the other that each State was independent, and could cease at will to be a member of the federation. It was upon this issue that the war broke out, and it was because this aspect of the dispute was prominently put forward that so many European observers, especially in England, believing that the South was upholding the cause of independence and that slavery was not really in question, gave their sympathies to the side of secession.

The Northern democracy was, as democracies usually are, ignorant of war, and its politicians, brought up under the maxim "no foreign policy," were entirely unable to gauge the magnitude of the effort that would be required. The Southern leaders were in these respects better equipped; they formed something like an oligarchy, and were the natural leaders of a large population of dependents accustomed to arms. The class to which they belonged furnished most of the officers of the United States army, very many of whom believed that their duty was to their State rather than to the Federal Government. Accordingly, the South was comparatively well prepared for war, its troops were the first ready, and they were in the beginning better led, better organised and better armed. They had, moreover, the advantage of standing on the defensive in their own country, which was of enormous extent and peculiarly difficult of access.

The North began without organisation, without tried leaders, without any of the requisites of warfare, but they had a cause and the will to fight for it. Accordingly, the military history of the

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war shows on the side of the North the gradual formation of an enormous army, the natural selection of great leaders by the survival of the fittest in the process of supersession, and that energy and determination of which President Lincoln was the impersonation, and which in such a case is the best guarantee of ultimate success.

If Lincoln was the type of the nation, Grant in a similar way represented the army. His memoirs show that though as a young man he had been trained at West Point and fought in the Mexican War, he had not seriously grappled with the soldier's work until at the beginning of the Civil War he obeyed his country's call. He began in his first command and in his first march to learn by direct experience the business of a general. Being a man of large and simple character, he learned each lesson as it came, and before the end of the war had inscribed his name upon the list of great commanders. The Northern army, like its best-known commander, began its career with little knowledge and experience, and struggled, at first ineffectively, with new conditions, but the military student of to-day reading the war as a whole recognises in its large outlines and in all its principal operations the embodiment of that good sense or practical shrewdness which when set out systematically and developed into a theory receives the scientific name of strategy. The truth was early grasped by such leaders as Sherman and Grant that the struggle was one of those which could only be terminated by the military annihilation of the adversary, and that therefore the destruction of the enemy's armies must be the prime objective. The Southern leaders were also well aware that they were fighting for existence. Long before the close of the war they must have known that their cause was hopeless, but it was too late for them to admit it and they fought to the bitter end. When Lee's troops laid down their arms at Appomattox Court-house the war was over in a sense which can rarely be said at the close of any war. Slavery, the root of all the trouble, had disappeared during the conflict, and the right of a State to secede from the Union now vanished into limbo. The great questions were settled; slavery and secession were dead, and could never again trouble the American nation. No doubt new questions were left, the legacies of those that were buried, but they were new issues carrying on the nation to new stages of a sound and natural growth.

The South African conflict closely resembles in many of its features that which has just been reviewed. The disagreements between the Dutch and British settlers in South Africa may be said to date back from the time before there were any British settlers at all, for the Cape Boers under the Dutch government were perpetual malcontents and persistent insurgents. When the settlement passed into the hands of the British, at a time when France at war with Great Britain was in possession of Holland, the Cape of Good Hope was of purely strategical importance. The colony was perhaps as well governed as colonies in those days before the telegraph usually could be, but the Boers were no better contented with the British than they had been with their Dutch governors. What thoroughly incensed them was the advent of ideas which have since transformed the British and American world, especially the idea of freedom for all men alike, irrespective of race and colour. The abolition of slavery wounded the deepest feelings of the Cape Dutch, and at the same time touched their pockets, for by some administrative bungle they were badly treated in the matter of compensation. Next came the British missionaries, who outraged the feelings of the Boers by insisting on treating the Kaffir as a human being and by setting up an arbitrary distinction between black men and cattle. When to these indignities was added the audacious demand of the government that the taxes should be paid, many of the Boers found life under British rule intolerable; so, like the Mormons, they trekked out into the wilderness, seeking new homes where the tax-collector could never come and where every man could "wallop his own nigger." They were still British subjects and remained under British jurisdiction, at least in theory and in law, but it was in those days practically impossible for any jurisdiction to be enforced north of the Orange River. During the first half of this century a small number of Englishmen settled on the

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fringes of South Africa and lived apparently in amity with their Dutch neighbours. Owing to peculiar local conditions these colonies on the South African coast involuntarily caused the British Government enormous anxiety, trouble and expense, for while Dutch and English had been touching the southern edge of the continent there was a great native migration going on within. Many tribes of Kaffir warriors moved down from the centre of the continent toward its southern end, and as the tide flowed slowly but steadily onward they came into contact with the European settlers. Against the hordes of these splendid warriors the settlers, though, as a rule, they fought well, were helpless without assistance, and the British Government was compelled to send expedition after expedition to defend the new settlements against these intruders. As the natives pushed on and were driven back the British territory advanced, and it is only the simple truth to say that the British arms and the British arms alone have rendered possible the existence of white communities in the country between the Zambesi and the Cape.

In the fifties the British-speaking world was full of ideas of peace, of self-government, of "no foreign policy," and of letting colonies shift for themselves, a course which very young colonies are never anxious to adopt. The Boers who trekked north of the Orange River and of the Vaal were very inaccessible, and to manage their affairs seemed to the British Government of those days to be a great deal more trouble than it was worth. Accordingly, the British Government decided to wash its hands of these communities. The Boers between the Orange River and the Vaal, who after friction and fighting had become well pleased with British administration, were told that they must become independent, and were formed into the Orange Free State. The Boers north of the Vaal received a convention giving them the management of their own affairs subject to certain conditions. The Free State was fairly prosperous, and lived on the best of terms with the British Government for nearly half a century. The Transvaal Boers failed to create a working administration, partly because of their inherent dislike to the payment of taxes, without which even a Boer government becomes insolvent. They were, moreover, indignant with Great Britain because Great Britain had insisted on establishing its authority in Natal, where they had been the pioneers of settlement. Matters came to a crisis in the period of Beaconsfield's ministry, when the Transvaal Government, into which had been consolidated a number of bankrupt and quarrelling parishes, came to an administrative breakdown and a financial collapse. The British resident, apparently with the concurrence of all concerned, annexed the Transvaal, which was just then threatened by an invasion of the great Kaffir tribes, especially the Zulus. After the annexation the British Government took the Zulus in hand and broke their fighting power. Then when the danger was over the Transvaal Boers, who had been irritated by administrative blunders and delays, came to the conclusion that they preferred to be independent. This was refused by Mr. Gladstone, who had meantime taken office, and the malcontents revolted. There were only a handful of British troops in the country and in the neighbourhood, and it was easy for the Boers to get the better of them. A small army was sent out from Great Britain and prepared to invade the country, but before it came into collision with the Boer forces Mr. Gladstone changed his mind and agreed to give the Transvaal the independence for which the malcontents asked. Mr. Gladstone persuaded himself and half the world that he had made a magnanimous concession. The Boers thought that they had won their independence with their own right arms.

During the middle portion of the century Great Britain had organised the government of her South African colonies on a liberal basis of free institutions. In the Cape Colony, where the majority of the white population was of Dutch extraction, the Dutch language had been given legal equality with the English. Parliamentary government based on a wide franchise, to which not only the Dutch but a number of the coloured natives were admitted, was gradually introduced, and the same system was in due time adopted for Natal. It was supposed that the Boer States would

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develop their institutions on a similar basis, but the convention which Mr. Gladstone granted in 1881 had in the circumstances an effect in South Africa which had not been contemplated at home. The concession of independence to the Transvaal after the British had been defeated in one or two skirmishes and before their army had been engaged was there universally regarded as a surrender. The British settlers felt that they had received a slap in the face while the Dutch had had a pat on the back. Immediately the consciousness of national distinctions was revived. The Transvaal Boers having been so easily granted the right of managing their own affairs began to ask for more, and Mr. Gladstone, much more concerned with the popular vote in England than with the realities of South African life, consented to revise the convention by omitting the explicit assertion of the Queen's suzerainty and certain other obnoxious stipulations, though he retained the right of the British Government to control the treaty-making power of the Transvaal and to interfere in regard to the treatment of natives. This was in 1884. Soon afterward came the discoveries of gold and the rush of miners, on the first sign of which the Transvaal Volksraad modified the laws regulating the franchise in such a way as practically to exclude the new settlers from all political rights.

There were now face to face throughout South Africa two irreconcilable sets of ideals. On the one hand was the conception, embodied in the constitutions of the British colonies, of South African States in which all dwellers of European origin should have equal political rights, while the natives should have a status of assured personal liberty, though no doubt of social and political inferiority. On the other hand was the conception of a Dutch State in which political rights should be confined to persons of Dutch descent or who could be assimilated by a Dutch community, and in which the Dutch language alone should have legal recognition. The latter conception was realised in the Transvaal. In the course of a few years the white residents in the Transvaal of other than Dutch origin became more numerous than the Dutch burghers, but the franchise law kept them in the status of aliens or uitlanders, and as they were forbidden to carry arms while every Boer burgher carried and practised with a rifle, they were unable to exercise any influence upon the government of the State.

Socially and industrially the country from Cape Town to Salisbury is one and undivided. Its conditions of life and work are the same, the population is everywhere similar, the great majority being Kaffirs and the white population being partly Dutch and partly British. That being the case, the political and social condition of the Transvaal could not but deeply affect the neighbouring colonies. In the Cape Colony the Parliament was elected by the whole white population, and at the last election contained a Dutch majority. The Transvaal was entirely in the hands of a Dutch minority, and the British residents counted for little more than so many Kaffirs, yet the whole of the industry of the country was carried on by the Uitlanders, by whom also the bulk of the taxes were paid. It could not be but that the British, whether within or without the Transvaal, deeply resented this state of things, and that the Dutch population outside the Transvaal should cherish the idea of such a transformation as would give them the same predominance as was enjoyed by their kinsmen in the South African Republic. The feelings of both sides were strong, and some form of violent explosion was probably inevitable. The British Government, always anxious to avoid strong action and to put off disagreeable discussion, appeared to be indifferent. The adherents of the British side in South Africa despaired of obtaining a solution by the action of the home government, and that despair found its expression in the abortive rising in Johannesburg and its accompaniment the Jameson raid. The raid was an act of mad folly, at once a blunder and a crime. It had a double effect, for while it stimulated the antagonism in South Africa and naturally increased the animosity of the Transvaal Boers toward the British Government, it caused the public in Great Britain for the first time to occupy itself seriously with the South African problem. But the British Government, which was as much taken by surprise as the public at large, found itself greatly embarrassed in its

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subsequent action by the fact that a crime had been committed on behalf of the cause from which Great Britain could not dissociate herself.

After the raid the Transvaal Government in its correspondence with the British Government asserted that the Transvaal was an independent and sovereign state, an assertion which of course is inconsistent with the stipulation of the convention of 1884, which gives the Queen a right to veto any treaty made by the Transvaal. A correspondence regarding the status of the Uitlanders and the Transvaal franchise law was inevitable.

If Great Britain should recognise the sovereignty of the Transvaal and should abandon the Uitlanders, she must prepare to lose her South African colonies and perhaps other colonies besides, for every British resident in South Africa now felt that the cause of the Uitlanders was that of himself and his kith and kin and that of the British authority; no one could doubt that the success of the Transvaal, in the assertion of its sovereignty and the maintenance of its franchise law, would make the British despair of their ideal and lead them to join the Dutch in revolt against Great Britain and in the creation of an Afrikander South African State or group of States. This, in view of its possible results upon the relations between Great Britain and the rest of her empire, it seemed the duty of British statesmen to prevent. Some thought from the beginning that it could be prevented only by a war and by the annexation of the Transvaal. The British ministry thought otherwise, and felt so confident that the whole matter could be settled by friendly discussion that they made little or no preparation for a fight. The Transvaal Boers saw that their independence as they conceived it was at stake; for if they enfranchised the Uitlanders, they themselves would cease to be the governing class, and if they should resist the enfranchisement and bring on a war, the probability was that Great Britain in case of success would annex the country. But they were determined to fight for their right to govern themselves and their Uitlanders in their own way. The Jameson raid had enabled them to make propaganda among the Dutch of the Free State and the colony, and they counted upon a racial war in which they would have either the sympathy or the active assistance of the bulk of the Dutch population, of whom the great majority are farmers accustomed to a life resembling that of a campaign and to the use of arms.

The situation at the beginning of last year had thus many resemblances to that of the United States in 1860. There were two rival systems—that of the Boers, which meant the exclusion from political rights of all but themselves, and that of the British, which meant equal political rights for Boer, for British and for every other settler. These two systems could not continue to divide South Africa between them, it was inevitable that the whole region should be pervaded by the one or the other. Great Britain is fighting in the cause of personal freedom, as was the North in the Civil War, and the Boers are fighting for independence in the same sense in which in the Civil War the Southern States may be said to have upheld that cause.

If the view of war with which I set out be sound, it was to be expected that a quarrel of such gradual growth turning upon ideals which to both sides are so deeply rooted in all their past traditions would be fought out with the utmost energy. The Boers, like the Confederate States, were ready first, and fighting in country familiar to them, of great extent and with poor communications, have made a stubborn resistance. But, like the Confederates, they have underestimated the determination of the adversary with whom they have to deal. They have failed to grasp that the British cause is as vital to Great Britain as their own cause to themselves, and that therefore the energy and the resources of the British Empire will be placed without stint at the disposal of its generals until the war has been finished.

At the commencement of the war the British statesmen who had charge of it were no better qualified for the conduct of military operations on a great scale than was Mr. Lincoln's cabinet when he took office, and it may be doubted whether the British ministry contains any man so capable of learning as he goes along as was the American statesman. But the whole British nation, which term includes the population of the great colonies, is practically resolved and united, at least as much so as were

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the Northern States in 1861. The few who dissent from the national policy at the present moment count for no more, and would probably count for less, than the Copperheads of the early sixties.

The American reader may smile at the comparison which has here, perhaps too elaborately, been drawn out, because it is, of course, absurd to compare the Boer republics, which have between them only the population of a moderate-sized town, with the Confederate States. The Boers can hardly continue for more than a few months to carry on the contest by the employment of armies in the field or by the defence of positions. How far they may be able to postpone their submission by turning their burghers into guerrillas is an interesting problem for military observers, but one upon which it would be rash to pronounce a dogmatic opinion. I am inclined to the supposition that guerrilla warfare, except as an accompaniment to the operation of field armies, can neither be long maintained nor produce serious results.

There is, however, one analogy between the two conflicts which, in writing for an American magazine, I am unwilling to pass over in silence. The true nature of the American Civil War was, as I have said, veiled from many outside observers by the nominal issues over which it broke out, and to this cause I attribute the wrong direction which at that time was given to the sympathies of too many of my countrymen. It was perhaps a misfortune that at that time it should have been easy to confuse the issues so that some should have thought that the South was fighting for freedom, of which the North was the true champion. But it is no less a misfortune that at the present time the fact that the Transvaal is fighting for its independence should cause the too widespread impression that Great Britain, which in this case is the champion of free institutions, is belying her traditions and acting the part of the oppressor. Time is perhaps on the side of those who are fighting for right, and time will vindicate the present action of the British nation if, as I hope, the war should be fought out to the finish, so that the oligarchical system may be buried. The British purpose undoubtedly is to maintain the equal political status of both the white races, and when that purpose has been accomplished the Boers themselves will recognise that, though they fought bravely, they were fighting for a lost cause.

Spenser Wilkinson.

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*STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE**

By JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XXII.

The succeeding day another interesting trial was conducted in the Court of Stringtown County, but as I was not present the details cannot be presented to the reader. The occasion was marked by nothing of a dramatic nature; it was a struggle of intellect against intellect. The force of the commonwealth was expended in a vain attempt to disprove the legality of the short will of the Corn Bug as recorded on the slate of the child and witnessed by the dead minister. Again the judge permitted the evidence of the negro Dinah to be taken, and in summing up the case, declared that both in intent and deed the law had been complied with in the drafting of that unusual will. The property of the Corn Bug was not claimed by kindred and, other than a disinherited, adopted brother, there were no possible heirs in law, for death had ended the line of descent. In sound mind and health, Mr. Hardman had openly stated in Stringtown, in presence of the Court and others, that the land and all but two thousand dollars of the gold (that had no legal existence) was to go to the girl. She was his heir, and the Court must certify to the legality of the will and appoint an ad-

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ministrator for the child. This also the judge proceeded to do forthwith, naming for that office Mr. Wagner, the clerk of Stringtown, who at once qualified and received his appointment. Thus when time for adjournment arrived that day, the tragedy begun in the tempest of the dying year, 1863, had closed so far as it concerned the present term of the Stringtown County Court.

The cases that followed on the docket are of no interest to the reader. Like the days of a year that have passed, those made memorable by some striking event in which one chances to be interested become conspicuous, while the remainder, equally as important to others, are to him lost. When Judge Elford returned to his home, exhausted by the cares of the days that had preceded, his form was bent more than usual and his footsteps lagged as he moved from the door of the 'bus to his own threshold. But he made no complaint. And when the kerosene lamp was lighted and the window curtains of the small front room were drawn after supper, the faithful student and unselfish judge sat once more before his desk, which with its bookcase above, constituted the greatest treasure of his lonely house.

Gone were his children, out into the world, they had left him long, long ago; gone was the wife of his bosom—these many years she had rested beneath the sward enclosed in Stringtown's white-palinged fence; gone were the ambitions of boyhood and manhood; all, all had been swept away by the resistless broom that had brushed the years into oblivion. Unselfishly had his declining life been spent in behalf of his countrymen and his beloved commonwealth; no charity had appealed to him in vain, no wanderer had gone from his door unfed, penniless each New Year found him and penniless each old year left this man who spent the material returns that came with each season in behalf of his fellow-men, and gave his intellectual self to the cause of justice. Alone in his modest study sat the weary, venerable Kentucky judge, typical of hundreds of others who lived thirty years ago in that border State; who, faithful to the land of their birth, upright to a fault, brave as he who faces a cannon's mouth, unknown outside their county circle, lie buried in Kentucky soil.

The man now before us had never crossed his conscience with a black mark; he could look back at life as a journey where regret might be cast over mistakes but not on intentionally committed wrongs. And as he sat in the dim lamplight of that modest room the record of his years arose before him, bearing again to his gaze the mother from out the long, long ago, the boyish feet, the spring of youth, the ambition of middle age and lastly the closing of life's hopes and cares in the edge of the ending. And then, as the chain of thought links closed, he arose, took from its place in the bookcase above him the same leather-bound volume that once before he had opened in the presence of the village clerk, opened it again to the same page, that which gave the account of the case in the Barren County Court, and cast his eyes upon the contents. "I claim the *Right of Clergy* for this slave," met his eye, and then Cupe's face uprose and the past was pictured. Again he saw the open tomb into which the casket bearing the form of his companion, long since a memory phantom, had been lowered; beside which old Cupe kneeled once more with strap in hand; again the face of the old darkey was raised as it had been in the long-buried past; the raindrops fell, patter, patter; the sound of the vanished raindrops, deadened to all but him who sat alone that night, came again to life, and the mood-struck man heard from memory's chamber the voice of the old negro who by his command had been so recently tortured gently repeat: "Bressed am de dead what de rain falls on."

Slowly the head of the careworn man fell upon his hands that were now crossed over the open volume, the aching forehead touched the printed page, and as recent events crushed into his mind the lips again murmured the sentence spoken over that book in that same room the night of Mr. Wagner's visit: "God forgive me if I have done a wrong."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A corn-shuck chair, tipped back in the sunshine, stood beside a cabin door. An aged negro with crossed legs, one foot resting on a round of the chair, sat balanced thereon. The hanging foot was beating time to an aged violin, keyed to the highest tone, from which came the familiar tune: "Run, Nigger, Run, or White Man'l Catch You," a favourite with antebellum darkeys. The hand that held the bow was bandaged, but that did not disturb the peace of mind of the owner or injure in the least the tune he scraped from the loved instrument. Stretched near the door a gaunt coon hound was peacefully sleeping, his nose between his forelegs, the tips of his flabby ears falling to the earth. In front of the negro stood a little girl with clean face and smoothly combed hair. She was clad in oddly cut garments, very prim, stiff, almost fantastic, but

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faultlessly clean. She was enjoying the music, and from time to time would clap her hands and dance artlessly and joyously. The lively tune, quite out of keeping with the player's sedate appearance, was accompanied at intervals with snatches of songs, of which the following are fair samples:

Ya—ya—ya—ya—ya,

Look upon de mantelpiece,
Han' me down my candle grease,
Grease my cart and grease my gear,
Grease ole Ball behind de ear.

Chorus.

Dance, chile, dance. An' a walk ole Hogan walk,
An' a walk ole Hogan walk. An' a walk ole Hogan walk, ole Hogan walk along.
Ya—ya—ya—ya—ya.

De little bee suck de blossom,
De big bee make de honey,
De nigger wo'k terbacky, an'
De white man spen' de money.

Chorus.

Dance, chile, dance, etc.

When I went down ter Shin Bone Shank,
De creek wah wide an' deep,
I put my foot on de grey goose' back,
An' she carried me 'cross de creek.

Chorus.

Dance, chile, dance, etc.

At each call of "Dance, chile, dance," the girl pranced and scampered around in true negro style, and when the chorus was over waited expectant for the next stanza. Occasionally old Cupe excitedly jumped from the chair, holding his violin and bow aloft in his uninjured hand, and with characteristic negro step and comical motion joined in the dance, continuing to sing.

Then seating himself, he changed the tune and sung a few verses, the last one running as follows:

Some fo'ks say dat de nigger won't steal,
But I caught six in my corn fiel',
Tied 'em down wid a little piece ob twine.
Up wid my whip an' I gib 'em ninety-nine.

Chorus.

Dance, chile, dance, etc.

Wha'd yo' cum from, knock a nigger down,
Wha'd yo' cum from, Apalackytown.
Wha'd yo' cum from, knock a nigger down,
Wha'd yo' cum from, Apalackytown.

"Oh, Uncle Cupe," chimed in the child, "did you whip the niggers?"

"Yes, chile, yes, and heah am de string what dey wah tied wid. Ya, ya." And old Cupe pulled a slender piece of twine from beneath a patch, for once more he wore the patched garments of many colours that had been taken from him during his imprisonment.

"Tell me a story, Uncle Cupe."

"What shall et be 'bout, chile?"

"Anything you will tell me."

The negro cast his eyes about, and they rested on a jabbering flock of ducks. "I'll tole yo' why de turkey say 'tuck, tuck' an' de duck say 'day, day.'"

The child clapped her hands.

"One time de turkey an' de duck git ter yargerin' 'bout which could wake fust in de mahn'n. An' befo' dey go ter sleep dey settle de mattah by 'greein' among demsels dat de fust dat wakes should tole de uddah dat he sees de day. Up ter dis time de two had roosted tergeddah on de groun', but dis night de turkey tu'n his back on his fr'en'. De ole turkey roost up in de top ob de tree, an' early in de mahn'n see de light creepin' obah de hill; but de duck who sit on de groun' couldn't cotch de gleamin'. An' de turkey call down, 'Tuck, tuck,' an' de duck wake up. I tole yo', chile, dat de duck am a sly critter. He kno' dat de stupid turkey see de light, but dat de ole fool hadn't sense nuff ter say so. An' de duck hollah back, 'Day, day, day!' an' he win de bet. Ebah sense dat time" (and Cupe looked very solemn) "de turkey hab said 'tuck, tuck,' an' de duck hab said, 'day, day.' Ebah sense dat time de turkey hab roost in de tree an' de duck hab sot on de earf. Dese birds wah close fr'en's once, but dey hab monstrous little youse fo' each uddah now."

The child applauded and said: "Tell me another story, Uncle Cupe."

Again the negro looked about for an object lesson, and caught sight of a honey bee sucking a white clover head in the grass-plot at his feet.

"I'll tole yo' why de honey bee don't suck red clovah."

The child repeated her applause, and the old negro continued:

"When de Lawd make de honey bee an' de bumble bee he make red an' white clovah de same mahn'n. An' de Lawd take de two bees to de fiel' ob clovah an' he sot em on de fence an' 'pared ter gib 'em some 'vice. An' when dem bees see de clovah patch an' smell de honey, dey don't wait fo' no mo'ah observashuns, but make a bre'k fo' de blos'm, lebin' de Lawd standin' 'side de fence; an' dis actin' up make de Lawd pow'ful cross. An' he grab at dem two bees es dey fly 'way, an' cotch de honey bee; but de bumble bee wah too sharp

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fo' him an' git 'way, an' he hide in de clovah patch. Den de Lawd say ter de honey bee, what he hold 'twixt his fingahs: 'Yo' can't git 'way 'til yo' make up yoah min' ter one ob two tings.' De bee ax what dey wah, an' de Lawd spoke de word wid be bark on it:

"'Ef yo' suck red clovah, yo' can't wo'k on Sunday. Ef yo' wo'k on week-days an' Sundays, too, yo' can't suck red clovah. Yo' kin take yoah ch'ice.'

"An' den de bee, he kno' de Lawd am in earnest, an' he debate de subject obah 'til de Lawd git tired ob waitin', an' say: 'Ef yo' don't make yoah min' up pow'ful quick yo'll git de life squeezed out ob yo';' an' he gib dat bee a little squeeze. An' den de honey bee hollah out dat he choose ter wo'k eb'ry day ob de week, Sunday an' all. So de Lawd make him promise not ter suck red clovah blos'm, ef he 'low him ter wo'k on Sunday, an' de honey bee hab nebbah suck a head ob red clovah, nebbah. But de bumble bee, what didn't make no promise ter de Lawd, suck bof red an' white clovah week-day an' Sunday." Again the child clapped her hands, and Cupe thrust a fresh leaf of tobacco into his flabby mouth.

"Tell me another story, Uncle."

The negro now shaded his eyes with his unbound hand, and gazed intently over the distant hill. "Chile, what yo' see cum'n' obah de rise on de Stringtown paff?" The girl turned in the direction indicated, and quickly answered: "A man, Uncle."

"Jump down, honey, run ter Aunt Dinah." Cupe arose with this unceremonious dismissal and walked toward the man, muttering as he did so: "P'raps et es bes' ef de conbersashun ain't hea'd by de honey chile; dah hab be'n bodin' signs ob late, an' et may be bes' fo' Cupe ter be alone. Las' night when de moon go down, de cheer an' de table creek an' crack, de kettle move on de harf, de doah push in an' out, but dah wa'n't no wind. De sign wah bad, an' Cupe am suah dat troub'l am movin' 'bout. He turned back at this juncture, and spoke to the sleeping hound: "Yo' may cum, Gawge Washington," and the old dog, obedient to his master's word, arose, yawned and came to his side.

The stranger proved to be the lank clerk, Mr. Wagner, who was warmly welcomed by the negro. Well might Cupe bid him a cordial good-day, for it will be remembered that by means of the patient instruction of Mr. Wagner, illiterate Cupe acquired a knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, and thus saved himself a term in the penitentiary. The tragic occurrence, vivid in the mind of the old negro, led him, on meeting the clerk, to extravagance of speech and to thanks so prolific as to give the hearer no opportunity to say a word.

"An' ter t'ink dat Cupe distrusted yo' when he seed yo' cum'n', an' feared dat yo' brung bad news. Wah dah ebah so mighty a 'stake. Cum inter de house, Ma'se, an' take a glass ob milk an' see de chile what yo' gladden wid de sight ob Uncle Cupe. Et wah a mighty close shave, Ma'se, an' ter t'ink dat Cupe wah afeard yo' brung bad news."

The visitor entered the cabin and partook of a drink of fresh buttermilk, but notwithstanding Cupe's cordial welcome seemed ill at ease. At last he said: "Cupid, you are aware, are you not, that I am appointed guardian for this little girl? What's her name?"

The countenance of the negro changed in an instant, and he gave expression to the oft-repeated sentence of surprise.

"Spoke ag'in, Ma'se. De name am Susie."

"I have been appointed guardian for Susie."

"Yo' hab mo'ah ter say; go on."

"You know, Cupid, that this is not an appropriate place to bring up a child. You and Dinah have not the opportunities necessary to the education and cultivation of the girl. She is the heir of this large farm, and should have the advantages of a good education, and the company of playmates befitting her station."

The shrewd negro intuitively grasped the meaning of the pointed words of Mr. Wagner.

"An' why didn't yo' let de nigger go ter de pen'tent'ary ef yo' 'tend ter take 'way de chile? What fo' yo' lead him back ter sorrer? Stan' up, Dinah, an' beg fo' de sake ob de honey deah. Yo' don't mean et, Ma'se Wagnah, yo' don't mean et; yo' am jokin' wid de poo' ole man. Yo' 'udn't take de blos'm, yo' udn't cave in de hea't ob de two ole fo'ks?"

"Cupid, I am in earnest. The child must remain in my care in Stringtown. Judge Elford selected me administrator."

The old slave fell upon his knees, and with uplifted hands, with all the force and extravagance of the negro language, begged for the child he had raised. "De honey am our chile, I foun' de baby an' its muddah half starved on de grabe in Bluddy Hollah. We wa'm et by de fiah, we sit up in de night, an' watch obah et in de day; we promise de ma'se what wah ter keer fo' et es ef et wah de baby chile ob de ma'se hisse'f. Yo' won't take de pritty chile 'way, et am de light ob day ter de two ole fo'ks who hain't nuffin else ter lib fo'."

"It must be, Cupid; for the child's sake, it is best. However, you need not feel so discon-

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solate. Aunt Dinah and yourself will have opportunities to visit Susie often, and she can come to the cabin occasionally. Remember, this is her cabin and land, you and Dinah are her slaves, and you may have the care of the land and live here."*

But explanations and soft words made no impression on either of the negroes. Although Cupid did all the supplicating, it could be seen that Dinah was not less heart stricken than himself. She stood by Cupe's side and silently wept, clasping the frightened child, who did not appreciate the cause of the commotion, yet realised that she was concerned in the trouble that had fallen on her two friends, the only friends she knew in the world. Weeping, she clung to the neck of the old woman.

But scenes like these must end, and finally Mr. Wagner insisted that the child be given to his care. "You may bring her clothes later, Cupe," he added.

"De clo's will cum befo' da'k," replied the old man, "but yo' bettah let de chile change dem ole slippahs fo' de new pair. Dem wah put on fo' de purpose ob de dance." The change was made, and then Cupe made no further objection to the decision of the Court.

Clasping the frightened little girl in his arms, her uncouth but kind-hearted benefactor retreated along the path by which he came. The sobbing child made no resistance nor outcry beyond sobs and outstretched arms, but these spoke volumes, more indeed than any display of temper could have done. They spoke of the depth of the love that existed between the strangely associated and deeply troubled companions. Cupe stood in the cabin door, the violin lay at his feet, the flock of ducks jabbered beside the fence, but were unheard, the bumble bee buzzed in the clover patch, but unseen. There was no song now in the heart of the forlorn man, no music, no folklore stories in his soul. His eyes followed the retreating figure of the lank officer with the child in his arms, until together they vanished beyond the crest of the distant hill. Then his gaze turned upon the vacant spot where, a short time before, the darling of his heart had danced to the tune of his merry violin, and a tear sprang to his eyes and rolled down his wrinkled cheek—the first tear he had shed during the sorrowful interview. Old George Washington lay curled up beside the door, and Dinah on her knees, holding in her hand a child's plaything, a gourd cut to look like the head of a man, sat moaning inside the cabin. "An' dah wah troub'l cum'n'." said Cupe; "de sign couldn't lie. When de table an' de cheer talk tergeddah, an' de doah move in an' out in de still night, et am a sign ob sartin troub'l. But dah am deeper troub'l yit ter cum; when de two boys mix in de 'fairs ob de honey gearl, dah am worsah troub'l fo' Cupe."

Then he spoke to Dinah: "Git up, yo' fool nigger, what fo' yo' blubberin' like a sick sheep? Don't yo' kno' dat eb'ry feller hab ter stan' his own toofache? Don't yo' kno' dat cryin' salty tears don't stop no bleedin' hea't? Git de chile some clo's, fo' de night am cum'n'!"

A short time thereafter the devoted man might have been seen slowly trudging along the path the clerk had trod; over his shoulder he carried a bundle containing the clothing of the child that had been taken from his desolate home; at his heels, with downcast head, as if he entered into the sorrow of his master, walked faithful George Washington.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The home of Mr. Wagner was situated on the Stringtown pike, about one-third the distance between the southern and the northern extremities of the village. Its owner was not in affluent circumstances; still he lived comfortably. A maiden sister served as housekeeper, and it would have been difficult to determine by their countenances which was the older. However, no question could arise concerning their relationship, for the maiden lady, fully as spare and nearly as tall as her lank brother, possessed features so similar as to bespeak the close family connection. Her face was kindly in its expression, and a stranger would have decided at a glance that Susie had fallen into good hands. The thoughtful judge had made no mistake in the selection of the guardian for the waif he was endeavouring to serve.

To this home, that rested its face against the edge of the pike, and its heel-like shed in the narrow lot that stretched back to the woodland pasture, the village clerk carried the unwilling charge he had taken from the home of Cupe. The girl was still sobbing; she had refused the kindly advances of such of the neighbours as chanced to be on the street, and would not be comforted. It chanced that I stood before my mother's door as, together with her

*To this a critic may say that the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln was dated January 1, 1863, a fact the author remembers very well.

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new guardian, she passed by, but she gave no sign of recognition when I called her name. The venerable judge came out of his house and took her kindly by the hand, but she buried her face in the shoulder of the man who carried her, and refused to speak. The sister of Mr. Wagner was alike unsuccessful; she could get no kind word; the untamed child refused to eat and refused to play. Sobbing she fell asleep, and was gently laid on the little bed that had been prepared for her by the expectant and puzzled spinster. Then it was that a gentle tap was heard at the door, and on opening it the bent form of Cupe appeared. Handing the spinster his package of clothes, he silently turned away and vanished in the darkness.

A few moments later Judge Elford was disturbed by a similar knock, and opened the door to find his visitor to be the disconsolate negro. It required no words to inform the judge that Cupe's errand related to the child, for naturally he inferred that the negro would beg permission to retain her in his own charge.

Under the pressing invitation of the host Cupe stepped inside the door, but, in accordance with the custom of old slaves, refused to be seated.

"What can I do for you, Cupid?"

"De light ob de cabin am gone, de clouds am risen, an' Cupe ax fo' comfo't."

"What can I do for you?" repeated the judge, who saw that the old man would yet explain himself better.

"Yo' kin send de man ob sorrer ter de pen'tent'ary, fo' he ain't no mo'ah youse heah. Yo' kin do de duty yo' spoke 'bout las' week, Ma'se Elford."

"Indeed I cannot. You have freed yourself from the penitentiary by the Right of Clergy."

"De law am pow'ful strong when a man wan's et weak, an' monstrous weak when a man wan's et strong; ef a man wan's ter git out ob de pen'tent'ary he can't git de doah op'n, case ob de law; ef he wants ter git inter de pen'tent'ary he can't git dah case ob de law. De law am monstrous cur'us."

"But you don't want to go to the penitentiary, Cupe?"

" 'Deed I does, case dah ain't nuffin ter lib fo' out ob et now dat yo' hab took de chile 'way. She am white an' Cupe am brack, but de chile wah raised from a baby by de brack man; de ole nigger promise Ma'se Hardman ter keer fo' her 'til deff cum, an' he promise de mammy ob de chile befo' God ter watch obah her 'til she wah able ter keer fo' herse'f. Dese am serous tings ter promise ter de ma'se what am dead an' ter de angel mammy, an' ter bre'k de wo'd am wicked, an' Cupe don't want ter be walkin' free an' not doin' what he say on his knees he 'ud do. Ef de nigger am in de pen'tent'ary an' de dead ma'se cum an' say in a dream: 'Why ain't yo' keerin' fo' de blos'm?' Cupe kin say back: 'Can't yo' see dat de nigger am in de jail? Ef de sperrit ob de mammy ob de chile cum floatin' inter de cabin an' say: 'Wha' am de baby Susie what yo' fin' on de grabe in Bluddy Hollah?' what kin Cupe say ef he am free ter walk 'bout? 'Deed, Ma'se Elford, I does wan' ter go ter de pen'tent'ary, an' ef yo' keer fo' de peace ob min' ob de ole man yo'll sen' him dah."

"Go home, Cupid, go home and sleep. You will feel better in the morning. Susie is well, has a good home, and will see you often."

"An' yo' won't lis'n ter de claim ob de sow'erin' nigger?"

"I cannot."

The old negro opened the door and hesitated on the sill. "An' yo' can't sen' de nigger ter de pen'tent'ary?" he repeated.

"No, Cupid."

"An' yo' can't gib him back de chile?"

The judge shook his head.

"Do yo' see wha' Cupe am stan'n'? Et am on de doah sill, Ma'se Elford, an' dat sign say bad luck ter yoah yargyment. Lis'n ter what de ole nigger tole yo' now. De *law* say dat de chile can't lib wid Cupe, but de *sign* say dat she mus' lib wid Cupe—ef she lib. Ef de law am right, de sign am wrong. Who made de law?" he vehemently asked.

"Wise and good men," replied the judge.

"An' God make de sign. Does de wise man set hisse'f 'bove de Lawd? Ma'se Elford, yo'll lib ter see dat de Lawd am biggah dan de law."

The negro made a low bow and closed the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

Judge Elford found as the days passed that the child whose lot had been cast among the negroes refused to be comforted by her friendly benefactors. No vindictive action on her side resulted from the unsolicited translation, which fact spoke well both for her inherited disposition, and for the character instilled by her former guardians. Disconsolate she moved about in her new-found home, without spirit she moped the hours away. She shrank from good-souled Miss Wagner, she asked for no love, and gave none. Intent on escaping the gaze of men and children, she would sit for hours in the back yard of the cottage, where, secure from prying eyes, she spent the time listlessly gazing into the heavens above or the

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forest in the distance. Neither Cupe nor Dinah visited her, and both declared they would never do so. The entreaties of the judge and Mr. Wagner, even the threats of the latter, made no impression on either of them.

"Ef yo' can't keer fo' de chile, what fo' yo' took her 'way from de home wha' she wah happy? Ef Cupe go ter see de honey, it'll only make de mattah worsah, fo' she'll cry her eyes out when he cum back."

"But you can tell her that it is best for her to stay in her new home. You can explain to her that she can be happy if she will try to forget her past life."

"An' dah am uddah tings Cupe could tole her what ain't true es easy es dat, but de fac' am yo' tire yo'selb tryin' ter 'fluence Cupe ter do anyting ter circumbent de spell. Dah am but one outcum ter dis heah mattah, eider yo' mus' let de chile lib wha' she b'long er yo'll stan' 'side her grabe. De spell say dah am no uddah endin'."

Persuasions were of no avail, none. Cupe had a ready answer to every argument and sat looking as grum as a death's head. And so the pining child lived on in her new home until one morning when the careworn housekeeper went to awaken her, the little bed was found to be vacant. The strange girl had disappeared. The day before she had asked some childish questions about trivial things, and in the course of her conversation had referred to one of Cupe's wild sayings. Miss Wagner had taken the opportunity to explain that Cupid was mistaken in his methods, and that in time to come the child would apprehend his errors. Susie stood with downcast eyes, from which fell a few glistening tears. It was evident that she took the disparagement of Cupe to her own heart. She left the room, seated herself in the sunshine of the back yard, and to the time of going to bed did not speak a word. Next morning the child and her garments were missing. From beneath the very touch of her faithful guardian, catlike she had slipped out, and into the back yard, out and into the great wide world of which she knew so little. Could the sleepers in the modest dwelling have seen her that night, they would have seen her clasp her garments in her arms, and in bare feet tiptoe to the kitchen door; they would have seen her turn the key as cautiously as an experienced burglar might do, then, with instinctive forethought, reclose and lock the door from the outside; after which, in the light of the rising moon, the artful child dressed herself rapidly, even to carefully tying her shoes. At last, stealing through the little garden, she climbed the back fence into the woodland pasture and crept toward the distant forest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A startling whisper went from mouth to mouth in Stringtown, when the news sped forth that the ward of Mr. Wagner had disappeared. The search, begun in expectation of soon finding the child, extended through the entire day, but no child was found. Wells and cisterns were probed, ponds were dragged vainly. Susie had vanished.

Mr. Wagner at once visited Cupe, taking me along, for I was known to be a close friend of the old negro. He was sitting in the accustomed chair beside his cabin door. He had turned for solace to his faithful violin, and long before the visitors reached the cabin we caught the mournful tones of a plaintive tune that spoke the mood of the musician's mind. George Washington looked up and growled, but, evidently under the command of an undertone from his master, closed his eyes and lowered his head. Cupe gave no sign of salutation; he continued his dolorous tune until the intruders stood close before him, and could distinguish a few lines of one of the most plaintive of negro melodies:

Yo' ask what make dis nigger weep,
Why he, like uddahs, am not gay,
What make de teahs roll down his cheek,
From early dawn till broke ob day?

Interrupting the song, Cupe lowered his violin, arose and placed his chair before the man, but took no notice of me.

"What are you doing, Uncle Cupe?"

"Sow'erin'."

"Have you seen Susie?"

"No, sah."

"She disappeared last night."

"I habn't seed nuffin ob her."

"I thought that perhaps she had returned to her old home."

"She hab not be'n heah, an' I hab not seed de chile."

"You are sure, Cupe, that you know nothing of her whereabouts?"

"I hain't seed her, I tole yo', an' I hain't hea'd from her sense yo' took her 'way."

"You will help us search for her, Cupid? You know the land well, you will assist in her recovery?"

"I hab had nuffin ter do wid de takin' ob de honey, an' I will hab nuffin ter do wid de bre'kin' ob de spell. De cheer an' de table talk ag'in las' night, de doah shake in an' out, an' Cupe wah waitin' fo' news ob troub'l."

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He dropped his voice, and added: "An' when Gawge Washington an' Cupe go out ter trail de coon, de headless dog cum ag'in. Et wah down by de bars wha' de ole man Doty wah killed, an de hant dog slip close an' trot by Cupe's side, an' when Cupe walk slow de dog widout de head go slow, an' when Cupe move fas', de hant move fas'. An' nuffin but nigger kin see dat sign; ole Gawge Washington couldn't see de critter. Et wah a monstrous bad sign, an' Cupe tink ob de chile an' pray de Lawd dat de sign wah not pintin' ter de yinnercent chile."

Mr. Wagner, realising that he was losing time arguing with the superstitious old man, turned to go.

"Yo' had better look in de cabin befo' yo' lebe; yo' might feel es ef de nigger had 'varicated ef yo' don't."

Cupe opened the door, and Mr. Wagner stepped into the room. Dinah sat beside the hearth with bowed head, but no other person was to be seen. Cupe pointed to each corner, to the empty space beneath the bed, and conducted his visitor into the loft, which contained no visible objects excepting the iron chest, some strings of dried corn, bunches of seeds and medicinal roots and bark that hung about the rafters.

In leaving the house, Cupe insisted on a search being made of the shed-stable; indeed, he seemed afraid that some spot capable of secreting the child might be overlooked. As Mr. Wagner entered the door of the shed-stable, my old black friend spoke to me in a low tone: "Did yo' see de Red-Head Boy ag'in?"

"No."

"Keep yoah eye op'n, peel yoah eye fo' dat chile."

Whatever else he might have said was lost, for at this point Mr. Wagner returned from his fruitless search of the shed and announced his intention to return to Stringtown.

As the visitors departed, Cupe bestowed upon them a very low bow, and having returned to his cabin and seated himself on the familiar chair, reached up to the hand of tobacco over his head, stripped a part of a leaf and thrust it between his flabby lips.

"Cum heah, Gawge Washington," he commanded; and the four-footed friend laid its lank head on the knee of his master, who took its nose between his thumb and finger. "Yo' hab wo'k ter do, Gawge, wo'k ter do ter-night, Gawge Washington. When yo' hab wo'k ter do keep yoah nose cool."

"Dinah," he cried, "Dinah, don't yo' gib Gawge nuffin ter eat till mahn'n."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The remainder of that day, indolent, old Cupe sat in his chair, seemingly contented when awake, but it would have been difficult to determine just how much of the time he was awake. Occasionally he hummed a negro melody, again he would change the exhausted tobacco leaf between his lips for a fresh one, but much of the time with closed eyes he sat motionless. Just before the setting sun reached the horizon its slanting rays streamed into his face, and then he called to Dinah: "Brung de ole slippahs ob de honey chile an' call Gawge inter de cabin an' den shet bof de doahs, an' keep him dah."

The obedient wife did as directed, asking no question, making no remark.

Cupe took two tobacco-sticks and fastened the shoes, one to the end of each. He began then to walk sideways, holding the sticks at arm's length so that the shoes hung near the earth far outside his own tracks. In this manner he slowly passed along, and as he did so caused the shoes to step as if a child were walking parallel with his own footsteps. Across the dooryard, over the fence, down and across the little creek at the base of the hill, he trudged, and then, making a circuit, he came back again to the starting-place.

"De deed am done, an' now dis nigger'll see ef Gawge Washington am in fix fo' de wo'k ob his life. Let de dawg out, Dinah! Cum heah, Gawge." The dog trotted out of the house. Taking the nose of the brute between his thumb and finger, as he had done before, the negro muttered: "Et am cool an' pleasant like ter de touch—de nose am fixed fo' de wo'k. Yo' see dese slippahs, Gawge?"—and Cupe held them before the eyes of the dog—"yo' see dese heah slippahs?"

A gentle whine answered.

"Yo' am no fool, Gawge, but yo' bettah smell de leather, fo' yo' hain't no time fo' 'stakes now," and with these words the shoes were held to the dog's nose.

"Now am yo' ready fo' de test ob yoah life, Gawge? Go fin' Susie! Go fin' de chile! Hunt fo' Susie, Gawge!"

At once the old cur thrust his nose close to the earth and began a zigzag trot about the dooryard. Cupe watched him intently, and when he neared the trail of the slippers became visibly excited. At this instant the hound stopped; raising his head and dropping his

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lower jaw slightly, he gave a cry that stirred with pleasure the heart of his master.

"Yo' am tellin' de truff, suah! yo' am de critter what kin keep yoah nose cool ef de weddah am wa'm. Fin' Susie, Gawge! Go fo' Susie!"

In reply, the dog started in a long lope with extended nose scarce depressed toward the earth, thus evidencing the acuteness of the trail; following the exact course of the circle Cupe had made, he returned to the starting-point. "Yo' am a daisy ob a dawg, yo' hab wo'k ter do, but yo' don't git no suppah till yo' do et. Keep yoah nose cool, Gawge."

Carefully putting the slippers into his breeches' pocket, Cupe, in obedience to the call of Dinah, stepped inside his cabin to partake of his own supper, while the hungry dog lingered outside the door.

Returning after the meal was over, the old man looked at the star-bedecked sky, from which the last tinge of twilight was fast fading, and then glanced at the spot where his dumb comrade rested.

"De hour hab cum, Gawge, de hour ob trial."

Slipping on a roundabout jacket that hung on a nail near the corn-shuck chair, and thrusting into its pocket a twist of leaf-tobacco, the old man turned to the open door. "Dinah," he said, "ef yo' don't see de dawg an' me befo' mahn'n, dah ain't no cause fo' feah."

"De moon don't rose 'til midnight; what fo' yo' go ahftah de coon now?" asked Dinah.

"Nebbah yo' min' de moon; dah am uddah critters dan coons."

"Yo' hab lef' yoah ax, Cupe, yo' hab lef' yoah ax!" cried Dinah, as her husband disappeared in the gloom.

"Dah am no need fo' de ax ter-night; de critter what we hunts now am not in de tree ner in de grapevine tangle."

The huntsman and his dog were now alone together in the starlight.

Taking the path toward Stringtown, their footsteps led them toward the brow of the hill where, as before related, the approaching clerk had first been noticed by the negro. But before reaching the hill Cupe struck the toe of his left foot violently against a projecting stone. He immediately stopped, turned back, retraced his steps to the door of the cabin, and then recommenced his journey, muttering:

"Ef et had be'n de right toe, et 'ud hab be'n a sign ob good luck, but ter stump de lef' toe am an ebil sign. Dah ain't no resk ter be run ter-night. Dah ain't—"

The slave stopped, his bent body sunk yet nearer the earth; his mouth, still open, left the sentence incomplete. He heard a rustle in the grass just before him, and then a full-grown rabbit hopped into the path, halted momentarily, turned its great eyes, that yet glittered in the dusk, full upon the negro, and with a bound crossed the path and disappeared in the briars.

"De wussest sign what could be; de rabbet nebbah cross de paff outen de journey am leadin' ter harm. An' et stop ter say, 'Go back, go back, yo' nigger, go back!' De critter say et wid ets eyes. Monstrous bad am de endin' ob de walk ob de man who go on when de rabbet cross de paff ahead ob him. Dat wah not a libin' rabbet, fo' de dawg didn't see er smell et. It wah a hant."

Back to the cabin went the negro, back and into it, where, taking two objects from a string behind the door, he carefully placed them in his pocket. "De cha'ms wah fergotten, an' de hant rabbet know et—de cha'ms ter keep off de hoodoo from Gawge Washington an' Cupe. Now de start am right."

Having thus corrected a grave blunder, Cupe moved rapidly until he reached the brow of the hill. Leaving the path at this point, he sought a small thicket, within which, by daylight, could have been seen an enclosure of stone that marked the foundation of an old building. At each end of the ruin two piles of stones were crumbling in the weather, the débris of the chimneys of the haunted mansion. The black man broke into monologue, addressing his dog:

"Gawge, yo' am in de sacredest spot on earf, de spot wha' de missus slep' her las' sleep. De shinin' face ob de suff'in' chile wah tu'ned ter glory from wha' stan' de 'simmon tree by yoah side. An' Cupe he kneel on de flo' ob de mansion what wah, an' hol' de dyin' han'. De sow'erin' times am back ag'in, Gawge, de eye ob de missus look inter de hea't ob de nigger, de sweet face rise up an' speak 'bout de blos'm ob a chile she lebe wid Cupe an' Dinah."

The old man knelt in the grass and raised his face to the starry heavens.

"De blos'm am an angel now a-singin' hal'ujahs wid its muddah, but wha' am de Susie chile what take its place? Cupe am sow'erin' fo' de Susie gearl case he swar' ter watch obah de new chile. Gawge, yo' kin smell tings what Cupe can't smell, but yo' can't see all de tings dat de nigger kin see. Ef yo' could an' 'ud look to'ard de ole well yo' 'ud see a man stan'—a man,

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Gawge—de ole ma'se, that hab walked an' walked an' can't git no res'. He play keards when de chile wah bo'n an' swar' at de sweet missus once too many times, an' fo' dat debbilment he hab ter walk de briar patch now. Cussed be de man who bring troub'l ter a young muddah. Dah ain't no peace on earf, dah ain't no place in Heaben, de debbil hab no youse fo' sech a sperrit. Yo' can't see him, Gawge. Ef yo' could see what Cupe sees, yo' 'ud stick yoah tail 'tween yoah legs an' run home ter Dinah. Cum on, Gawge, dah ain't no mo'ah time fo' hant seein', we hab wo'k ter do ter-night."

George and his master started off, and soon the cry of the old hound floated in the air, and at once a whistle loud and shrill broke from the lips of Cupe. "Cum heah, Gawge! Cum back, Gawge Washington!" Obedient to the command, the dog came to his side. "Yo' mus'n't act up any fool tricks ter-night, I tole yo'! De rabbet am all right when we hunt rabbet, but et am not fo' dis yocasion. No mo'ah rabbet, Gawge," and the old man boxed the ears of his friend. "Now walk b'hin' till I tole yo' ter hunt."

The negro strode forward, the dog, with hanging head, following at his heels until the lights of Stringtown came into view. Stopping then, the old man crouched in the grass and again spoke: "Gawge, dah am no coon, no 'possum, no rabbet ter-night. De time am cum fo' wo'k, an' ef yo' don't wo'k ter-night, de end ob yoah life am heah." Feeling of the dog's nose, the negro chuckled, and then taking the little shoes out of his pocket, he held them before the eyes of George Washington and touched them once more to his nose. "Hunt fo' Susie, Gawge! hunt fo' Susie! slow," as the dog started off, "slow, Gawge; de night am long."

The dog disappeared in the darkness, and Cupe, turning his steps so as to inscribe a circle about the Stringtown lights, wended his way slowly over the uneven land. From time to time he stopped to cheer the sagacious hound, which could be heard pressing through the bushes and occasionally, when on a ridge, could be seen pictured against the sky. Old Cupe, accustomed to nocturnal exploits with the dumb brute, knew exactly what he was doing as he circled about, and needed nothing more than the occasional sounds, that to an inexperienced ear would have conveyed no meaning, could they have been heard, to tell that the faithful animal was scouring every foot of territory in the vicinity. At last the steps of the negro led to a grapevine thicket in a ravine, and soon from its depths a loud howl came, a howl that to other persons than Cupe would have sounded exactly like the cry that led to the punishment of the dog at the time his ears were boxed for trailing a rabbit.

The cry had hardly subsided before Cupe gave a whistle, and soon the dog came to his side. "Gawge, de 'possum am sweet ter de taste when de sweet-'tater an' de frost am heah, but not ter-night. Yo' hab bettah wo'k ter do dan tree de 'possum, Gawge," and again the patient creature's ears were boxed. "Now min' yoah nose, Gawge," and Cupe touched it again with the little shoe. "Hunt fo' Susie, Gawge, hunt fo' Susie!"

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Little attention is paid by our writers on the drama to the Murray Hill Theatre for several reasons; first, because it has no fashionable interest, and the strongest factor guiding criticism here is fashion. Men will write columns about a new play at the Lyceum, Empire, Criterion or Daly's long after they have nothing to say, and even if the play was of a kind that made it impossible to say anything at the beginning. With theatregoers it is the same. They would be more likely to go to see even such a pathetically amateurish attempt as *Borderside* at the Lyceum than to go to see one of Pinero's best at the Murray Hill. Imagine a member of the polite world in New York deciding upon a theatre party, and suppose the choice narrowed down to *The Pride of Jennico* at the Criterion or *Sweet Lavender* at the Murray Hill, neither play, as might well happen, having been seen by any member of the party. Not only is the Pinero play unspeakably superior, but even the acting is better, and yet that *The Pride of Jennico* would be selected is a certainty. Could there be any more absolute illustration of lack of independence and lack of intelligence? The reason cannot be wholly because it is

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impossible to pay more than fifty cents for a seat at the Murray Hill. It must be partly because the member of the prosperous world will not see there any of the faces that he is accustomed to see in the theatre, and which he seems more anxious to see the more often he has already seen them. To let this profound lack of taste alone, however, and go on to the excellent series of dramas recently revived at the Lexington Avenue playhouse: the stock company there gave in four successive weeks one of Jones's most effective acting plays, *The Dancing Girl,* and three of Pinero's best dramas, *Sweet Lavender, The Amazons* and *Lady Bountiful.* Seldom before have I ever enjoyed four plays in succession in the same theatre. *Sweet Lavender* clings in the mind of many theatregoers more than any other of Pinero's dramas. It is almost a perfect example of its kind. The sentimental but not over-sentimental comedy, and the pleasant, conventional situations are handled with a dramatic skill which the author has not surpassed since, and are shot through with a humour that stays under the surface and is always delicate and sweet. It is strange that a man who seemed born to represent on the stage, with very unusual ability, standard English sentiment and English humour should have made such a desperate effort to go off in competition with a Norwegian, as Pinero has done in some of his most famous dramas. He is coming back again, however, as the revival of *Trelawny of the Wells* at Daly's may remind us. *The Amazons* is one of the best illustrations possible of dramatic instinct. Read the play, and it seems commonplace and perhaps a little silly. Go to see it, and you are charmed throughout. Every movement and every word is intended for the stage, and lives properly only there.

While the Murray Hill and its excellent plays are left in obscurity, there has been an ocean of talk about *Quo Vadis,* from which two unreasonably bad dramas have been concocted. This is said with a slight reservation, as I saw only the last hour and a half of the New York Theatre version, but that made me fairly sure that, although it has run better, it is little if any superior to the one at the Herald Square, which was as dull a show as one often sits through. Out of this really powerful novel two kinds of dramas might have been made: one a mere spectacle, like *Ben-Hur*—of which the success, by the way, started up all this *Quo Vadis* business—and the other an intelligent play with the contrast of characters as the dominating note. Miss Gilder's dramatisation did neither. There wasn't one scene which could take the heart of the masses, like so many of the meaningless splurges in *Ben-Hur,* and on the other hand the intellectual part of the novel was simply copied out here and there in bits without any dramatic unification or construction. Perhaps it would be a good thing if the Stange version had to shut up as quickly as the other, since on both sides it was an attempt not to express something that the author felt and was capable of putting into form, but to rush in head over heels and take advantage of the vogue of a popular novel. There has been a marked change of late in the feelings which managers have toward the dramatisation of works of fiction. It used to be looked upon as a doubtful venture, for the simple reason that most of these dramatisations made bad plays. That reason still holds, but is offset by another—the immense circulation that many books now acquire with great rapidity. It doesn't matter that *The Pride of Jennico* is a wretched play, if thousands of people have read it within a short time and are therefore curious to see it. It looks now as if next year the whole tribe would be on the stage—*Richard Carvel,* with James K. Hackett; *The Adventures of François,* with Henry E. Dixey; *David Harum,* with W. H. Crane; *Janice Meredith* and *To Have and to Hold* with the players not chosen, and *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* with Julia Marlowe. The only thing to regret about this tendency is haste. If you give time for the novels to prove their worth, it is an excellent thing to get the good of them on the stage. The lamentable side of it is that this sheep-like rushing hysterically after a book because a lot of people have just read it can be the foundation for the success of plays put on immediately, which wouldn't have the ghost of a chance if they stood on their own merits five years later. There are no general rules, however, or rather there are a confusingly large number of them, and Joseph Jefferson has just been around to show us again that an actor may give life to a

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poor dramatisation of a forced and insincere story. *The Cricket on the Hearth* is certainly Dickens at his worst. Jefferson's perfect acting as Rip is another reminder that a commonplace play, this time made out of a delicate story, may be lifted almost to greatness by the best kind of acting. Joseph Jefferson, by the way, growing old without a single weakening in his abilities, is a cheering sight, and Henry Irving, too, though much younger, gives a picture of age without deterioration.

Criticism of foreign art is usually shallow, and it would be rash to say very much about *A Failure,* by Björnsen, which the Sargeant pupils played once at the Empire. It is a very refined piece of thought put into a play with unusual dramatic instinct, with more naturalness and ease than Ibsen, more clarity of intention, but far less theatrical skill. The theme, however, which is the collapse of a speculative business man, would not be a possible one for a successful play in this country, and it would not be a possible one for a great play under any circumstances. Penetrating studies of special cases amuse the intellectual, and are no doubt educating, but to create universal works of art we have to get away from the details of one trade and move in the most generalised atmosphere. *The Heather Field,* by an Irishman, which was played by the Independent Company at Carnegie Lyceum, is an example of a play, on the other hand, aiming at a very general symbolic theme, and failing to make much of it from lack of firm imagination or literary gifts. Speaking of foreign things, a few words about the Japanese, who have been acting their native dramas and various absurd distortions of European plays, *Sapho* among them. Observers have taken two extreme positions about these actors; some, who are intelligent and sincere, but unsympathetic and narrow, have treated them as merely ridiculous; others, much less wholesome mentally, full of an admiration for whatever they cannot understand, have exhausted their usually small vocabularies in panegyric. These latter are the same class that seldom find anything to praise highly in America, pick out things in France which even educated Frenchmen call obscure, and go crazy over Japanese painting. The mind which lacks the original qualities to make interesting what is familiar to it, dearly loves, by dealing with the unknown, to trick itself into the belief that it is thinking. How often do we hear French words used where there are exact English synonyms! However, to get back to these Japs, the truth seems to be, although I do not pretend to be certain of it, that the position of these particular actors on the Japanese stage has been considerably misrepresented. In the decorative side of acting, the formation of graceful pictures for the eye, they were certainly very charming, and it is possible that in the expression of thought and emotion some of their symbols may be more significant than they can seem to us; but it is certain that in some ways they are as undeveloped histrionically as they are musically. The interpreter assured one inquirer that much of the music, which to us equalled the beating of tin cans, drew tears in Japan. The only player in the troop who was able to act well, if judged by our western standards, was Sada Yacco, who showed some emotional force and a fascinating amount of delicacy and beauty.

Norman Hapgood.

LITERARY LONDON

The effect of the South African War upon the book trade continues to be the one literary topic of importance. There can be no doubt that the spring publishing season has been very much below the average, indeed, with the exception of one or two popular novels and the books of the war correspondents, nothing is selling. It must be remembered, however, that the spring is becoming less and less important in the publishing world. Really there is now only one season for books. It begins in September and lasts till the end of January. The tension of the war began to make itself felt before Christmas, and in the early days of the year the public excitement reached such a pitch that practically nothing was read but newspapers. After the relief of Ladysmith the tension was considerably lessened,

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and there are now signs that people, especially women, are searching for some reading which may divert their attention from the all-absorbing war topics. The immense success of such books as Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage,* Miss Fowler's *The Farringdons,* and, in a lesser degree, Miss Johnston's *By Order of the Company* is no doubt to some extent due to this state of affairs. I have met quite a number of people who have confessed that *Red Pottage* came to them quite as a boon and a blessing, as they could think of nothing else while reading it. At the beginning of the war it was prophesied that fiction would suffer more than any other class of literature. This has not been the case.

War books from the various correspondents in South Africa are of course pouring from the press. Their sales have been fair, but by no means extraordinary, with the exception of Mr. Steevens's *From Capetown to Ladysmith,* which was the first to appear, and caught the public interest on the bound. By the way, there is a very general feeling that Mr. Vernon Blackburn's tribute to Mr. Steevens, published at the end of his last book, is not altogether a satisfactory piece of work, and it is hoped that in the new complete edition of Steevens's works, which is being edited by Mr. Henley and Mr. G. S. Street, there will be some more adequate biography, and especially some reference to Mr. Steevens's views on the questions of the day. Mr. Steevens in private conversation expressed himself very freely upon the South African War and the Dreyfus case, and it is no breach of confidence to say that he held opinions which would have considerably surprised some of his readers. The sales of the war books have been entirely eclipsed by those of Mr. Fitzpatrick's *Transvaal from Within,* which has sold in all something like seventy thousand copies, over forty thousand in this country. The book is now produced in a cheaper edition at half a crown, and is having an enormous sale. It was, as you will remember, mentioned in terms of highest praise by some of the leading politicians of the day.

The craze for war books of all sorts and conditions, ranging from Baden-Powell's little technical manual on *Scouting* to the authorised *German History of the Franco-Prussian War,* which, especially in the early days of the war reached an extraordinarily high pitch, has had some curious effects. An amusing incident in this connection came to my knowledge a little time ago. A firm of publishers issued an anonymous novel entitled *Who Will Win?* and were amazed to receive quite a little number of orders from well-known military men. The beauty of the thing is that *Who Will Win?* does not refer in the least to the present war in South Africa, but to the crisis in the Church, the war between the Ritualists and the "Protestants."

The spring publishing season having proved a comparative failure, publishers on all sides are holding back their books until the autumn, and there can be no doubt that, if the war is brought to a successful issue within the next few months, the book trade this winter will be of phenomenal dimensions. Of course publishers, like farmers, are never free from complaints, but there can be no doubt that it is time for a really first-class season. There has been no "boom" for some years.

The journalistic event of the month is the appearance of the first number of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's new paper, *The Daily Express.* Some time ago it was announced that Mr. Pearson had practically retired from business owing to weak health, but he has now returned in fullest vigour. The *Daily Express* is entirely his own speculation, and he has certainly spared no pains and no money in its production. In appearance it reminds one of an American daily, for there are no advertisements on the front sheet—a distinct innovation in English journalism. I hear that the sale of the first numbers was exceedingly good, but in the face of the competition of the *Daily Mail* it will be no easy task to establish the paper. The *Daily Mail* was until the advent of the *Daily Express* practically without a rival; for the *Morning Leader,* the only other halfpenny daily which threatened it in any way, has taken up an unpopular attitude on the question of the war.

The Rev. C. M. Sheldon's daily, *The Topeka Capital,* failed to create any sensation in this country. It was published by the *Westminster Gazette* in weekly issues. The first number was of course

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talked about, but I do not think the subsequent issues have had any sale to speak of. There were, I hear, a number of complaints that the original advertisements of the American edition were not reproduced in this country. Mr. Temple Scott, who has just left this country to take up the American managership of Mr. John Lane's business, was a well-known figure in London literary circles. He was until recently associated with Mr. Grant Richards and, previous to that, edited a number of volumes for Messrs. George Bell & Sons, for whom he prepared an important edition of Swift, the concluding volumes of which are in the press. Mr. Temple Scott also edited the Thornton edition of the Brontës' works for Messrs. Downey.

The Clarke Company, the American firm which first introduced the instalment system to this country with the *Times* edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* have met with extraordinary success. Of their *Standard Library of Famous Literature,* a work evidently of American origin, but edited for the English market by Dr. Richard Garnett, they have sold no less than ten thousand sets—in spite of the war. They are now running complete sets of *Punch* through the *Times,* and I believe the first orders have been very good. The fact that they have made such arrangements with the two most conservative publications in this country is proof enough of their enterprise. I hear that considerable progress has been made with the new supplementary volume which is to bring the encyclopædia up to date, but the work will not be ready for at least another twelve months. It is being edited by Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, the director of the foreign department of the *Times,* and one of the greatest living authorities on Continental and Indian history and politics. Mr. M. H. Spielmann is, I believe, taking charge of the art department of the work. I am glad to hear that Dr. George Macdonald has got through the winter better than usual. He will return from Italy very shortly, and take up his residence in Surrey for the summer months.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

In the Comte de Villebois Mareuil's heroic death France has lost not only a brave and chivalrous soldier, but also a writer of no inconsiderable power. The late chief of staff of the Boer army has left a number of writings, which may be divided into two classes—military writings and novels, or rather stories. The former have greater literary value than the latter. The novelist, the author of *Sacrifiés,* of *Entre Civilisés,* of *Au Dessus de Tout,* lacks experience. Had Count de Villebois lived longer, he might have developed into a striking writer of short stories; the three he had published in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* and *Le Correspondant* are hardly more than promises, destined, alas! never to be fulfilled. Not so with his military writings, *Le Maréchal de Moltke, L'Armée Russe, Le Centenaire de Bonaparte en Egypte,* and *Madagascar.* They contain some admirable pages, especially those which treat of the moral side of a soldier's life. To be sure, everything that Count de Villebois wrote on that theme has become more impressive, now that his sincerity has been so fully demonstrated by the sacrifice of his life. But even without such a demonstration, his lecture on *Les Grandeurs Morales de l'Armée* must have struck every soldier as possessing the genuine ring.

I am in possession of a curious little anecdote illustrating the Count's character. He was in 1894 at the head of his regiment, the Sixty-seventh, in the small town of La Ferté-Milon, celebrated as the birthplace of Racine. La Ferté-Milon possesses the ruins of a gigantic feudal castle, admirably located on the brow of a steep hill, which lords it over the whole neighbourhood. I have seen nothing like it, except the old Castle of William the Conqueror, at Falaise. The highest wall is just split in two by an enormous breach, known as "la brèche d'Henri IV." One of the sides of the breach was remembered to have been climbed only once, in 1811, and the climber, a young

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soldier of Napoleon's army, had so described his impressions during the ascent and descent that no one had dared to repeat the experiment. The story was related in the presence of a few members of the regimental band, one of whom, quite a young fellow, said that he would not hesitate to make the ascent, and the next day, true to his word, he climbed to the top of the wall, holding a small flag, which he fastened there. On reaching ground again he was met by a non-commissioned officer, who informed him that the colonel had inflicted upon him the punishment of fifteen days "Salle de Police" for uselessly exposing his life. Everybody was indignant. The natives begged the colonel to relent; nothing availed. The next day the regiment left La Ferté-Milon. The soldiers were cheered, the band frantically so, but not one hat was raised when the colonel passed. When the troop was some distance from the town, but, of course, still in full view of the towering old castle, Count de Villebois ordered a halt, then quickly rode toward the band. He called to him the young foolhardy climber. "My boy," he said, "is your flag fast up there?" "Sure enough, colonel; a hurricane would not take it off." "All right! I *had* to punish you, but I am devilishly proud to command such chaps as you!" What has Kipling to narrate of Bobs Bahadur that is better than this little trait?

Talking of Kipling reminds me of the fact that he has become a contributor to *Le Temps*. The great French daily publishes over his signature a series of articles with the title *Avec l'Ambulance 3*. The articles have not thus far, I think, been published in English, and the London *Times*, which is usually not very complimentary to French translators of English works, had to admit that the unknown translator of these Kiplingese notes had performed an almost impossible task in preserving in the French version the full flavour of Kipling's best style. *Le Temps* then gave the name of the translator, Professor Abel Chevallet, teacher of English in the Lycée Charlemagne.

France came near having to mourn another man of letters no less celebrated than Villebois-Mareuil. After the performance of *L'Aiglon* Edmond Rostand lay a few days on the brink of the grave. That was about the middle of April, and he seems to have grown steadily better since. So there is every hope now that he will live to produce new masterpieces. Fasquelle, the publisher, who is to bring out the book, had to announce that its publication was postponed owing to the author's inability to give any attention to it. But I must say that there is another version of the cause of the delay. I have heard it ascribed to the fact that the American purchaser of Rostand's copyright was not quite ready yet to bring out his edition, which has to appear no later than the Paris edition, according to the copyright laws of the United States.

Literature cannot view without sorrow the death of Falguières, the great French sculptor. He was not young, having reached already the age of sixty-eight, and yet his death deserves to be called premature. It was clearly due to the efforts he had made to have Daudet's monument in some sort of shape, so as to allow of its being unveiled, as planned, on April 8. The visitors who had flocked to Nîmes, in order to attend the ceremonies, were not disappointed, they were first to admire a masterpiece; but the monument will have to be finished by Falguières's pupils!

Daudet's family was, of course, represented at Nîmes by Léon Daudet, fresh then from his election to a seat in the Academy. Not in the "Académie Française," though, but in the Goncourt Academy! Two more members were elected together with him—Elémir Bourges and Lucien Descaves. The other seven members are Léon Hennique, Octave Mirbeau, Huysmans, Gustave Geffroy, the two Rosny brothers and Paul Margueritte. In spite of the ridicule so often levelled at the Académie Française, it seems to me that it would not be easy to pick among its members ten men who are not the equals of the members of the Goncourt Academy.

I have to mention another election. Paul Hervieu has been called to the presidency of the *Société des Gens de Lettres*. He succeeds Marcel Prévost, who, by the way, comes again before the public with a new novel—*Les Vierges*

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Fortes: Frédérique. It is the work which came out by instalments in the *Revue de Paris* as *Léa.*

There are a number of other novels to mention this month. The most successful seems to be *Le Doute plus Fort que l'Amour,* by the woman who published a few years ago another study of passion—*Amitié Amoureuse.* Hugues Le Roux's *Le Fils à Papa* is almost more of a sociological study than of a novel. Not so with *Zoby* of Henri Gréville, which is a novel pure and simple, I mean purely and simply. Maurice Barrès continues his series of novels on contemporary France, with *L'Appel au Soldat,* an idealised history of the Boulangist movement, in which Barrès played a conspicuous part. I shall close this list of new novels by two very dissimilar works—Madame Caro's *Aimer c'est Vaincre,* and Willy's *Claudine à l'École.* The former was written specially "pour les jeunes filles." Willy informs us that his book is intended for the people who are old enough to choose their own reading, and it certainly is not written for any younger person! Bourget also publishes something, a series of short stories, *Drames de Famille.*

One other work in the realm of fiction deserves more than passing attention. It is a volume of poems by Fernand Gregh, whose first essays, *La Maison de l'Enfant,* were very favourably received a few years ago. The new collection, *La Beauté de Vivre,* fully bears out the promises of its predecessor. Fernand Gregh does not belong to "La Jeune École," but he strikes one as more genuinely young than any of its members.

On the borderland between history and literature I have to mention a charming volume by Victor du Bled. It is the first of a series which is to treat of French society from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. It includes only the first two centuries of the period. It is an exceedingly entertaining book, and its preface, or introduction, is one of the best pieces of direct, simple French style I have seen for a long time. Another entertaining book is the first volume of Cuvillier-Fleury's *Journal.* Cuvillier-Fleury was private tutor to the Duc d'Aumale, and his first volume treats of the life of the Orléans family before Louis Philippe's accession to the throne.

Frédéric Masson completes with a fourth volume his work on *Napoléon et sa Famille,* and Professor Aulard, of the University of Paris, the greatest living authority on the French Revolution, begins the publication of an exhaustive work on the *Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française.* It will fill a very thick volume, and will be a companion book to Professor Seignobos's well-known work on the nineteenth century.

In philosophy only one work deserves mention, Professor Bergson's book on *Le Rire.* In sociology M. Brasseur's book on *Les Bases du Collectivisme.*

What will be a welcome publication is the *Théâtre de Meilhae et Halévy.* The collection will contain only what the two authors composed together. The first volume contains four plays, three of which at least—*Froufrou, La Belle Hélène* and *L'Eté de la Saint-Martin*—are, each in its kind, not far from being masterpieces. The fourth is *Le Roi Candaule.*

Adolphe Cohn.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have recently published *Tales for Christmas and Other Seasons,* by François Coppée, a volume of stories not before translated, now done into English by Myrta Leonora Jones. These stories by Coppée are among the most dainty, exquisite and artistic of their kind. The author knows how to take a simple, even a commonplace little incident, and so adorn it with literary grace and delicate fancy and sentiment that it becomes "a thing of beauty." Especially noteworthy is the story of "The Lost Child," in which we are shown how M. Jean-Baptiste Godefroi, the wealthy deputy and astute financier, lost his son on Christmas eve, and found him again sleeping in a hovel. The change of heart wrought in the great M. Godefroi when he found that his boy had been tenderly cared for makes a very human and touching climax

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to a well-told tale. The other stories are: "The Christmas Lovers," "A Forgiveness," "The Louis d'Or," "The Commendable Crime," "The Hand-Organ," "The Poet and the Courtesan," "The Dressing-Maid," "The Pillar of the Café," "The Little Stationer," "Adoption," and a charming introductory sketch of Coppée's grandparents, entitled "An Unwritten Chapter of My Memoirs."

The Macmillan Company announce the early publication of the second volume of the *Encyclopædia Biblica.* It will deal with the subjects falling under the letters from E to K, and will contain some dozen maps and many illustrations. Among the contributors are Professors Cheyne, A. B. Davidson, C. H. Toy, W. H. Müller, W. R. Smith, K. Budde, C. P. Tiele, I. Benziger, R. H. Charles, W. H. Bennett, A. Jülicher, W. Robertson Smith, Peritz, Wellhausen, M. Jastrow, G. F. Moore, O. Cone and Nöldeke.

The Baron de Coubertin has just completed his book on *France Since 1814,* which the same firm will publish at once. The work attempts to set clearly before the world an unvarnished account of the political changes in the France of this century, about which so many unfounded beliefs obtain in the rest of Europe.

Among the recent publications of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company are *The Last Lady of Mulberry,* a story of Italian New York, by Henry Wilton Thomas, with many illustrations by Emil Pollak; *Garthowen,* a Welsh story, by Allen Raine; *The Immortal Garland,* a novel of American life, by Anna Robeson Brown; *Bird Studies with a Camera,* by Frank M. Chapman, elaborately illustrated by the author; *Diana Tempest,* by Mary Cholmondeley, author of *Red Pottage,* new edition, with portrait and biographical sketch; *The Lunatic at Large,* a romance by J. Storer Clouston; *A History of Russian Literature,* by K. Waliszewski, a new volume in Appletons' Literatures of the World Series, edited by Edmund Gosse; and a new edition of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby,* by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, with portrait and biographical sketch.

Deacon Bradbury, which was published on March 24, is already out of print, the first edition having been exhausted much sooner than the publishers anticipated. Mr. Dix, who wrote it, was previously unknown as a writer of fiction.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's popular story, *The Adventures of François,* has been dramatised by his son, Mr. Langdon Mitchell, in whose dramatisation of *Vanity Fair,* under the title of *Becky Sharp,* Mrs. Fiske has met with great success during the season now closing. The new play will be produced next season. Dr. Mitchell has refused all offers, it is said, for the right to dramatise *Hugh Wynne.*

Dr. Barry's new romance, *Arden Massiter,* is described as a tale of adventure written with a literary finish not usually associated with stories so crowded with incidents. The scene is laid in the Italy of to-day.

Boito's opera, *Nerone,* the production of which has so long been hoped for, is to be given at the Scala probably during the season of 1902-03. Arrigo Boito was prevailed upon to give his consent to its production in order to induce Duke Visconti di Modrone to remain at the head of the direction of La Scala, which he agreed to do if he should be allowed to bring out *Nerone.* The libretto will be published shortly by Treves, of Milan, by arrangement with Ricordi, the music publishers.

Messrs. L. C. Page and Company have recently issued *Philip Winwood,* by Mr. Robert Neilson Stephens. The book is a sketch of the domestic history of an American officer in the War of Independence. The scene is laid in New York and London between 1763 and 1786.

Mr. William Sage's *Robert Tournay,* which was published in April by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, is being dramatised for Mr. Daniel Frohman. It should make an admirable romantic play of the kind with which Mr. E. H. Sothern and Mr. James K. Hackett have made us so familiar. The author is the youngest son of Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, who is quite well known as the writer of books on American history and English literature. Mr. Sage was born in New Hampshire. When about twelve years old he was sent to the "Gunnery," a school made famous many years ago by one of Dr. Holland's novels. From there he went to France as a schoolboy and afterward to Stuttgart, Germany, where he finished his education. His first liter-

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ary work was published in *Short Stories* and in the *New York Ledger.*

The popularity of *Red Pottage* has led D. Appleton and Company to bring out a new and attractive edition of *Diana Tempest,* which was first published in 1893.

Messrs. Hinds and Noble are the publishers of a new book of *College Songs,* compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain, of Harvard, and Karl P. Harrington, of Wesleyan. The preface tells us that "the compilers have endeavoured to select the songs which are the most popular to-day in all the colleges, including as many as possible of those that are typical each of its own Alma Mater."

Knights in Fustian, a War-Time Story of Indiana, is among Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company's latest publications. The author, Miss Caroline Brown, is a very painstaking writer. She tells us in the preface that "every incident is founded on facts, which were either actual experiences of the author's kith and kin, or else the observation of eye-witnesses." She certainly has not leaned very heavily upon her imagination, and inspiration is lacking. However, Miss Brown is filled with the atmosphere of the period about which she writes, and she has made a readable story out of her material.

Among the semi-juvenile books which have appeared recently are *By Way of the Wilderness,* by "Pansy," published by the Lothrop Company, and *What Thelma Found in the Attic,* by Louise C. Duckwitz, from the press of the Wright Company. A book by the popular author who writes under the name of "Pansy" needs no further introduction. Mrs. Duckwitz is a new writer whose Thelma is a happy creation. The story is full of the tenderness and the joy of right living, which always makes a strong appeal to the young reader.

"It may not be generally known," says the London *Literary World,* "that Colonel De Villebois-Mareuil, who was killed a few weeks ago in command of a Boer force, was well known in his own country as a man of letters and the author of a number of notable novels. In this connection Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, in a communication from Biarritz to *The Athenæum,* writes:

> It is in the irony of things that the writer who last year praised in his last novel, "l'hospitalité la plus accueillante et l'aimabilité la plus engageante," which he had received from English people should have wantonly gone forth to risk his death from an English bullet.

The Messrs. G. and C. Merriam Company have recently brought out a new and attractive edition of *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary,* of convenient size and sufficiently complete for common use. The professors and instructors at the different colleges and universities speak very highly of this dictionary.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD. By Frederic Bancroft. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Forty years ago William H. Seward was regarded by the majority of the people in the northern section of the United States as the ablest and most successful man in political life, and by a majority of the people in all sections as the man in whose power, more than in that of any other individual, lay the determination of the country's future. Thirty-four years ago this same William H. Seward, though still in high official position, was powerless and insignificant as a factor in American politics, nor had he in the interval played the part which popular opinion had expected of him. It has been a much-controverted question among students of our history whether the shrinkage of Seward was due chiefly to the extraordinary and man-compelling circumstances of the war time, or to the fact that the popular estimate of his ability and character was exaggerated and erroneous. The solution of this problem had inevitably to furnish the biographer with a central theme. Hence we find in Dr. Bancroft's work a treatment corresponding to this necessity. The first volume brings us to the election of Lincoln in 1860; the second and larger volume is occupied for the most part with an account of Seward's career between 1860 and 1866.

Before considering the conclusions reached by the biographer, it is proper to say that the

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character of his work assures to him a very high place among the historical investigators and writers of America. Though he gives no formal statement of the facilities for research that he has possessed, it appears from the footnotes and appendix that he has had access to the unpublished Seward MSS., to the unpublished archives of the State Department at Washington, and to other manuscript sources; that he has consulted personally with all the leading and influential contemporaries of Seward who could contribute useful information, and that he is equipped with a wide and deep knowledge of all the currents of our political history. As a result the work is much more than a mere biography; it is a significant contribution to the general history of the United States. And its value is greatly enhanced by the purely objective attitude of the author, whose historical or political bias, if he ever had any, is absolutely undiscernible in his judgments.

From the standpoint of literary style, moreover, Dr. Bancroft's volumes are as distinctly successful as from that of history or of biography. The narrative flows along in the simple and lucid manner that is most appropriate to the subject. Rhetorical ornament is employed only to a slight extent, and always with good judgment. At only a single point has the reviewer noticed a lapse. Referring to the Confederacy after the Emancipation Proclamation, Dr. Bancroft says: "In fact, the new government was a scuttled ship, held back by a dragging anchor." Obviously a scuttled ship would need to be held "up" rather than "back," and it is inconceivable that a "dragging" anchor should hold it in either direction.

Seward's life falls into three clearly marked periods: first, that of his prominence in the State politics of New York, culminating in his two terms as governor; second, his two terms in the Senate of the United States, and his recognised leadership of the Whig and the Republican parties; and third, his service in the State Department. The narrative of the first period alone reveals the biographer's general estimate of Seward's character—an estimate which is as far as possible from justifying the dictum that a man's biographer must be his attorney. Summarily, Dr. Bancroft represents Seward as a highly endowed and intellectually brilliant man, but tending to lack solidity of judgment, and generally disposed to subordinate principle to political ambition. Reviewing the chief issues of his gubernatorial career, the biographer's judgments run thus: On internal improvements, Seward's views were "highly theoretical and unscientific, and at times altogether visionary"; the school question was settled by a plan that "carried out none of Seward's special suggestions that had attracted so much attention"; the position assumed by the governor in reference to the return of fugitive slaves—a position which first won for him the admiration of abolitionists—was determined largely by his political ambitions; in dealing with the "Anti-renters," "Seward knew how to temper justice with politics," and "if," after the settlement, "either militia or Anti-renters failed to become supporters of Seward, they must have been hard to please"; his course on the law for registration of voters illustrates "how wide may be the difference between a politician's public opinion and his honest conviction"; and his letter of retirement in 1842 was "neither too non-partisan nor too forgetful of the future."

Not all readers will be convinced that the facts as Dr. Bancroft narrates them entirely sustain the rather severe judgment which is embodied in these remarks. The biographer's standard of morality in a public man seems to be a pretty exalted one. Yet such a standard is justified in view of the much debated question as to the sincerity of Seward's anti-slavery views in the critical years of 1850-60, when he became the recognised leader of the anti-slavery Whigs and the Republicans. Dr. Bancroft's conclusion on this point, after a very elaborate analysis of the whole period, is not far away from that reached by the less virulent of Seward's contemporary antagonists. That the senator felt a strong personal antipathy to the institution there can be no doubt; but that his famous dicta as to the "higher law" and the "irrepressible conflict" sprang from this feeling and its moral basis rather than from purely political calculations, is by no means so clear. What the biographer thinks about it is definitely indicated in the expressive chapter-heads "The Higher Law Waits on Finality" and "Illustrations of the Irrepressible Conflict and the Conflict Repressible." No explanation of Seward's career at this stage can be more suggestive or more just than that given by Dr. Bancroft in speaking of the senator's unstinted and unconcealed admiration for two men of diametrically opposite characters, John Quincy Adams and Thurlow Weed.

Seward was absolutely sincere in his expressions about Adams and Weed. That is the great enigma of his life, and because of it some have regarded him a second John Quincy Adams, while others have insisted that he was only Thurlow Weed's Siamese twin. In fact, he was a combination of some of the most

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striking characteristics of each man. Hence he was not less eager to inherit the mantle of the one than to be the beneficiary of the schemes and power of the other. So, until he laid aside his ambition for preferment many years later, he was like Daudet's hero, who heard two voices:

"Tartarin-Quichotte, très exalté;
Couvre-toi de gloire, Tartarin.
Tartarin-Sancho, très calme;
Tartarin, couvre-toi de flanelle."

Seward always showed a preference for getting first the covering of *flanelle,* knowing that *gloire* fits best on the outside. Carlyle said of Voltaire: "He loved truth, but chiefly of the triumphant sort." Seward desired to be true to Adams's example, but he thought it necessary to keep Weed as a guide and ally in the struggle. [Vol. I., pages 200-201.]

And again:

Seward continued to hear the two voices. . . . It was John Quincy Adams Seward that uttered the telling phrases and made the severe arraignments, and was the hope of the radicals like Gerrit Smith, Theodore Parker and, at times, of the Garrisonians. . . . On the other hand Thurlow Weed Seward kept in close relations with the party organisation; he watched the plans of the politicians, changed the programme to suit conditions, and tried to win all classes of men. Adams Seward was ardently antislavery, and expected to live in history as a great philanthropist. Weed Seward was determined to control the patronage and to live in the White House. [Vol. II., pages 86-87.]

Seward "laid aside his ambition for preferment"—that is, for the Presidency—in the latter part of 1861, after and because the strength of Abraham Lincoln's character had been tested and proved. The submission of Seward to the stronger power was complete and loyal when the fact that Lincoln was the stronger had been made clear; but the establishment of this fact cost a struggle that was as keen and intense as the result was decisive. The dramatic features of this struggle are very skilfully handled by the biographer, and the two chapters in which they are presented constitute a distinct and impressive climax to the work.

Seward was as firmly convinced as the majority of his party that he and not Lincoln should have been nominated and elected in 1860. That Lincoln himself shared this conviction and was prepared to be satisfied with a merely nominal tenure of the Presidential office was inferred from the selection of Seward as Secretary of State, and from the deference with which the President-elect solicited his opinions. The development of the secession movement, Seward, with his characteristic optimism, looked upon as largely a game of partisan politics, with certain casual dangers from the undue seriousness of extremists North and South. From his vantage point in the Senate he assumed general charge of the interests of the Union, the Republican Party and the incoming administration. That he fully realised his own significance is revealed by the tone of his letters to his wife: "It seems to me that if I am absent only three days this administration [Buchanan's] would fall into consternation and despair." And again: "The present administration and the incoming one unite in devolving on me the responsibility of averting those disasters. My own party trusts me. . . . All the other parties . . . cast themselves upon me." Even though, as Bancroft believes, the facts justified these statements, there is something in them that recalls the self-revealings of McClellan in that melancholy *Own Story,* and suggests the pious hope that, if Lincoln or Grant or Sherman, or any other of our great men whose reputation for hardheadedness is still intact ever corresponded much with his wife, the letters are either destroyed or safely hidden away from uxorious or filial impulses to publication.

Before the inauguration of Lincoln his attitude toward the quarrelling factions of Chase and Seward should have warned the latter that the new President possessed a dangerous endowment of sagacity and resourcefulness. But after March 4, as before, the new Secretary of State remained steadfast in his conviction that he alone could master the situation and save the Union. His attitude on the course to be pursued at Pickens and Sumter, and his relations with the Confederate commissioners who were at Washington demanding recognition, soon brought him, at first unawares, but later consciously, in conflict with the course which the President adopted. Seward tenaciously held to his own policy, and in the effort to secure its triumph and to maintain his own prestige he was guilty, according to Bancroft, of thwarting the relief of Sumter and of deliberate deceit in his assurances to the Confederate commissioners in respect to Pickens. The unravelling of the complicated network of intrigue in connection with these matters is the cleverest and most fascinating achievement of the biographer. And the climax of his success is to be found in the novel and ingenious theory which he propounds in explanation of the famous document submitted by Seward to Lincoln on April 1, entitled: "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." This bizarre document proposed, in substance, that, for the purpose of saving the Union, the government should provoke hostilities with Spain, France and possibly Great Britain and Russia,

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and that Seward should receive from Lincoln authority to carry out the general policy of the administration. Since this paper was first made known by Nicolay and Hay, though its amazing purport has tended to paralyse conjecture as to its cause, nevertheless various theories have been propounded in explanation, and not the least plausible have been that it was an "April fool" joke, or a "champagne dream." In Bancroft's account, however, it is made to fit in very naturally as a desperate climax to Seward's long intrigue for supremacy. Confronted by accumulating evidence that he was losing control over affairs, and that both the President's policy and the President's personality were becoming too strong for him, he staked everything on a frank demand for recognition as head of the State. Lincoln calmly and respectfully declined to abdicate, and the incident was closed.

From the outbreak of hostilities Seward laboured in most hearty and efficient accord with the President. Though definitely recognising his subordination to the chief executive, it was some time before he fully realised that his sphere was limited to the State Department. The odium which he drew upon himself through the arbitrary arrest of private citizens was incurred in a business that belonged to the War Department; Secretary Welles, of the Navy, was treated by Seward for some time as an "unconsidered trifle"; and both the attorney-general and the postmaster-general had occasion to resent the intrusion of their colleague. But, as Bancroft puts it, the ground for criticism in these as in other instances of unregulated activity was "not Seward's motives, but his methods."

The conduct of foreign affairs during the war has already been so fully cleared up that Dr. Bancroft's contributions under this head are less novel than in other parts of Seward's career. The biographer's judgment that he "holds the first place among all our secretaries of state" is likely to be questioned, especially by those who would decide on technical grounds of diplomacy and international law. But Bancroft's opinion is based on broader considerations, and he gives great weight to the insight into home political conditions which inspired Seward's treatment of foreign relations. The *cause célèbre* of his diplomacy was, of course, the *Trent* affair, and on this the biographer's comment is: "That his argument was so effective, although unsound, was a tribute to his truly marvellous skill in making bricks without straw. . . . Seward's method was far from perfect, but what he accomplished was one of the greatest feats of the war period." The most serious failure of Seward's diplomacy, the Johnson-Clarendon treaty of 1869, which was almost unanimously rejected by the Senate, Dr. Bancroft ascribes, and with much justice, to the condition of party politics when it was negotiated.

Seward shared in the political blight which fell upon Andrew Johnson's administration. It was expected that the new biography would throw much new light upon the relation of Seward to the Presidential policy of Reconstruction. Mr. Blaine, in his *Twenty Years in Congress,* gave formal currency to a view widely prevalent at one time, that Johnson's course was chiefly due to Seward's influence. This view Dr. Bancroft rather contemptuously rejects. He shows, however, that Seward was in thorough sympathy with the policy of speedy restoration and reconciliation, and he explains this attitude as due to the same temperamental qualities that so long prevented Seward from realising in 1861 that the outbreak of war was seriously threatened. But beyond this the biographer's research has revealed nothing that accentuates the responsibility of Seward for Johnson's unfortunate course.

William A. Dunning.

THE WORLD AND THE INDIVIDUAL. Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., Professor of the History of Philosophy at Harvard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

I am not acquainted with any other writings of Professor Royce; but this volume I have read, and doubtless shall read again, with pleasure and profit. American, Hegelian and Monistic though it be—three serious *prejudicia* in the eyes of an orthodox philosopher against a book so launched into the world—it has merits of no common order. The language is chastened—an excellent if slightly diffuse English; the arguments are lucid even when they fail to convince; a fine enthusiasm for pure thought gives them warmth and throws over them a romantic interest. Professor Royce would not claim to be simply original; but much as he stands in debt, like the rest of us, to Greeks, Germans and scholastics of the Middle Age, his meditations are his own, pursued with a vigour and insight most refreshing when we call to mind that such will be the teachers of America in the coming century. One takes comfort in hearing the accents of Plato at Harvard, with possible echoes at Chicago and San Francisco. The Academy. we say to ourselves, may one day supplant or idealise the stockyard, and a true doctrine of

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Being control the monomania of Wall Street. Herein, as I think, lies the significance of volumes such as these. They are a protest, and a prophecy of better things.

For the teaching itself, I would gladly enlarge upon it, but time and space—phenomenal yet real—decline to accommodate me. What is "Monism"? asks the hasty reader. I know, but I cannot tell him; let him learn something about it from Professor Royce. However, these hints may be thrown out. The Monist is one who believes in the ultimate identity of all thought and all being; if, like the present author, he is religious-minded, then he proclaims his "assurance of the unity of God and the World." He may also be an Idealist, rejecting every conception of "matter" which does not at last resolve it into an unadulterated term of thought. And such is the professor's attitude. Moreover, in the attempt, which must be made somehow, to reconcile the One with the Many, to shut up the Effects in the Cause, to establish Freedom while maintaining Order, it will be advisable to look round for help from the artist and the mathematician, who concern themselves precisely with a development, through stages and toward an end, or "final cause," of thought which seeks its realisation. But there never was an art without an Idea, and all true Ideas must be brought to the touchstone of experience. Thought is Nature, and Nature is God, as He lives the infinite life, in all worlds and orders, which are but the unfolding of His Reality in an experience without end.

To arrive at these conclusions our guide takes us along four stages of the metaphysical journey; and here I am reminded of Victor Cousin's once famous *Lectures,* not nearly so profound as these, and less instructive. The student will catch glimpses by the way of snowy heights and glittering waters; Plato will stand up with his shining spears, Hegel frown from near at hand like the Finsteraarhorn, Schopenhauer rise solitary and forbidding like the unascended Matterhorn, in a wilderness of his own making. Or, to drop similitudes, we pass through Realism, which would utterly divide between "things" and "thought," to the experience of the mystic, as undeniable as it is significant of the unity we demand; but, not satisfied with his Nirvana, we find ourselves driven to seek a validity for the ideas we cannot surrender—yet have hitherto not realised—in some stable universe. We have a meaning which ought to be valid; facts have a reality upon which we want to put a meaning. How shall this marriage be brought to pass? Instead of casting out finite experience with the mystic, and so falling into a bottomless Nirvana, we must see in the particulars which no man may count a plan that is the very structure of our mind, the term we are bent on actuating. For us, says this teaching, "the object is simply the completely embodied will of the idea." But again, the idea is no empty "universal type," as in a Kantian world of abstractions. Transcend we must the bounds of human consciousness, or no ideas are valid, no objects have a meaning. There is, then, a Divine Life, an "inner purpose," and it is fulfilled in the development of Deity. The One explains the All by realising it. On these heights we may chant our Hymn of Being with Shelley and Goethe; or taking up a prose dithyramb before which their golden verses pale, we may recite from Plato's *Phædrus* and *Symposium* the creed of the Heavenly Eros. For it would thus at length appear that Law is at one with Love, and Thought is Life, and to realise ourselves in the Eternal Order is Freedom.

Does the Professor prove all this? Perhaps not. He is discussing the ineffable; and what are words, even the most transparent, but shadows cast from our wavering, uncertain minds? He shall prove what he can prove. I, as in duty bound, signal rocks ahead and sunken reefs; we do not reject or despise the category of Cause without peril to religion, to society, to morals. When the individual dreams that his conscious idea, got anyhow, and suffered to range at will, is working out God—a phrase not found in this book, yet perhaps its sum and substance—one fears what may come of it. Pantheism looks on the sowing of wild oats indulgently; will not every seed, it murmurs, ripen to a harvest in due season? Or, as Theodore Parker used to tell us, "Is not every fall a fall upward?" The witchery of Monism lurks like a sweet but deadly drug in its promise of freedom for *me,* as an embodied portion of the All. Then steps forward the American youth, sanguine and unfettered, to act the god on a clear stage—with consequences! We sad-faced Europeans, who know how little money can buy, and have seen much experience come to naught, desire indeed that fortune-hunting should be tempered by ideals, and so we bid Professor Royce to prosper. But we feel that his rose-coloured glasses may have transformed Satan into an angel of light. The mystery of evil is not solved, and its reality will be intensified, by a Monism that considers life as a fine art but overlooks it as a tragedy, in which failure is too often the last word.

William Barry.

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NOVEL NOTES

THE FARRINGDONS. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.50.

"Why is the sea salt?" said the Inspector to the Boy.

"To keep the drownded folks sweet," said the Boy to the Inspector.

Somehow I have been reminded of this conversation in reading Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel, *The Farringdons*. This is the best of Miss Fowler's books hitherto. It has the wit and brightness with which we are familiar; it is also deeper, tenderer, and therefore truer. The authoress has laid aside something of her reserve and given us hints of how she has interpreted life's meanings. She has faced the fact of tragedy—shyly it is true, but without turning away. The book is a happy one, and the wedding bells ring at the end, but there are rough places in the journeys, and we hear of wounds that remain—for this life at least—unclosed. This is of good augury. Miss Fowler should write her name deep ere she lays down the pen. She has terrible eyes, and can see the comic side of everything. But she has no bitterness. She was always tolerant, but in *The Farringdons* she is much more than tolerant—she is tender. Now tenderness, as one of the masters has told us, is one of the rarest things in the world. (The reader may hesitate over this, but let him consider.) Miss Fowler has plenty of "salt"—as much as any French or American woman—but her "drownded folks" are kept sweet. There is something that redeems almost every one of them.

A famous socialist was of opinion that when everything in this poor world was set right, when human society was perfected and all his programme realised, the sea would be turned into his favourite kind of lemonade. For my part I prefer the sea as it is. (Any one who can see the point of this joke will receive a free pardon and a book by the Poet Laureate.)

I will, for the delight of my readers, select from Miss Fowler's conversations. She is, it will be seen, as witty and as audacious as ever. Elisabeth is the heroine, and Mrs. Herbert was a good woman according to her lights and a most excellent wife and mother, but she had the weakness of being socially ambitious. Elisabeth says:

"I'd rather be dead than stout any day."

"My dear child, you are talking nonsense. What would be the advantage of being thin if you were not alive?"

"When you come to that, what would be the advantage of being alive if you weren't thin?" retorted Elisabeth.

"The cases are not parallel, my dear; you see, you couldn't be thin without being alive, but you could be alive without being thin."

"It is possible; I have come across such cases myself, but I devoutly trust mine may never be one of them. As the hymn says, I shall always be 'content to fill a little space.'"

"Ah, but I think the hymn doesn't mean it quite in that sense. I believe the hymn refers rather to the greatness of one's attainments and possessions than to one's personal bulk."

Elisabeth opened her eyes wide with an expression of childlike simplicity. "Do you really think so?"

"I do, my dear. You know one must not take poetry too literally. Verse-writers are allowed what is called 'poetic license,' and are rarely, if ever, quite accurate in their statements."

I am afraid that Miss Fowler is "no canny."

Here is another choice morsel about Mrs. Herbert:

"What sort of people are the Herberts, by the way? Is Mrs. Herbert a lady?"

Elisabeth thought for a moment. "She is the sort of person who pronounces the 't' in often."

"I know exactly. I believe 'genteel' is the most correct adjective for that type."

Excellent. I have a little thing in my possession—a poor thing, but mine own. It defines all people who write S. before the name of a Saint instead of St. It will appear in my posthumous novel entitled *For Daws to Peck at*—not before.

Many readers will relish most of all the Methodist matrons—Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey. Methodists will be proud of Caleb Bateson and his wife. Of Mrs. Hankey they may stand in doubt, but she will amuse them.

"You always are fortunate in your pigs," Mrs. Hankey remarked. "Such fine hams and such beautiful roaded bacon I never see anywhere equal to yours. It'll be a sad day for you, Mrs. Bateson, when swine fever comes into the district. I know no one as'll feel it more."

"Now you must tell me about your niece's wedding, Mrs. Hankey," Mrs. Bateson said—"her that was married last week. My word alive, but your sister is wonderful fortunate settling her daughters! That's what I call brought up family, and no mistake. Five daughters, and each one found peace and a pious husband before she was five-and-twenty!"

"The one before last has married a Churchman," said Mrs. Hankey apologetically, as if the union thus referred to were somewhat morganatic in its character, and therefore no subject for pride or congratulation.

"Well, to be sure! Still, he may make her a good husband."

"He may or he may not; you never can tell.

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It seems to me that husbands are like new boots—you can't tell where they are going to pinch you till it's too late to change 'em. And as for creaking, why the boots that are quietest in the shop are just the ones that fairly disgrace you when you come late into chapel on a Sunday morning, and think to slip in quietly during the first prayer; and it's pretty much the same with husbands—those that are the meekest in the wooing are the most masterful to live with."

Yes, Mrs. Hankey is decidedly amusing. Take this:

"And is she quite well?" asked Elisabeth, cheerfully. "I remember all about her wedding, and how immensely interested I was."

"As well as you can expect, miss," replied Mrs. Hankey, "with eight children on earth and one in heaven, and a husband as plays the trombone of an evening."

Miss Fowler's strength, however, is mainly given to the rendering of her heroine, Elisabeth—her mental history, her spiritual history, and above all, the story of her heart. All is laid bare. A mere man may not criticise. He may have, and will have, his own opinion as to whether Elisabeth was really lovable, as to whether Chris was really to be envied. The materials at all events are given him generously. One must recognise that in some ways the problem of love must be treated newly in the future now that women have careers before them. Elisabeth and Chris find each other at last after a series of miracles. How the keen-eyed Elisabeth never guessed his secret, how the fixed idea that he did not love her remained in her mind like the nail in Sisera's brain, must always remain wonderful to me. In any case, it must be allowed that Chris endowed her with his worldly goods, so that in one point at least a Unitarian's criticisms of the English marriage service do not apply. "Look at it: *With this ring I thee wed;* that's sorcery. *With my body I thee worship;* that's idolatry. *With all my worldly goods I thee endow;* that's a lie." On all this part of her story Miss Fowler must mainly be judged by women, but she may be emphatically congratulated on one point. In the end, after all her experiences, you feel that Elisabeth is to enter a new and nobler life. Hawthorne's fear about Zenobia—that the rose was full blown—does not trouble one about her. There are folded petals and latent dewdrops in Elisabeth's heart.

What pleases me most in this novel is its frank and yet reticent, reserved and humble expression of religious faith. The writer holds her hand; she will not say a word more than she is sure of; and yet she is sure of all. Her religious thought has not yet fitted itself to dogmatic vesture: "Religion is no string of dogmas, but just His calling us by name." Let it rest at that if we can say:

Yet still above them all one Figure stands
With outstretched Hands.

I am sure Miss Fowler sees that the early religion of Elisabeth and Felicia—a religion of which a small man who talked about the Higher Criticism quickly robbed them—was no religion at all. Religion is not our choosing of God, but His choosing of us. That He is able to keep—not that we are able—is the secret of Christianity.

Claudius Clear.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

Dr. Mitchell has written a story that is disappointing in many different ways, and satisfactory in very few. The title was so striking, the theme comparatively so new, that one was justified in taking up the book with the expectation of finding something very much out of the ordinary. But by the time the last page is reached the conviction is forced upon the reader that the narrative offers nothing very startling, that another fine opportunity has been missed, and that pretty much everything to be found in the story has been more adequately told many times before. The hero, Ezra Sandcraft, fits himself for the practice of medicine, without any special liking or gifts for that profession, but with the simple determination to get a living out of the world. He takes part in several shady transactions, conducts spiritualistic séances, and finally reaches the hospital as a result of a life of viciousness and dissipation. The most striking feature of the story is the manner in which Dr. Mitchell has tried to convey to the reader an idea of the rogue's consummate belief in the perfect propriety of his motives and behaviour. He is continually crying out at his turns of ill-luck and cursing fortune. Now, all this was done infinitely better sixty years ago by a man by the name of Thackeray in a book called *Barry Lyndon.* We had the same excuses, self-condonations and laudations, the same crying out upon fortune as a worthless and inconsiderate jade, but with a spirit, a dash, a fire that somehow made the scoundrel sympathetic and likeable until the very end. Barry Lyndon was a great scamp; Dr. Mitchell's hero is infinitely worse—he is a little bore.

F. D.

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THE HARP OF LIFE. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50.

There are two Master-Harpers whose touch upon the strings has power to draw out the complex harmonies which make the music of life. We submit willingly enough to him of the crimson garments and shining eyes, and our hearts sway to the rhythm of his playing; but when the black-robed one comes out of the shadows and lays a chill hand upon us we shrink and wail, not knowing that without him our life's music would be but trivial tunes, forgotten as soon as heard. . . . And the names of the two players are Love and Sorrow.

This quotation is used as a preface to *The Harp of Life,* which is another musical novel, and a good one, too. Miss Godfrey does not exaggerate the eccentricities of musicians as so many writers are tempted to do, but in Roger Redway, the violinist, Graham Knowles, the conductor, and Sir Hervey and Lady Gilderdale, true lovers of music, she presents to her readers very human characters. There is no heroine to this story, unless Rose Alba might be called one. She is a type of any number of women one meets in every-day life. She has a fair amount of good looks, a voice that is not above the average, and a character that is below the average. She marries Roger Redway in the hope that he may help her in a musical career. But domestic life does not suit her. She comes under the influence of Mrs. Temple-Smith, who writes novels on the subject of the emancipation of women; and she is so dominated by the absurd theories that such a woman holds that she leaves her husband. There is no question of another man. Mrs. Roger Redway is without temperament, and therefore free from a certain kind of temptation. She struggles along for a year or so alone, and after losing her voice in a pathetic sort of way, she is glad enough to return to the doggedly faithful husband. Roger Redway is a strong, forceful character, and the mere hint that we get of the love which came near being fanned into being by his passion for music is the undercurrent in his life. His wife, self-absorbed and cold in her vanity and selfishness, does not dream of what might have been. And this is life as we often see it.

F. M. H.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY. By Ernest Seton Thompson. New York: The Century Company.

So much has been said and written about Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson during the past two or three years that one turns to the task of reviewing one of his books with the hopeless feeling that whatever one may say must have been said somewhere else before. For instance, every reviewer who has said anything at all about him has compared his stories with the animal stories of Mr. Kipling, usually with the trite and perfunctory comment that "He has beaten Kipling on his own ground." There is nothing surprising about *The Biography of a Grizzly.* It is simply another very charming and delicate story of the kind so familiar to Mr. Thompson's readers. Wahb was born over a score of years ago away up in the wildest part of the Wild West, on the head of the Little Piney, above where the Palette Ranch is now. With his mother and his three little brothers and sisters he lived the quiet life which bears prefer, revelling in the mountain summer and the abundance of good things. A day came, however, when the hunter found them, and Wahb, the only one of the family whose fur was not afterward hung up as a trophy in the hunter's home, started out in life alone and friendless. The years passed, and Wahb grew in strength and size until he became the fear of the mountains. By an accident he learned the art of releasing himself from the hunter's traps, and growing in cunning through his life of battling with the world, he found the means of taking a terrible revenge on man for the bullets that had destroyed all those dear to him. Each year he added to his range. He not only cleared out the black bears from the Piney, but he went over the divide and killed the old bear that once chased him out of the Warhouse Valley. And, more than that, he held what he had won, for he broke up a camp of tenderfeet that were looking for a ranch location on the Meteetsee; he stampeded their horses, and made general smash of the camp. More years passed, and Wahb felt age coming upon him. His eyes grew dim. His huge frame lost its power and elasticity. The signs of a mysterious invader of his range brought about anxiety, which soon became apprehension. Wahb, himself, learned at last what it was to fear. And at last came the day when a rush of his ancient courage surged in the grizzly's rugged breast. "He turned aside into the little gulch. The deadly vapours entered in, filled his huge chest and tingled in his vast, heroic limbs as he calmly lay down on the rocky, herbless floor, and as gently went to sleep as he did that day in his mother's arms by the Graybull, long ago."

M. B. Arthur.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.50.

After producing two indoor books of rather oppressive atmosphere, the author now presents an outdoor book wide open to the sun

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and the clouds. *The Descendant* and *Phases of an Inferior Planet* deal almost exclusively with morbid physical and social conditions, and follow the psychological into the painful. This new work, *The Voice of the People,* may also be described as psychological, but its psychology is of an entirely different and much more admirable kind. It is a study of the natural and the normal, and the result is more convincing than the outcome of those earlier studies of the unnatural and the abnormal.

The story grows out of the soil of old Virginia, springing from deep-buried roots stirred by the ploughshare of the South's new civilisation. The author knows its old civilisation as well as its new, and her work is as true to one as to the other. Nicholas Burr, the son of the soil, "who walked rough-shod where his abilities led him, among men who were his superiors only in the accident of a better birthright," is not truer to his time and his type than is Judge Bassatt, who "from his classic head to his ill-fitting boots upheld the traditions of his office and his race." Of the women, Marthy Burr and Mrs. Webb offer the most striking contrast, representing from first to last the extremes of the social poles. They are much less modern than the men, belonging to the old order when the iron barriers of caste still held fast within and without, and no Southerner might hope to reach higher than his father stood. To Mrs. Burr—as much as to Mrs. Webb—it seemed, therefore, a miraculous, an utterly incredible thing, that her humbly born stepson could ever become learned and strong enough to break all barriers and cast them out of his way. The character of Nicholas Burr is drawn with much skill and considerable power. The little aristocrat who loves him, and is beloved by him, describes him well when she says he is "clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." The steady progress of this Lincoln-like son of the people from the plough to the Governor's chair of the proudest State in the Union, makes a good story, not strictly new, perhaps, but one that always appeals and which is this time unusually well told. There may be criticisms that the cause of the quarrel which separates the lovers also lacks freshness, but the admirable working out of the dénouement must make up for any such shortcoming.

In a word, it is a quiet story, notwithstanding its tragic end; never rising to great heights, it never falls to the commonplace, and it is throughout a well-written book of evenly sustained interest, and seems likely to win popular favour. At all events, the author is to be congratulated upon having passed with this new work from the pent-up hot-house of her earlier work into a far wider and more wholesome field.

THE LOVE OF PARSON LORD, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

There is nothing new to be said of Miss Wilkins; but it is always worth while spreading the news that she has sent out a new book that can stand honourably by the side of her old ones. Here, save in the tale of Catherine Carr, which strikes a more heroic, or rather a more military, note than usual, the stories are made out of the material she has made us know so well and feel so much curiosity about. She has not come to the end of her digging in New England hearts, nor shown all the beauty hidden in the starved soil, nor all the grim tragedy. Strange, with all her daintiness, no writer of to-day has more ugly things to tell out of her record of life. In one light the title story is a pretty idyll of a girl and a doll, and of the same girl with a devoted lover. But the circumstances, out of which the child so fearfully snatches her happiness, are ghastly, and a sensitive reader will shudder no less at this revelation of cruel, clean austerity than at some tale of the horrors of the Inquisition. The chief treasure of the volume is, we think, "One Good Time," in which the glorious dream of all the household drudges of the earth is pictured forth with much sympathy.

RED BLOOD AND BLUE. By Harrison Robertson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Mr. Robertson has chosen an attractive title for an attractive book. He has written of the South of to-day—the South in a part of Middle Tennessee, described by its inhabitants "as the very centre of this world and maybe of the next." In the remote little town of Ferne Run there lived the family of James York Torrance, of old-time Southern aristocracy. James York Torrance was strong in the traditions of the past, and his daughter was as proud as he of their blue blood. Class distinction was their household god. And it was "Victoria Torrance who had set a flame in Andrew Outcalt"—the son of a forger—"the first fierce, secret passion of a boy's love, which by day drew his feet and his eyes in one direction, which by night fevered his pillow with longing void and ecstatic dreams, and which stirred within him the awakening forces of desire, awe, ferocity, tenderness, mastery, and abasement, that have been the lot of man since

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the breath of life was blown into another sex, and that ever lift boyhood to the stress of manhood, as later they lift manhood to the simplicity of boyhood." It is a long and bitter struggle of the red blood and the blue, and to the victor belong the spoils. But Mr. Robertson has not depended upon the emotions for his story, for he has built a solid foundation of vivid characters, manly honour and womanly simplicity. He entertains us with true Southern hospitality and stimulates us with good old Bourbon and mint juleps. He then takes us from the sleepy little village of Ferne Run to the battle of San Juan, where he brings about a stirring climax.

FÉO: A ROMANCE. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50.

This is an excellent novel. When a deferential man who uses an eyeglass, carries a gold-and-amber-headed cane, wears the ribbon of an Austrian order in his buttonhole, is a soldier self-confessed, and at his ease wherever and with whomsoever he may find himself—when such a man, in the second chapter, drops unexpectedly into the shabby lodging of an impecunious scion of a noble house, father of a beautiful singer, we know that there are smart doings ahead. There are indeed; there are incidents galore in this romance, incidents dealing with high persons and strange places; for a prince loves Féo, and Féo loves the prince, all very simply and truly and persistently. Féo herself is most satisfactory. She is quite feminine as regards her possession of prettiness and many moods; but in crises she not only keeps her head with masculine courage, but sees humour in quite horrid situations, and laughs aloud about them, too, when most girls would be sick with terror. The life at Paris and Pontarlier and the side characters introduced are vivid and charming. The whole makes an absorbing romance which should be among the first favourites of the season.

DEACON BRADBURY. By Edwin Asa Dix. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

Deacon Bradbury is a simple tale, simply told. Mr. Dix writes of the daily lives of a small group of men and women in a New England village where the Puritan conscience and rugged mind of Deacon Bradbury are a force in the community. The first few chapters remind one of *David Harum,* and the dialogue relating to the mortgage shows considerable humour. The Deacon has a son who was brought home just once in a state of intoxication, and such a horrible crime could not be forgiven by these good people. The boy becomes gradually ostracised from the social life of the village, and when he is finally accused of a greater sin he refuses to vindicate himself in the eyes of those who doubt him. His stubbornness causes much trouble to the Deacon, who loses faith in his son, and then in his Maker. The story is devoid of plot, as writers like Mr. Dix seem to feel that plots and incidents do not belong to New England. Life in a small village, according to such writers, is delightfully free from the frailties which are a part of human nature whether in town or country; but we do not wish to destroy the glamour that is thrown over the New England conscience. *Deacon Bradbury* is a healthy tale, breathing on every page the optimism of the writer and bringing to the reader a whiff of pure country air.

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1900.

April publications somewhat exceeded in point of numbers those of the preceding months of the year, a notable fact considering the approaching dull season. Several volumes of fiction met with a very ready sale, especially *His Lordship's Leopard,* by D. D. Wells, *Sophia,* by Stanley J. Weyman, and *The Voice of the People,* by E. Glasgow. Other titles by well-known authors included *The Alabaster Box,* by Walter Besant, *Marshfield, the Observed,* by Egerton Castle, and *Robert Tournay,* by William Sage. A one-volume edition of W. D. Howells's *Their Silver Wedding Journey,* was also brought out, this work having been published in two-volume holiday form just previous to Christmas, when it was in fair demand. Miscellaneous subjects were well represented in the month's publications. *The Biography of a Grizzly,* by E. Seton Thompson, was at once in popular favour; *A Guide to the Trees,* by Alice Lounsberry, is an addition to out-door literature. *The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War,* by John Fiske, is already very saleable, and *A Woman's Paris,* a most attractive little volume, appeals to all intending to visit that city. The prominent position in the orders of the day which a few titles take still continues to a very remarkable degree, and almost every trade order received by the jobber contains in greater or lesser numbers *To Have and to Hold, Janice Meredith, David Harum* and *Richard Carvel.* In addition to these *Billy Baxter's Letters, Prisoners of Hope, Deacon Bradbury* and *Red Pottage* are at present selling well.

The call for European guide books continues strong, anything relating to Paris and the Exposition being especially acceptable. The demand for outdoor literature, notwithstanding the recent publications in this line, is comparatively light, and does not promise to be as large as in the past few years. Paper-bound fiction is also less sought for so far this season, and no titles are selling to any great extent. South African works continue in some demand, but not to the degree which might be expected. The holding of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions has revived interest in missionary and religious literature, and in this connection *The Life of George Muller of Bristol,* by Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, may be mentioned as in good demand.

Text-book business for the present school year is now practically over, and little will be done awaiting the orders for the fall openings. Library business still keeps up, with every prospect of a continuance through the summer months. The announcements of new publications for the immediate future are numerous, and include works by well-known authors. Trade as a whole is exceptionally good. While there are reports of a noticeable falling off from the early spring activities in New York City and the East, the publishers' representatives returning from the Pacific coast and western sections of the country claim good sales, even exceeding those of last year, which were above the average. The titles most in demand during the preceding month in their order of popularity are as follows:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Billy Baxter's Letters. By W. J. Kountz, Jr. 75 cents.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill, $1.50.

Sophia. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

Deacon Bradbury. By E. A. Dix. $1.50.

When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

Resurrection. By L. Tolstoy. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1900.

While the volume of last month's business shows naturally a decrease when compared with the earlier months of the year, yet considered relatively, with regard to the season, trade is certainly satisfactory. Sales of books, especially of the popular kind, are keeping up very well, and the demand for literature peculiar to spring trade, such as out-of-door and nature books, is exceedingly well sustained. Reports from the further West, especially from the Pacific coast, seem to indicate that business is also flourishing in that section. With hardly an exception, the travelling booksellers who have just returned from their annual spring trips confess to sales exceeding the average. This is an exceedingly pleasant state of things for "Presidential" year, when the trade is always inclined to be cautious in regard to purchases for future delivery.

To Have and to Hold continues to head the list of sales, although now the first demand is satisfied, the sale is naturally not as large as when the book was first published. Of the other established favourites, *When Knighthood Was in Flower* is holding its own exceedingly well. *Red Pottage* is still among the leaders, and so is *The Cardinal's Musketeer* and *The Gentleman from Indiana.* Indeed, for this time of the year the sale of most of the popular books is exceedingly brisk. The sale of *Deacon Bradbury,* by Edwin Asa Dix, was quite a feature of the month, perhaps the most remarkable when it is taken into consideration that the author was previously unknown. The work bids fair also to go even better this month. *Sophia,* by Stanley J. Weyman, and *The Biography of a Grizzly* were the most popular of the books published last month, and the last named especially is meeting with a ready sale. Two new nature books—*A Guide to the Trees,* by Alice Lounsberry, and *Nature's Garden,* by Neltje Blanchan—appeared, and to each a good reception was accorded.

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It is exceedingly gratifying to notice that nearly all of the popular books of the present time are by American authors. While this may be accounted for to a certain extent by the dearth of publishing in England, yet the suitability of the books to the times cannot be denied, and there is no reason to suppose sales would have been less even had the usual number of English books appeared. Books upon the South African question are still declining in sale, and it is evident from the demand for works upon the trusts and similar economic questions that the problems at home are engrossing the attention of the people to the exclusion of other matters. But few calls are now received for literature pertaining to the Philippines, and books upon the Klondyke and other mining regions once so popular are now hardly ever asked for. The best-selling books last month were as follows, and it will be noticed that the list differs in a few instances only from that given last month:

To Have and to Hold. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. $ 1.50.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.

When Knighthood Was in Flower. By Edwin Caskoden. $1.50.

Janice Meredith. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

The Cardinal's Musketeer. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. $1.50.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy. $1.50.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. By Mrs. F. H. Burnett. $1.50.

Via Crucis. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix. $1.50.

The Biography of a Grizzly. By Ernest Seton Thompson. $1.50.

Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.

The Autobiography of a Quack. By S. Weir Mitchell. $1.25.

Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 20th to April 20th.

The further lengthened period of unrest and anxiety in South African affairs continues to exercise a baneful influence upon trade, and although a vast amount of literature created by the war has already appeared, it unfortunately does not in any way compensate for the loss in other directions. At the commencement of the month the prospects were somewhat brighter, and an indication of a fairly successful spring season was apparent. So far, however, it has not been realised. Books of a more or less military nature are still in demand. The cheaper edition of *The Transvaal from Within* has gained a firm hold upon the public, as also have works by the various correspondents at the front, such as *From Capetown to Ladysmith*, by the late G. W. Steevens; *The Natal Campaign*, by Bennet Burleigh; *Towards Pretoria*, by Julian Ralph, and *The War up to Date*, by A. H. Scaife.

Among 6s. novels there have been several important arrivals, notably *The Farringdons*, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* still holds a foremost place in popular fiction; *Joan of the Sword Hand*, by S. R. Crockett; *The Tiger's Claw*, by G. B. Burgin; *Becky*, by Helen Mathers; *Princess Sophia*, by E. F. Benson, and *Sophia*, by Stanley J. Weyman, have been well received; *Féo*, by Max Pemberton, continues to sell freely.

The Lenten season just passed has been, as far as the sale of devotional works is concerned, the least successful recorded for many years.

Our "suffering Bishop," as the late Walsham How, whilst Suffragan Bishop of Bedford, was designated by an East End woman, has been presented to his many admirers in quite a new light by the issue of a bright and attractive volume of witty and humorous anecdotes which has attained a distinct success.

Guide-books have been somewhat sought after, chiefly, however, for home resorts, and more especially those used by cyclists, such as the popular Way about Series. Up to the present little demand has been made for Continental handbooks. Sixpenny reprints have sold fairly well, and continue to be in steady demand. The most recent addition to this class is F. M. Crawford's *Saracinesca*. Of periodical publications in connection with the war there is abundance; to specify would, however, be invidious, as very many enjoy an extensive circulation.

We append the usual list of books which have been most in demand during the past month:

The Transvaal from Within. By J. P. Fitzpatrick. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

From Capetown to Ladysmith. By G. W. Steevens. 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)

A History of South Africa. By W. B. Worsfold. 1s. net. (Dent.)

The Natal Campaign. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Mr. Thomas Atkins. By E. J. Hardy. 6s. (Unwin.)

Towards Pretoria. By Julian Ralph. 6s. (Pearson.)

On the Eve of the War. By Evelyn Cecil. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)

The War up to Date. By A. H. Scaife. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Joan of the Sword Hand. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1, 1900, to May 1, 1900.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.

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3. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6 Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN,

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Joy of Captain Ribot. Translated from A. Palacco Valdes. (Brentano.) $1.25.
3. The Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
4. Bud Neighbours. Blanchan. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
5. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cambric Mask. Chambers. (Stokes.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Essay Toward Faith. Robbins. (Revell.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
5. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. Touchstone. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Voice of the People. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Love of Parson Lord. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. One Poor Scruple. Ward. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
5. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribners.) $2.00.
3. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distrib. Co.) 75 cents.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $3.00 net.
3. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz, Jr. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
4. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Light of Scarthey. Castle (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Saviola. Churchill. (Longmans.) $1.25.
5. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Sandburrs. Sims. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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6. Deacon Bradbury. Dix. (Century Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Absent-Minded Beggar. Kipling. (Brentano.) 25 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Fables in Slang. Ade. (Stone.) $1.00.
4. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Red Blood and Blue. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Legionaries. Clark. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Black Wolf's Breed. Dickson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Morang.) $1.50.
5. Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. History of the United States. Vol. V. McMaster. (Appleton.) $2.50.
3. Judges Cane. Sydney. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Patriotic Songs. Brinton. (Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor.) $1.00.
5. Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane.) $1.25.
6. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Burnett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. In Queen's Garden. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Biography of a Grizzly. Thompson. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Cardinal's Musketeer. Taylor. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Weldin.) 75 cents.
5. The Conspirators. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Robert Tournay. Sage. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

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5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Love Letters of a Musician. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.75.
4. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Distributing Co.) 75 cents.
5. Sophia. Weyman. (Longmans.) $1.50.
6. Men With Barston. Remington. (Harper.) $1.25.

ST. LOUIS. MO.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Autobiography of a Quack. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.25.
4. The Light of Scarthey. Castle. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Smith College Stories. Daskam. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Love of Parson Lord. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Billy Baxter's Letters. Kountz. (Duquesne Dist. Co.) 75 cents.
5. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.50.
2. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. A Man's Woman. Norris. (Musson Book Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. The Green Flag. Doyle. (Morang.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
5. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wild Animals I Have Known. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $3.00.
4. The Grip of Honour. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Smith College Stories. Daskam. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Joan of the Sword Hand. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Red Pottage. Cholmondeley. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Resurrection. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Janice Meredith. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood Was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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